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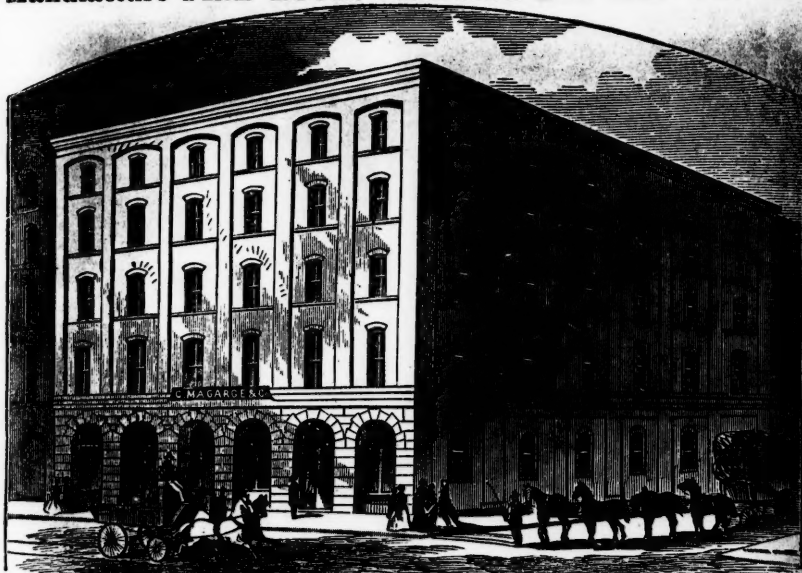
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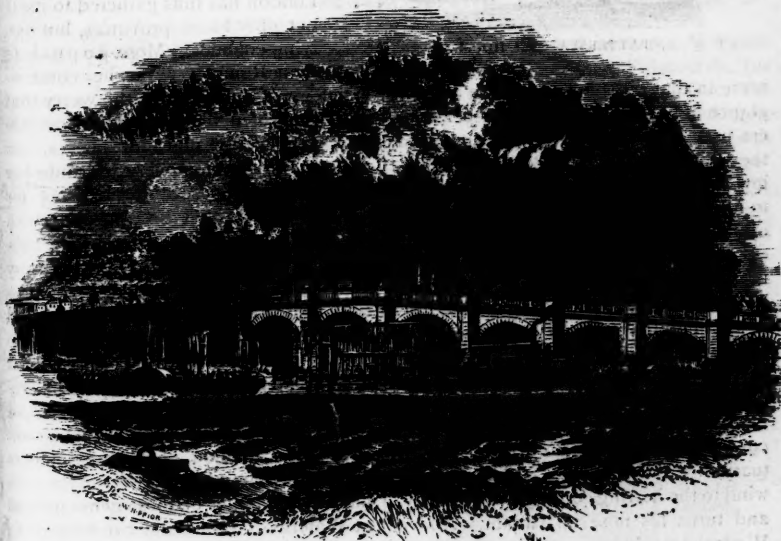
VOL.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE
OF
POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

UP THE THAMES.

FIRST PAPER.



OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

TO the westward drift alike fashion, history and empire. The west end of cities corresponds to the west end of chronology. It is the forward end, the eventful end—the end of gayety, change, life, movement. The eastern end—for

even this spherical perch of ours must have a beginning somewhere—is that which melts into the stagnant past, as into, say, the yellow blankness of the Babylonian plains and the swamps of Siam or the Isle of Dogs.

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So the excursionizing visitor in London, having performed the melancholy duty of groping through the cobwebs and fungi of the great wine-vaults and the other wonders of the dock-region—Doré's illustrations of which are scarce surpassed in unearthly gloom by those of his *Wandering Jew*—is not apt to do



BATTERSEA RED HOUSE.

more in that direction than take a hasty glance at Greenwich, where the pensioners used to be, and the telescopes and the whitebait still are. Beyond and below that all is blank; for, though a jaunt to Margate is a thing of joy to thousands of Londoners, "nobody" lives there or ever did. Our knowledge of, or interest in, the place we owe almost exclusively to the Rev. Sydney's account of the "religious hoy that sets off every week for Margate," and Elia's more sympathizing sketch of a trip thither by a more rapid and less saintly conveyance. The estuary of the Thames is almost as poor a cover for the explorer to draw as the estuary of the Delaware. So he gives the wind to the herring country over the way, and turns his nose up stream. Above Westminster Bridge, starting from the Houses of Parliament, he looks for the haunts of the hard fighters and hard thinkers, past and present, of England, and for her most characteristic charms of landscape, natural and artificial.

Our starting-point, though above the limits of the city proper, is five, six or seven—no one can tell exactly how many—miles below the western edge of the metropolis. The ancient city, with three

hundred thousand inhabitants more than two centuries ago, and hardly a hundred thousand to-day, is but the dingy nucleus of a vast nebula of brick, that differs from a comet in constantly expanding and never contracting. As a sample of its progress, the opening, in the ten years from 1861 to 1871, of six hundred and thirty-five miles of new streets will serve. Nine or ten thousand houses are annually erected—twice as many as are in the same time added to the most rapidly-growing American city. About four millions of souls occupy an area of one hundred and thirty-one square miles, this being still but a corner of the space—five hundred and seventy-six—included within the beats of the metropolitan police. London has thus gathered to itself not only home provinces, but outlying colonies. More populous than Rome ever was, her commis-

sariat gives her none of the worry that so complicated the politics of her prototype. Seventy miles of beeves, ten abreast, stalk calmly every year into her capacious maw. And it cries out for more, and will not be appeased with anything short of a corresponding tribute of sheep, pigs, poultry, etc. by way of *entremets*. Statistics like these pass from the arithmetical into the poetic, and approach the sublime. Hecatombs do capital duty in the old epics, but what are hecatombs to such nations of livestock as these? An army, said Napoleon or Wellington, or both, travels on its belly. London equals in numbers and exceeds in consumption forty armies larger than either of these generals had at Waterloo. Fancy the commensurate receptacle! The mass oppresses the imagination. Let us get from under it.

Making a day's excursion from a place which, at the travel-rate of half a century ago, it takes something like a day's journey to traverse, seems akin to the idea of taking a week's trip from the United States, since it is easy to run across the United States in a week. A great part of the time is consumed in attaining the point proper of departure. The most



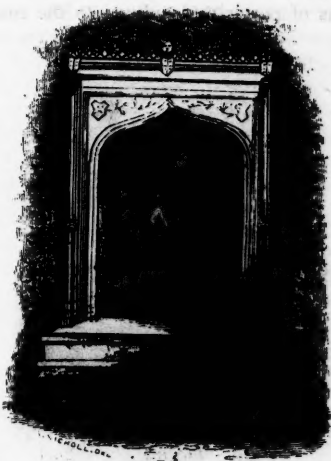
CHELSEA, FROM THE RIVER.

determined sight-seer is apt to be *blasé* before reaching the rural part of his tour, to such a degree has the earth-hunger of Britain's capital, typical in that attribute, as in many others, of Britain itself, swallowed the adjacent territory. Village after village and parish upon parish has been absorbed. We find them in every stage of assimilation, digested into wards or crude as districts.

A century or two ago, according to the doggerel of the time, when the lord mayor and aldermen set out on their annual hunting excursion, their route lay "from Cheapside down by Fenchurch street, and so to Aldgate Pump," and soon found themselves, despite the tardy locomotion of their fat Flemish horses, among the fields. From where *we* set forth, two miles up the river, we may, the eye following the current, mark where the magnificent Thames Embankment carries elegance, atmosphere and health into the noisome tide-marshes that skirted their haunts.

On Westminster Bridge, the second of the name constructed within a century and a quarter, we stand, as on the Bridge of Sighs, "a palace and a prison on each hand." The Houses of Parliament, excelling in cost and elaboration most palaces, look down upon one of Mr. Bull's

recently abandoned pets, the Millbank Penitentiary, situated on the same (or north) side of the Thames. Over the way, Lambeth, the ancient residence of the archbishops of Canterbury, is both palace and prison. Replete with memories of Cardinal Pole, Laud, Juxon, Tillotson and their successors, that part of its irregular façade which is first sought



SIR THOMAS MORE'S MONUMENT.



CHELSEA CHURCH.

by the eye of the stranger is the Lollards' Tower, wherein the followers of Wycliffe tasted the first fruits on English soil of religious persecution.

Vauxhall Gardens have passed away with Sir Roger de Coverley, and the superior taste which improved them out of existence manifested itself in a fashionable pigeon-shooting resort dubbed the Red House.

Glancing to the northern shore again, Chelsea Hospital comes into view, a present which England owes, as she does her Indian empire, her American colonies, her navy, St. Paul's, the best of her art-treasures, and so many other acquisitions of power and culture, to the ma-

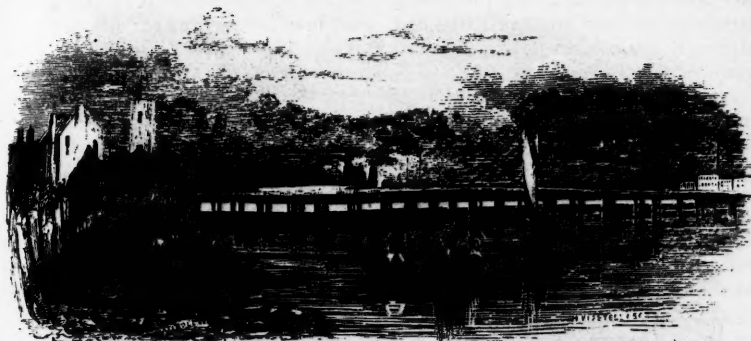
ligned Stuarts. The story that Nell Gwynne has the credit of having suggested the creation of this national retreat for the broken soldier is far from having gained universal acceptance. Yet the existence of the tradition is as complimentary to her as would be its truth. It proves what a character for that charity which covereth a multitude of sins the active benevolence of the gay *comédienne* had earned among the people. The Hanoverian ladies who came "for all your goots" have never been accused of any such freak.

The shadows of the famous dead begin to thicken around us with the bending trees—of great men, not as they mingled in the turmoil of court and council, but as they strolled in their gardens, labored in the study, or went, like common people, through the daily round of domestic life. Within a very circumscribed space lay the abodes of Pym, Shaftesbury, Locke, Addison, Steele, Swift and Atterbury. The extinct hamlet of Little Chelsea was thus gilded by the greater lights of the Augustan age of British literature. Swift for a time had for his next neighbor over the way his intriguing brother of the cloth, and got on with him much more smoothly and pleasantly than was his wont with others. Had they agreed better they would doubtless have been worse friends.

Far back of this circle, in point of time, flourished on the same spot the author of *Utopia*, Sir Thomas More, handed



SIR HANS SLOANE'S MONUMENT.



BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

down to us by that enigma among philosophers and divines, Erasmus, as every way a model man. Other accounts go to justify this character. To himself, his long and placid life must have appeared a perfect success, and he may well have deemed himself to be lapsing dreamily into the bliss of his imaginary republic until rudely awakened by the axe of the tyrant whom in the epitaph of his own composition in the heyday of his prosperity he styles the "best of princes." Readers of this inscription, which stands in faultless Latin on his monument in Chelsea church, may note, after the passage which proclaims the writer and deceased a stern foe to thieves and murderers, a blank space which was originally filled with "heretics," the identical class of malefactors for belonging to which he was himself, within three years, brought to the block by the best of princes. A keen helmsman it must have taken to steer in the wake of bluff Harry. The Vicar of Bray was right in claiming to be the only consistent man of his day.

A different style of philosopher, one of our modern evangelists of the practical, Sir Hans Sloane, unites with More in illustrating Chelsea. His works have not followed him, but still speak in monuments which cannot lie—in the dispensary system for the relief of the poor, in broad and beautiful Botanic Gardens, and in the British Museum, whereof his bequest was the nucleus.

The West End, as we follow the river, has become the south end, and that in its

most aggravated shape we have on the south bank. The majesty of the past gives place to the might of modern England in the very unsavory guise of the pariahs of the factory tribe. From monumental chimneys gin, vitriol and soap insult the welkin with their surplus fumes. It may be a question whether the most elegant of English political writers, the site of whose villa and the resting-place of whose remains is among them, would altogether enjoy such evidences of the prosperity of the kingdom whose welfare he pursued through paths so tortuous and yet illumined by so much genius. He—and certainly his friend Pope—might scorn such "meaner things." The statesman and the poet would have been loath to accept the soapboiler as a colaborei



MONUMENT TO BOLINGBROKE.



PUTNEY.

in the cause of national elevation, although manufactures are at once the source and the expression of wealth, the familiar ally of statesmanship and poesy. "The first king was a fortunate soldier," and his workshop, the battlefield, is less pleasant to look upon than the foulest of factories.

All this, however, does not lessen our anxiety to leave behind these homes of progress and get into the unprogressive country. It is not easy to keep out of the way of growing London. It almost visibly follows us up the river. In fact, as we skim the currentless surface of the placid and canal-like stream, where garden and grove more and more exclude

the town, it has stolen a march upon us — flanked us, so to speak, on the right or north, and taken a short cut across a semicircular bend of the Thames, miles in advance to Hammersmith and beyond. Two miles' sail from the metropolis will thus bring us back into the midst of it. But till then we shall enjoy the suburb-and-villa sensation supplied by the scenery near Putney and Fulham.

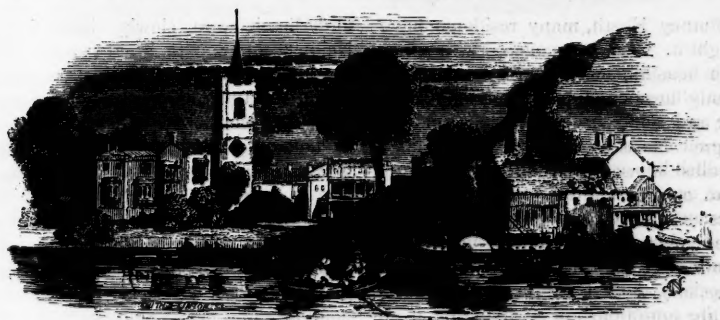
Abundance of celebrities here beset us. The chief of them in modern eyes are Gibbon, who was born, and the younger Pitt, who died, at Putney. It was not among these tranquil folds and meadows that "the lord of irony, that master-spell," formed the plan of his great history. Conceptions of war and revolution seem here wholly forced and unnatural ideas. At first thought, they would appear equally so amid the ruins of the Coliseum, where, as he tells us, the design first occurred to him. But there the remains of the empire whose epitaph he was to write lay broad and clear around him.



BOWLING-GREEN HOUSE.

To disentangle from the obscure and involved records of twelve centuries of barbarism the reasons why so much and so little of it survive, was a task that one is surprised should have been left to a wanderer from the British Islands. It is a task thoroughly performed by him. His work has not been mentionably improved by any of the corrections and expansions that have been essayed: the author's edition remains the best. It may be pronounced not merely the only history of the vast period it covers, but the only compendious and perspicuous history of any considerable portion of it. It stands out in European literature from a host of monographs, chronicles and memoirs, many of them more brilliant and exhaustive, like one of Raphael's canvases in a

gallery of Flemish cabinet pictures. Gibbon and Clarendon may almost be termed the only English historians. Hume and Robertson were Scotch; Macaulay's fragment is a clever partisan pamphlet, not a history; Froude, the fashion of the hour, is already on the wane, as befits a chronicler whose passion is for paradox rather than for truth. In one or another respect each of these is Gibbon's superior in style. His method of expression is rhetorical and involved to the last degree. And yet it does not tire the reader. Discovering the sense soon ceases to be an effort, with such unfailing regularity does the meaning distill, drop by drop, from those convoluted sentences. The calm, clear, idiomatic flow of Hume, and the direct, precise, engine-like beat of Mac-



FULHAM.

aulay, are both technically preferable; but the former would have put us to sleep before we got through a long reign of the Lower Empire, and the vigorous invective of the latter, pelting as with rock-crystal the ample material before him, would have palled upon us ere losing sight of the Antonines.

Pitt, the "great young minister," a maker and not a writer of history, died at the Bowling-green House on January 23, 1806, of an attack of Austerlitz. The courier who brought him the news of that battle brought him his death-warrant: a French bullet could not have been more fatal. Napoleon had his revenge for the disasters of the future. Pitt might have outlived him and died anything but an old man, but the satisfaction

of witnessing Moscow and Waterloo was denied him. It would have been in his eyes the happy and natural close of the great drama, only the first two or three acts of which it was his to witness. It is impossible to repress a feeling of sympathy with the earnest and patriotic statesman, galled, baffled and beaten, compelled, while racked with bodily suffering, to face some of the mightiest foes at home and abroad that publicist had ever to encounter—the eloquence of Fox and Sheridan and the sword of Napoleon—laying down the chief power of the realm to die heartbroken in these secluded shades.

Less secluded are they now than seventy years ago. Attracted by the comparatively elevated situation and fine air



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, CHISWICK.

of Putney Heath, many residents have sought it. It is now covered with villas, each boasting its own private demesne, if only large enough to accommodate a tree and some shrubs. It does not take a great mass of verdure to conceal a smallish house that stands back from the road, or to give to the whole row, square, crescent, terrace or walk a rural and retired effect. A passion for planting is common to the English everywhere, and especially does it manifest itself where all the conditions are so favorable as on the upper Thames. Trees are the natural fringe of rivers in all countries. The watercourses of our great Western plains are mapped out by the only arboreal efforts Nature there seems capable of making. The streams of England, naturally a forest country, must always have been peculiarly rich in this decoration; and had they not been the people would have made them so. The long stone quay is backed by its bordering grove, and towns and houses that throng down to the water are content, or rather prefer, to view it through such peepholes as the leaves may vouchsafe them. And then the turf, the glory of Britain, that shower and shears, Heaven and man, vie in cherishing!

The basin of the Thames is nearly as flat as the bottom of the ancient sea through which the chalk and clay that

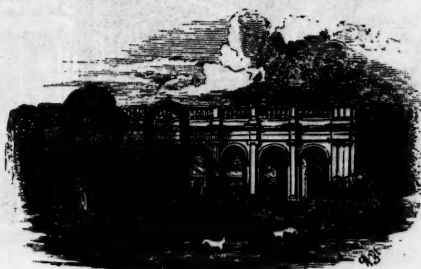
underlie it were slowly sifted down. Neither rocky cliff, breezy down, nor soaring mount has part in its scenery. What variety of outline the horizon seen from the river possesses is due to grove or façade. But all the variety these can give is there. The stream itself, so barren in some of the ingredients of the picturesque, is as agreeably astonishing in the use it makes of what it has. The tide running to Teddington, twelve miles above London, and lock and dam navigation taking possession above that village, there is little current but that caused by the tide. The Thames, in other words, where not an estuary is a canal—we had almost said moat. It has neither rapids nor rocky islets. It labors under the fearfully depoeitizing drawback of a tow-path. Racing shells, miraculously slim and crank, traverse with safety its roughest bends. From Putney, where we now are, to Mortlake, four miles above, is the aquatic Newmarket of England, where the young thoroughbreds of Oxford and Cambridge yearly measure their mettle.

Tufted islets—or "aits," as the local vernacular has it—varied in size and shape, divide the stream. Long reaches, with spire or palace faint and pearly in the distance, alternate with sweeping curves scalloped with billowy masses of foliage that bastion broad re-entering angles of tessellated lawn and meadow.

Willow and elm, the most graceful of trees, luxuriant as such a habitat can make them, send streaks and masses of richest shadow beneath and beyond them. "Schools" of water-lilies star the clumps of reflected shade or blend with catches of sunlight brighter than themselves. Vistas of water among the aits, and of velvet-green among the meadows, lead off here and there. Now we thread a bridge, modern and smart, or mediæval and mossy, with a jumble of peaked arches diverse each from the other in shape and proportion. The cumbrous piers of these veterans repeat themselves in reflection, substance and shadow cut apart by multifiform ripples and swirls, that shift and start and interlace and pass hand in hand finally into the glassy sheet below, as they did when the Norman masons set them first in motion. They built to last, those "Middle-Aged" artisans. Prodigal of material, and not given to venturesome experiments on the capacities of the arch, like those who designed the flat elliptical spans of Waterloo Bridge, their rule was to make security more secure. They multiplied spans, made them high and sharp, and set them up on piers and starlings that occupied—and occupy yet where they have not been removed as impediments to the march of improvement—the greater part of the width of the river. From that portion of its course now under notice these old bridges have pretty well disappeared. Old London Bridge, the most considerable of them, and an exaggeration of their most fantastic traits, gave place to its elegant successor half a century ago, after having sustained the rush of waters below and of a crowd of humanity, resident and locomotive, above, for five or six centuries. As we ascend the stream into regions less harried by the inexorable invader, Progress, they grow more and more common. They enhance the difference in the character of the scenery. Chronology and landscape march together. As we are borne into the country, we are led back, *pari passu*, into the

past. It is taking a rustic tour into the Dark Ages by steam.

Not that the absurd little steamers which infest these waters—the equation of hull, cabin, paddle-box and pipe reduced to its lowest terms of a horizontal line and a vertical ditto erected on the cen-



GARDEN SCENE, CHISWICK HOUSE.

tre—can penetrate far into the antique. Their field grows narrower year by year with the wash of the expanding city. These boats will always be the gondolas of London's Grand Canal, and all the more assuredly when the water-front shall have been transformed by the completion of the long line of quay and esplanade now in progress; but, as with their less prosaic congeners of Venice, their operations outside of the city limits will be restricted.

It is in perfect keeping that the charms of the lush and mellow landscape that unrolls itself on either hand should be those of peace. Nearly two centuries and a half have passed since it was disturbed by battle. The fact helps us to realize the unspeakable blessing England's unassailability by land is to her. Not only are her liberty and prosperity enabled to expand and establish themselves without fear of disturbance from external forces, but they receive an impulse from the mere recognition of this fact derived from observation of the fortunes of her neighbors under the contrary condition. Her domestic politics, unlike those of the continental nations, are controlled only by domestic interests. The result is a practical and common-sense treatment of them, such as a mer-



CHISWICK HOUSE.

chant makes of his individual affairs in the seclusion of his counting-house. The *nation boutiquière* thus carries "shop" into her Parliament. Could a ditch impassable to Von Moltke be drawn around poor France from Dunkirk to Nice, and kept impregnable even for a few decades, the world would witness a notable change in the steadiness of her institutions and her industry. It is not a question purely

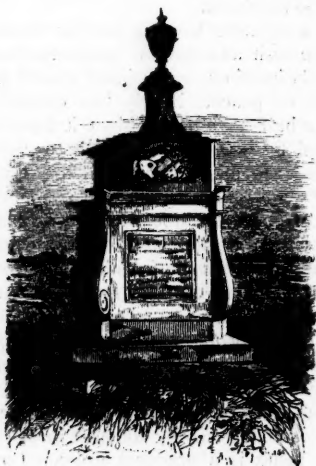
of race, as we have usually been taught to consider it. Circumstance makes race, and race cannot rise wholly above circumstance. The Jutes and Saxons in their native seat are not distinguished above the other peoples of Christendom for intelligent and effective devotion to free institutions. Many continental families are more so. The Welsh and Scots, largely sharing the Celtic blood which is alleged to enfeeble the French, are in no way inferior to their English brethren in this regard.

Peace at home tells, in three words, the main story of English freedom and might. Béranger, lifting up his voice from the ruins of the First Empire, sings—

J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis.
L'air était calme, et du Dieu de la Guerre
Elle étouffait les foudres assoupis.

With him it was an aspiration *for* peace. From the banks of the Thames, unsmirched of blood and smoke and blooming with everything that war can destroy, his aspiration would have been *to* peace, pervading in divinest *aura* the lovely scene.

A realization of this peculiar blessing is general among Englishmen. The tremendous lesson of the Conquest, eight hundred years old, is fresh with them



HOGARTH'S TOMB.

yet. Thierry maintains that that invasion, in the existing domination of the Norman nobles in both houses of the national legislature, and in their more and more absolute monopoly of the land, still weighs upon them. Be that as it may, the nobles are at least an infinitesimally small numerical minority, compelled not only to govern under a wholesome sense of that truth, but to recruit their numbers from the subject masses cooped up with them in the island and constituting the whole of its military and industrial strength. The commonalty have endured much for the sake of the tranquillity the palpable fruits of which surround them. And they will endure more, if necessary, as is evidenced by the slow progress and frequent backsets of liberalism, and the utter contempt into which republicanism has fallen. More reforms are to come, and will be exacted if not conceded freely; but war to procure or to prevent them is the interest of neither the rulers nor the ruled.

The faint whiff of villainous saltpetre that floats from the direction of Charles I.'s capital at Oxford along the skirmish-lines of Rupert and Essex as far down as Turnham Green is dilute with the breath of a dozen score of English springs. Yonder old elm may have closed around the pikehead of a Puritan or a Cavalier bullet, but it has smothered the disreputable intruder in two or three hundred tough and sturdy rings. The wall over which it hangs may have

been similarly scarred without equal faculty of healing by the first, or any, intention, but the hand of man has come to its relief, and difficult indeed is it now to find trace here of the *mêlée* when wood and water rang to the charge-shout—

For God, for the laws, for the Church, for the cause!
For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

Wide and splendid gardens, filled with the botanic spoil of all the latitudes, overspread the field of forgotten combat. Societies, commoners, and peers compete along the Thames, as in other parts of the island, in this charming strife. The duke of Devonshire, the owner of famous Chatsworth, possesses a country-box called Chiswick House, less noted for any association with the Cavendishes than as having witnessed the last hours of C. J. Fox and George Canning. Fox's death-bed, like his death-hour and his tomb, was very close to that of his great rival.

Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier.

You may read their epitaphs without turning on your heel, although a truthful one will not be written for either until we stand in the midst of such a quarter of a century as that wound up at Waterloo. All was exceptional then—acts and motives alike. The globe's polity, like its crust, is built of sedimentary layers, filtered in calm, shot through by rare volcanic veins. When the subterranean fires shall break out again we may understand these men and their



BARN ELMS HOUSE.



KEW PALACE.

contemporaries on both sides of the Channel. Exactly who and what was wrong may come clear when everything is once more muddled. Our mental optics must be adjusted to the turbid medium in which they moved. We cannot now determine how far the country for which both labored is the better or worse for their having lived. If at all the worse, wonderful indeed would have been her present exaltation, for it is difficult to conceive a finer spectacle of national thrift and ease. Certainly, there is much misery among the poor, rural and oppidan, throughout the kingdom, reduced as it has been of late years, and the inequality in the distribution of property is greater than in any other Christian country; but nothing of this is obtrusive to the voyager on the Thames. The lower classes appear under the not particularly repulsive guise of gardeners, bargemen, drivers, park-keepers, etc. There are palaces, but none of them overshadowing save Windsor and Hampton Court. Though the towns do not always put their best foot foremost and dip it in the water, their slums rarely offend the eye. At this part of the river's course they are in great part new and bright, thanks to the growth of the great city. The rotund and genial clumps of trees

that compose so much of the view shelter rich and poor alike, and the velvet sward is pressed as freely by brogan as by slipper. The wearers of both may chant as they cross it, "Merrily hent the foot-path way, and merrily hent the stile-a."

Water, the universal detergent, is at war with the squalid; and nowhere more thoroughly can it perform that office, with shower, dew and river always flush. It ensures to the scenery that first requirement of English taste, an air of respectability.

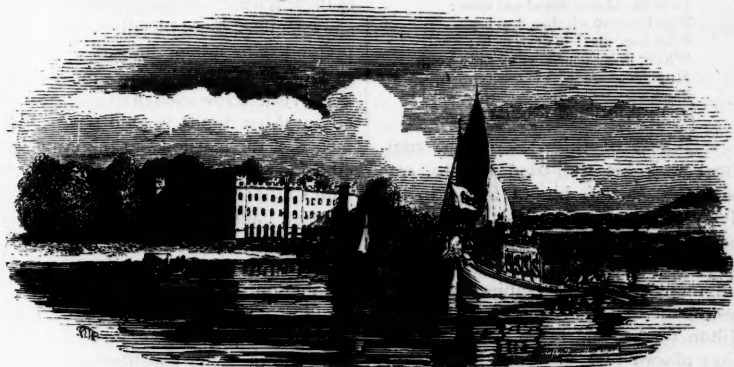
Chiswick churchyard accommodates, like most other churchyards, an odd jumble of sleepers. The earl of Macartney, the modern introducer of the Flowery Land to its forgotten and forgetting acquaintance of old, Europe; Charles II.'s duchess of Cleveland; Mary, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Cary, the translator of Dante; Kent, the architect; and, chief of all, Kent's tormentor, Hogarth,—are among its occupants. Hogarth's well-known epitaph, by Garrick, we may quote:

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If Nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honored dust lies here.

In his latter years the father of British caricature owned a cottage near by, where he spent his summers in retouching his plates and preparing them for posterity. He still retained his Leicester Fields residence, for he could have no other real home than old London. It is curious to speculate on what might have been his position in art had he brought himself to shake the cockney dust from his feet and seek true æsthetic training in Italy. One year, or three, or five, spent at Rome or Florence would not have sufficed to replace his inborn devotion to the grotesque with something higher, not to say the upper walks of design. Wilkie, who has been styled his moonlight, cannot be said to have been improved by a similar step, the works executed after his return being inferior to his earlier efforts. Hogarth, too, might have been spoiled for the field he holds without challenge, and spent the rest of his career in cultivating one more elevated, but unsuited to his genius. It may be as well, therefore, that the hand of the gendarme was laid on his shoulder at Calais gate. The Frenchman proved an "angel unawares." He saved England an illustrator she values more highly than she would have done a manufacturer of Madonnas and Ajaxes. When the outraged Briton was whirled

round on the deck of the little packet, and his nose violently pointed in the direction of the white cliffs, neither he nor his unpleasant manipulator was aware of the highly beneficial character of the proceeding to the party most concerned.

Hogarth would not have admitted relationship to the Rowlandsons, Cruikshanks, Brownes and Leeches who represent satirical art in the England of the nineteenth century. He would have but distantly recognized even Gilray, who belongs as much to the end of his own as to the beginning of our century, and whose works are of a higher stamp than those of the sketchers we have named. He claimed to be a character painter, admitting to a lower class altogether those wielders of the satiric pencil who dealt in the farce of "caricatura," as he termed it. He drew a distinction between high comedy and farce, and sometimes aspired to a position for himself in melodrama. *Marriage à la Mode* he claimed to belong to such a class, not without some countenance from independent critics. He is needed now to administer a little wholesome regimen to British artists. How he would have lashed the Pre-Raphaelites! Into what nightmares he would have exaggerated some of the whimsies of Turner, as truly a master as himself! Pos-



SION HOUSE

sibly the coming man has already arrived, and has caught inspiration from the appropriately square, solid, broad-bottomed monument that looks out over the

fast-swelling hurly-burly of new London from Chiswick burying-ground.

Barn Elms, on our left, was the home, in their respective periods, of Secretary

Walsingham and of Cowley. That the latter did not select, in this choice of an abode, "so healthful a situation as he might have done," we are assisted in conceding by a glance at the tendency to swampiness which yet afflicts the spot. One account given of the circumstances



BOAT-HOUSE, SION HOUSE.

of his demise requires no heavy draft on the aid of malaria. He missed his way on returning from a "wet night" at the house of a friend, and passed what remained of the small hours under a hedge. A timely quotation to him then would have come from his own *Elegy upon Anacreon*:

Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine!
To be the Muses' friend and mine:
With love and wit thou dost begin
False fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to madness or to sleep.
Sleep were well: thous't learnt a way
To death itself now to betray.

A weakness of this description, combined with his well-tried loyalty, was calculated to win him a friend in the Merry Monarch. Charles's eulogy was, that "Mr. Cowley hath not left a better man behind him in England." The judgment of Charles's subjects was, that he was the first of living English poets, Milton to the contrary notwithstanding. They placed him, accordingly, in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer and Spenser, while his rival, blind and in disgrace, with the bookseller's five pounds for the copyright of *Paradise Lost* in one pocket and—unhappily for his weight with the literati of the Resto-

ration—a thousand from Cromwell in the other for pelting Monsieur Saumaise with bad Latin, was sinking into an obscure grave at St. Giles's.

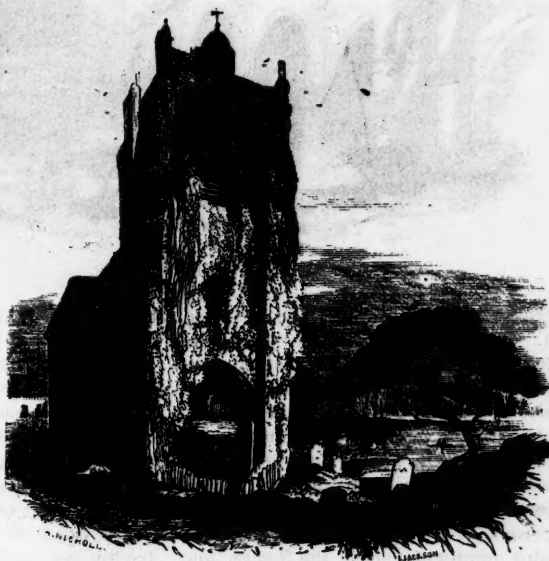
Mortlake, at the western extremity of what may be dubbed *University Row*, cherishes the bones of another brace of votaries of imagination. Partridge, the astrologer and maker of almanacs, has a double claim to immortality—first, as Swift's victim in *The Tatler*; and second, as having distinguished himself among the tribe of lying prophets by blundering into a prediction that came true—of snow in hot July. The other was no less a personage than Dr. Dee, familiar to readers

of *Kenilworth*. Good Queen Bess luxuriated, like potentates of more recent date, in a kitchen cabinet, and Dr. Dee was a member. In his counsels Elizabeth apparently trusted as implicitly as in those of her legitimate ministers. She often sought his retreat, as Saul did that of the Witch of Endor, for supernatural enlightenment. Unfortunately, the journals of these séances are not preserved. Dee's show-stone, a bit of obsidian, in which he pretended to mirror future events, was in Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. How such matters were viewed in those times is evidenced by the facts that the learned Casaubon published a folio of Dee's reports of interviews with spirits; that Dee was made chancellor of St. Paul's; and that he was employed to ascertain by necromancy what day would be most auspicious for Elizabeth's coronation. Still, let us remember that Cagliostro's triumphal march across Europe dates back but a century; that Cumming's prophecies constitute a standard authority with many most excellent and intelligent persons; that Spiritualism, despite the most crushing reverses, numbers many able votaries on both sides of the Atlantic; and that futurity is a show as regularly advertised in the news-

papers of one of our cities as the theatre or the ward-meeting.

Very vivid is the contrast that awaits us at the coming curve, between the unlovely town of Brentford, the "lang toun" of South, as Kirkcaldy is of North, Britain, on the right, and the horticultural marvels of Kew on the left. Brentford, however, is, as we have said, is the case with other weak points of the Thames, screened from the reprobation of the navigator by the friendly trees of a large island. If you feel a personal interest in studying the field of two battles, fought, one eight hundred and sixty years ago, between the Saxons and Danes—"kites and crows," as Hume held them—and the other two hundred and forty years since, between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, you will pull up at Brentford. If you lack time or taste for that diversion, you will "choose the better part" and go to Kew, one of the lions of the river. In front stands the old red brick palace, the favorite country home of George III.—our George, so sadly berated by Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Wolcott, but a perfectly sincere and conscientious man, a bow-shot in all good points beyond either of his namesakes. It is to his queen, worthy and unbeauteous Charlotte, that London and its guests owe the foundation of the matchless Botanic Gardens. Their glories are inventoried in the guide-books: two hundred and forty acres of park and seventy-five of garden; acres of space and miles of walk under glass; the great palm-house, tall enough for most of the members of that giant family to erect themselves in and enjoy the largest liberty; the Chinese pagoda, one hundred and sixty-three feet high; the

entire vegetable world in microcosm, ordered, trimmed and labeled with as much of business precision as though, instead of being the manufacture of Nature, they were so many bales of Manchester goods ticketed for exportation to some other planet;—a collection and dis-



ISLEWORTH CHURCH.

play, in short, not unworthy of an empire whose drum-beat, etc.

Conspicuous on the opposite side of the Thames, midway of the linked sweetness of Kew, stands storied Sion, a seat of the dukes of Northumberland. Originally a wealthy nunnery, it was seized—and of course disestablished and held as his own—by the Eighth Harry. It served him as a prison for one of his wives, Katharine Howard, and a few years later furnished a night's rest to his own remains on their way to Windsor. His daughter, on what still flourishes of whose repute in the uncongenial soil of Protestant England Mr. Tennyson is testing the blackness of his ink, revived the nunnery. It had reverted to the Crown on the attainder of the duke of Northumberland, who had been granted it on the attainder of the Protector Som-



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

erset, to whom Edward VI. had presented it. From Sion House, Lady Jane Grey stepped to a throne and a scaffold. Its associations with the misfortunes of royalty do not end here. In it the children of Charles I. were held in custody by the Parliament, and it witnessed an interview between them and their unfortunate parent, procured by special intercession as a special favor. The Smithsons, representatives of the Percies, and fixed in the esteem of our people by the Institution at Washington, are in undisturbed and exclusive possession now—too exclusive, think some tourists, who desire to explore the house; and find difficulty in procuring the permission usually accorded at other aristocratic seats. Yet it is easy to surfeit of sight-seeing without grieving over a failure to penetrate the walls of Sion.

A little above, Isleworth, the home of Lord Baltimore, the original grantee of Maryland, helps to sentinel Kew. The church-tower, if decapitated, would somewhat resemble that of Jamestown. Like the latter, it is of brick. The similitude is not the less apt to suggest itself

that beyond it, as we ascend the river, lies Richmond.

Having thus achieved our "on-to-Richmond" movement, we are admonished that justice to our objective point and to its more interesting neighbors, Twickenham, the home of Pope and Walpole, the Great Park, and other attractions, requires another article. We have reached the head of steam-navigation, and lost the last whiff of salt water. We forget that Britain is "shrined in the sea," and begin to cultivate a continental sensation. The voice, the movement and the savor of ocean have all disappeared. If aught suggestive of it linger, we find it in the moisture that veils the bluest sky, lends such delicate gradations to the aerial perspective, adds a richer green to tree and turf, and seems to give rotundity to the contours of both animate and inanimate Nature. That this excess of vapor is comparatively unattended by chill is due, we suppose, to the great ocean stream sent over by America, with her climate of extremes, to make that of Britain one of moderation and equality.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

ST. AUGUSTINE IN APRIL.

A SAILOR has just yawned.

It is seven o'clock of an April morning such as does not come anywhere in the world except at St. Augus-

tine or on the Gulf Coast of Florida—a morning woven out of some miraculous tissue which shows two shimmering aspects, the one stillness, the other glory



SEA-WALL.

—a morning which mingles infinite repose with infinite glittering, as if God should smile in His sleep.

On such a morning there is but one

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thing to do in St. Augustine: it is to lie thus on the sea-wall, with your legs dangling down over the green sea-water, lazaretto-fashion; your arms over your

head, caryatid-fashion; and your eyes gazing straight up into heaven, lover-fashion.

The sailor's yawn is going to be immortal: it is reappearing like the Hindoo

god in ten thousand avatars of echoes. The sea-wall is now refashioning it into a sea-wall yawn; the green island over across the water there yawns; now the brick pillars of the market-house are



MARKET-HOUSE.

yawning; in turn something in the air over beyond the island yawns; now it is this side's time again. Listen! In the long pier there, which runs out into the water as if it were a continuation of the hotel-piazza, every separate pile is giving his own various interpretation of the yawn: it runs down them like a fore finger down piano-keys, even to the farthest one, whose idea of this yawn seems to be that it was a mere whisper.

The silence here in the last of April does not have many sounds, one observes, and therefore makes the most of any such airy flotsam and jetsam as come its way.

For the visitors—those of them who make a noise with dancing of nights and with trooping of mornings along the Plaza de la Constitucion—are gone; the brood of pleasure-boats are all asleep in "the Basin;" practically, the town belongs for twenty-three hours of each day to the sixteenth century. The twenty-fourth hour, during which the nineteenth claims its own, is when the little locomotive whistles out at the dépot three-

quarters of a mile off, the omnibus rolls into town with the mail—there are no passengers—the people gather at the post-office, and everybody falls to reading the Northern papers.

Two months ago it was not so. Then the actual present took every hour that every day had. The St. Augustine, The Florida, The Magnolia—three pleasant hotels—with a shoal of smaller public and private boarding-houses, were filled with people thoroughly alive; the lovely sailing-grounds around the harbor were all in a white zigzag with races of the yacht club and with more leisurely mazes of the pleasure-boat fleet; one could not have lain on the sea-wall on one's back without galling disturbance at every moment, and as for a yawn, people do not yawn in St. Augustine in February.

There are many persons who have found occasion to carp at this sea-wall, and to revile the United States government for having gone to the great expense involved in its construction, with no other result than that of furnishing a promenade for lovers. But these are ill-

advised persons: it is easily demonstrable that this last is one of the most legitimate functions of government. Was not the encouragement of marriage a direct object of many noted Roman laws? And why should not the government of the United States "protect" true love as well as pig iron? Viewed purely from the standpoint of political economy, is not the former full as necessary to the existence of the state as the latter?

Whatever may have been the motives of the Federal authorities in building it, its final cause, *causa causans*, is certainly love; and there is not a feature of its construction which does not seem to have been calculated solely with reference to some phase of that passion. It is just wide enough for two to walk side by side, with the least trifle of pressure together; it is as smooth as the course of true love is *not*, and yet there are certain re-entering angles in it (where the stairways come up) at which one is as apt to break one's neck as one is to be flirted with, and in which, therefore, every man ought to perceive a reminder in stone of either catastrophe; it has on one side the sea, exhaling suggestions of foam-born Venus and fickleness, and on the other the land, with the Bay street residences wholesomely whispering of settlements and housekeeping bills; it runs at its very beginning in front of the United States barracks, and so at once flouts War in the face, and pursues its course—happy omen!—toward old Fort Marion, where strife long ago gave way to quiet warmths of sunlight, and where the wheels of the cannon have become trellises for peaceful vines; and, finally, it ends— How shall a man describe this spot where it ends? With but a step the promenader

passes the drawbridge, the moat, the portcullis, edges along the left wall, ascends a few steps, and emerges into the old Barbican. What, then, is the Barbican? Nothing: it is an oddly-angled



SPANISH CATHEDRAL.

enclosure of gray stone walling round a high knoll where some grass and a blue flower or two appear. Yet it is Love's own trysting-place. It speaks of love, love only: the volubility of its quietude on this topic is as great as Chaucer has described his own:

For he hath told of lovers up and down,
Moo than Ovide made of mencloun
In his Epistelles that ben so olde.
What schuld I tellen hem, syn they be tolde?
In youthe he made of Coys and Alcioun,
And siththe hath he spoke of everych on,
These noble wyfes, and these lovers eek.
Whoso wole his large volume seeke
Cleped the seints legendes of Cupide,
Ther may he see the large woundes wyde
Of Lucesse, and of Babiloun Tysbee;
The sorwe of Dido for the fals Ence;
The dree of Phillis for hir Demophon;
The pleynt of Diane and of Ermyon,
Of Adrian, and of Ysyphilee;
The barren yle stondyng in the see;
The dreynt Leandere for his fayre Erro;
The toores of Eleyne, and eek the woe

Of Bryxseyde, and of Ledomia;
 The cruelté of the queen Medea,
 The litel children hanging by the hals
 For thilke Jason, that was of love so fals.
 O Ypermestre, Penollope, and Alceste,
 Your wyfhood he comendeth with the beste,
 But certainly no worde writeth he
 Of thilke wikked ensample of Canace,
 That loved her owen brother synfully
 On whiche corsed stories I seye fy!

Thus the Barbican discourses of true
 love to him who can hear. I am per-



OLD CITY GATE.

sued that Dante and Beatrice, Abelard and Heloise, Petrarch and Laura, Leander and Hero, keep their tender appointments here. The Barbican is lovemaking already made. It is complete *Yes*, done in stone and grass.

The things which one does in St. Augustine in February become in April the things which one placidly hears that one *ought* to do, and lies still on one's back on the sea-wall and dangles one's legs. There is the pleasant avenue, for instance, by which the omnibus coming from the *dépôt* enters the town after crossing the bridge over the San Sebastian River. It runs between the grounds of Senator Gilbert on the right (entering town), and the lovely orange-groves, avenues, cedar-hedges and mulberry trees which cluster far back from the road about the residences of Dr. Anderson and of Mr. Ball. The latter gentle-

man is one of the well-known firm of Ball, Black & Co. of New York, and has built one of the handsomest residences in Florida, here on the old "Buckingham Smith Place."

Or there are the quaint courts enclosed with jealous high coquina-walls, and giving into cool rich gardens where lemons, oranges, bananas, Japan plums, figs and all manner of tropic flowers and green-eries hide from the north-east winds and sanctify the old Spanish-built homes. One has to be in St. Augustine some time before one realizes, as one passes by these commonplace exteriors of whitish houses and whitish walls, the unsuspected beauties stretching back within.

Then there are the narrow old streets to be explored—Bay street, next the water; Charlotte, St. George and To-lomato streets running parallel thereto; or the old rookery of a convent, where the sisters make lace, looking ten times older for the new convent that is going up near by; or the quaint cathedral on the Plaza to peep into, one of whose bells is said to have once hung on the old chapel beyond the city gates, where the savages murdered the priests; or the Plaza, itself—*Plaza de la Constitution*—where

certain good and loyal persons burned the effigies of Hancock and Adams some hundred years ago; or the Confederate monument on St. George street, near Bridge, where one may muse with profit in a Centennial year; or the City Gate, looking now more like an invitation to enter than a hostile defence as it stands peacefully wide open on the grassy banks of the canal which formerly let the San Sebastian waters into the moat around Fort Marion; or a trip to the hat-braiders' to see if there is any new fantasy in palmetto plaits and grasses; or an hour's turning over of the photographic views to fill out one's Florida collection; or a search after a leopard-skin sea-bean.

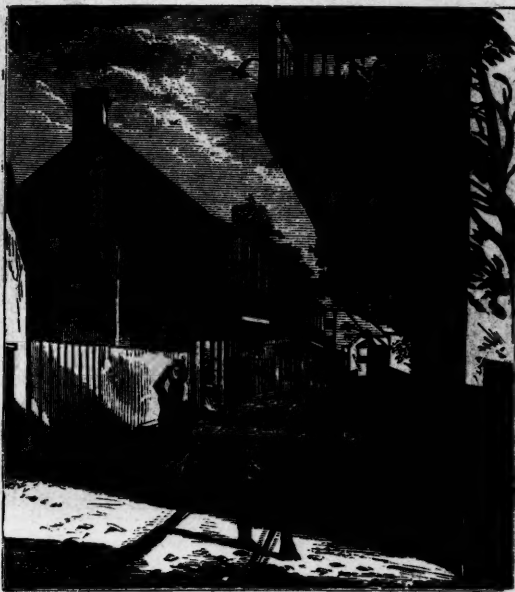
Or there is a sail over to the North Beach, or to the South Beach, or to the high sand-dunes from which Governor Oglethorpe once attempted to bombard the Spanish governor Monteano out of

the fort; or to the coquina-quarries and the lighthouses on Anastasia Island, the larger of which latter is notable as being one of the few first-class lighthouses in the country. Or there is an expedition to Matanzas Inlet, where one can disembark with a few friends, and have three or four days of camp-life, plentifully garnished with fresh fish of one's own catching.

Or if one is of a scientific turn one may sail down to the Sulphur Spring, which boils up in the ocean some two and a half miles off Matanzas. This spring rises in water one hundred and thirty-two feet deep, though that around the fountain is only about fifty feet; and its current is so strong that the steamer of the Coast Survey was floated off from over the "boil" of it. It is intermittent, sometimes ceasing to flow, then commencing another ebullition by sending up a cloud of dark-blue sediment, which can be seen advancing to the surface. It has been recently explored by a Coast Survey party. Such a spring is mentioned by Maury in a report made many years ago to the Navy Department. I am informed that a similar one exists in the upper St. John's; and a gentleman told me at Cedar Keys that having applied some years ago to a sponging vessel out in the Gulf for water, one of the crew took him in a small boat to a spot where he dipped up several buckets full of fresh water in the midst of the brine.

Or late in the afternoon one may drive out St. George street, through the gate, and, passing the Protestant burying-ground, ride down a clean road which presently debouches on to the beach of the San Sebastian and affords a charming drive of several miles. Soon after

getting on this beach one can observe running diagonally from the river in a double row the remains of an old outer line of palisades which connected Fort Moosa with a stockade at the San Sebastian. This row runs up and enters the grounds of the residence formerly



ST. GEORGE STREET.

occupied by George R. Fairbanks, author of an excellent history of Florida.

Or one may visit Fort Marion, that lovely old transformation of the seventeenth century into coquina, known in the ancient Spanish days as Fort San Juan and as Fort San Marco, and peep into the gloomy casemates, the antique chapel, the tower, the barbican; and mayhap the fine old sergeant from between his side-whiskers will tell of Coacoochee, of Osceola, and of the skeletons that were found chained to the walls of the very dungeon in whose cold blackness one is then and there shivering. The old sergeant might add to his stories that of a white prisoner who once dragged out a weary five years in these dungeons, and who was a man remarkable for having probably tasted

the sweets of revenge in as full measure as ever fell to human lot. I mean Daniel McGirth. He was a famous partisan scout in the early part of the first American Revolution, but having been whipped for disrespect to a superior officer,

sacred refuge from trade and care, known to many a weary soul,—the dear old fort is practically no more: its glories of calm and of solitude have departed utterly away. The Cheyennes, the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Caddoes, and the Arap-

ahoes, with their shuffling chains and strange tongues and barbaric gestures, have frightened the timid swallow of Romance out of the sweetest nest that he ever built in America.

It appears that some time about the middle of 1874 the United States government announced to the Indians in Northwest Texas that they must come in and give a definite account of themselves, whereupon a large number declared themselves hostile.



A CAMP AT MATANZAS.

escaped, joined the enemy, and thereafter rained a series of bloody revenges upon his injurers. He was afterward caught by the Spanish—it is thought because he had joined William Augustus Bowles in his dreadful instigation of the Indians against the Floridian Spaniards—and incarcerated in this old fort for five years.

—If indeed the fine old sergeant of Fort Marion be still there: it may be that he has ceased to be *genius loci* since the Indians arrived.

For, alas! and alas! the old lonesome fort, the sweet old fort, whose pyramids of cannon-balls were only like pleasant reminders of the beauty of peace, whose manifold angles were but warm and sunny nooks for lizards and men to lounge in and dream in, whose ample and ancient moat had converted itself with grasses and with tiny flowers into a

Against these four columns of troops were sent out from as many different posts, which were managed so vigorously that in no long time the great majority of the unfriendly Indians either surrendered or were captured. Some of these were known to have been guilty of atrocious crimes; others were men of consequence in their tribes; and it was resolved to make a selection of the principal individuals of these two classes, and to confine them in old Fort Marion at St. Augustine.

And so here they are—"Medicine Water," a ringleader, along with "White Man," "Rising Bull," "Sharp Bully," "Hailstone" and others, in the terrible murder of the Germain family, and in the more terrible fate of the two Germain girls who were recently recaptured from the Cheyennes; "Come See Him," who was in the murder of the Short survey-

ing party; "Soaring Eagle," supposed to have killed the hunter Brown near Fort Wallace; "Big Moccasin" and "Making Medicine," horse-thieves and raiders; "Packer," the murderer of Williams;

"Mochi" the squaw, identified by the Germain girls as having chopped the head of their murdered mother with an axe. Besides these, who constitute most of the criminals, are a lot against whom



OLD SPANISH FORT SAN MARCO, NOW FORT MARION.

there is no particular charge, but who are confined on the principle that prevention is better than cure. "Gray Beard," one of this latter class of chiefs, leapt from a car-window at Baldwin, Florida, while being conveyed to St. Augustine, and was shot after a short pursuit by one of his guards. "Lean Bear," another, stabbed himself and two of his guards, apparently in a crazy fit, when near Nashville, Tennessee, *en route*, but has since recovered and been sent to join those in the fort. One of the Kiowas died of pneumonia shortly after arriving at St. Augustine, leaving seventy-three, including two squaws and a little girl, now in confinement. Their quarters are in the casemates within the fort, which have been fitted up for their use. During the day they are allowed to move about the interior of the fort, and are sometimes taken out in squads to bathe: at night they are locked up.

They seem excessively fond of trying their skill in drawing, and are delighted with a gift of pencil and paper. Already, however, the atmosphere of trade has reached into their souls: I am told they now begin to sell what they were ready enough to give away when I saw them a few weeks ago; and one fancies it will

not be long before they are transformed from real Indians into those vile things, watering-place Indians.

Criminals as they are, stirrers-up of trouble as they are, rapidly degenerating as they are, no man can see one of these stalwart-chested fellows rise and wrap his blanket about him with that big majestic sweep of arm which does not come to any strait-jacketed civilized being, without a certain melancholy at the bottom of his heart as he wonders what might have become of these people if so be that gentle contact with their white neighbors might have been substituted in place of the unspeakable maddening wrongs which have finally left them but a little corner of their continent. Nor can one repress a little moralizing as one reflects upon the singularity of that fate which has finally placed these red-men on the very spot where red-men's wrongs began three centuries and a half ago; for it was here that Ponce de Leon landed in 1512, and from the very start there was enmity betwixt the Spaniard and the Indian.

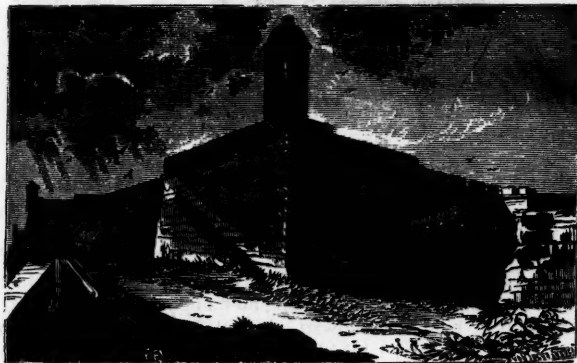
Nor, finally, can one restrain a little smile at the thought that not a hundred years ago nearly this same number of the most illustrious men in South Carolina were sent down to this same St. Au-

gustine to be imprisoned for the same reason for which most of these Indians have been — to wit, that they were men of influence and stirrers-up of trouble in their tribes. After the capture of Charleston by the British, during the American Revolution, between fifty and sixty of the most distinguished South Carolinians were rudely seized by order of the English commander and transferred to St. Augustine for safe-keeping, where they were held for several months, one of their number, Gadsden, being imprisoned for nearly a year in this very old fort, refusing to accept the conditions upon

is, William Massey, Alexander Moultrie, Arthur Middleton, Edward McCready, John Mouatt, Edward North, John Neufville, Joseph Parker, Christopher Peters, Benjamin Postell, Samuel Prioleau, John Ernest Poyas, Edward Rutledge, Hugh Rutledge, John Sansom, Thomas Savage, Josiah Smith, Thomas Singleton, James Hampden Thompson, John Todd, Peter Timothy, Anthony Toomer, Edward Weyman, Benjamin Waller, Morton Wilkinson and James Wakefield.

As you stand on the fort, looking seaward, the estuary penetrating into the mainland up to the left is the North

River, which René de Laudonnière in 1564 called the "River of Dolphins;" across it is the North Beach; in front you see the breakers rolling in at the harbor-entrance; the stream stretching down to the right is Matanzas River, communicating with open water at Matanzas Inlet, about eighteen miles below. An-



FORT MARION—THE TOWER.

which the rest were allowed the range of the city streets. The names of these prisoners are of such honorable antiquity, and are so easily recognizable as being names still fairly borne and familiarly known in South Carolina, that it is worth while to reproduce them here out of the dry pages of history. They were—John Budd, Edward Blake, Joseph Bee, Richard Beresford, John Berwick, D. Bordeaux, Robert Cochrane, J. S. Cripps, H. V. Crouch, Benjamin Cudworth, Edward Darrell, Daniel Dessausurre, John Edwards, George Flagg, Thomas Ferguson, General A. C. Gadsden, Wm. Hazel Gibbs, Thomas Grinball, William Hall, Thomas Hall, George A. Hall, Isaac Holmes, Thomas Heyward, Jr., Richard Hutson, Noble Wimberly Jones, William Johnstone, William Lee, Richard Lushington, William Logan, Rev. John Lew-

other estuary, the San Sebastian, runs behind the town, and back into the country for a few miles. The bar there is said to be not an easy one to cross; and once in, sometimes a nor-easter springs up and keeps you in a week or so. In the old times of sailing vessels these north-east winds used to be called orange-winds—on a principle somewhat akin to *lucus a non*—because the outside world could not get any oranges, the sailboats laden with that fruit being often kept in port by these gales until their cargoes were spoiled. In rummaging over old books of Florida literature I came across the record of *A Winter in the West Indies and Florida, by An Invalid*, published by Wiley & Putnam in 1839, whose account of one of these nor-easters at St. Augustine so irresistibly illustrates the unreliableness of sick men's

* Sh
lubber.
water
fresh-w

accounts of climates that I cannot help extracting a portion of it: "A packet-schooner runs regularly from here to Charleston, at ten dollars passage, but owing to north-east winds it is sometimes impossible to get out of the harbor for a month at a time. I was detained in that manner for ten days, during which period I wrote this description, in a room without fire, with a cloak on, and feet cold in spite of thick boots, suffering from asthma, fearing worse farther North, still burning with impatience on account of the delay." Such a proem is enough to make a St. Augustine person shiver at the "description" which is to follow it; and well he might, for my Invalid, after giving some account of the climate from

a thermometric record of one year, and drawing therefrom the conclusion that invalids had better go to St. Augustine in the summer than in the winter, proceeds: "But the marshes in the vicinity harbor too many mosquitoes in summer, . . . which rather surprised me, as it seemed from the state of the weather in April that mosquitoes would freeze in summer. These marshes, too, in warm weather must produce a bad effect upon the atmosphere."*

"At the time of writing the above," he proceeds, "I supposed the wind was coming about, so as to take me along to some place—if no better, at least free from pretensions to a fine climate. Nothing can be worse than to find one's self imprisoned in this little village, kept a whole week or more with a cold, piercing wind drifting the sand along the streets and into his eyes, with sometimes a chance at a fire morning and evening, and sometimes a chance to wrap up in a cloak and shiver without any, and many times too cold to keep warm by walking in the

sunshine: with numbers of miserable patients hovering about the fire telling stories of distress, while others are busily engaged in extolling the climate. It is altogether unendurable to hear it.



INDIAN ART. (DRAWN BY ONE OF THE INDIANS AT ST. AUGUSTINE.)

Why, a man that would not feel too cold here would stand a six years' residence in Greenland or send an invalid to the Great Dismal Swamp for health. The truth is, a man in health"—and I am sure nothing more naïve than this is to be found in literature—"can judge no better of the fitness of a climate for invalids than a blind man of colors: he has no sense by which to judge of it. His is the feeling of the well man, but not of the sick. I have been healthy, and now I am sick, and know the above remark is correct. No getting away. Blow, blow, blow! North-east winds are sovereigns here, forcibly restraining the free-will of everybody, and keeping everything at a stand-still except the tavern-bill, which runs against all winds and weather. Here are forty passengers, besides a vessel, detained for ten days by the persevering obstinacy of the tyrant wind, while its music roars along the shore to regale us by night as well as by day, and keep us in constant recollection of the cause of detention.

"Oh for a steamboat, that happiest invention of man, that goes in spite of wind and tide! Talk of danger! Why, rather than be detained in this manner, I would

* Showing our invalid to be an unmitigated land-lubber. The only marsh about St. Augustine is salt-water marsh, which is perfectly healthy. It is only fresh-water marsh that breeds miasma

take passage on board a balloon or a thundercloud. Anything to get along!"

The city of St. Augustine is built on the site of the old Indian town of Seloy or Seloee. It was probably a little north of this that Ponce de Leon made his first landing in Florida in 1512. The tragic mutations of the town's early fortunes



PALMETTO.

are so numerous that their recital in this limited space would be little more than a mere list of dates. Instead of so dry a skeleton of history, the reader will be at once more entertained and more instructed in all that is the essence of history by this story—thoroughly representative of the times—of the brief wars between Menendez, the then Spanish governor, or "adelantado," of Florida, on the one side, and Jean Ribaut and René de Laudonnière, French Huguenots, on the other. Already, in 1562, Ribaut has touched the shore of the St. John's, and then sailed northward and planted a short-lived colony. In 1564, Laudonnière has come over and built Fort Caroline, not far above the mouth of the St. John's. Laudonnière had previously landed at the present site of St. Augustine, and had amicable enter-

tainment from a "paracoussi," or chief, and his attending party of Indians. These Frenchmen appear to have had much more winning ways with them than the Spaniards. Laudonnière declares that the savages "were sorry for nothing but that the night approached and made us retire into our ship," and that "they endeavored by all means to make us tarry with them," desiring "to present us with some rare things."

But presently queer doings begin in Fort Caroline, which it is probable was situated at St. John's Bluff, on the south side of the St. John's River. A soldier who professes magic stirs up disaffection against their leader. Laudonnière manages to send seven or eight of the suspected men to France, but while he is sick certain others confine him, seize a couple of vessels and go off on a piratical cruise. Most of them perish after indifferent success as freebooters: one party returns, thinking that Laudonnière will treat the thing as a frolic, and even get drunk as they approach the fort, and try each other, personating their own judges and aping Laudonnière himself. But Laudonnière turns the laugh: he takes the four ringleaders, shoots them first (granting so much grace to their soldierships) and hangs them afterward.

So, Death has his first course in Fort Caroline, and it is not long before he is in the midst of a brave feast. The garrison gets into great straits for lack of food. One cannot control one's astonishment that these people, Spaniards as well as Frenchmen, should so persistently have fallen into a starving condition in a land where a man could almost make a living by sitting down and wishing for it. Perhaps it was not wholly national prejudice which prompted the naïve remark of a chronicler in the party of Sir John Hawkins, who, with seven English vessels, paid Fort Caroline a visit at this time, and gave the distressed Frenchmen a generous allowance of provisions. "The ground," says the chronicler, "doth yield victuals sufficient if they would have taken pains to get the same; but they" (the Frenchmen), "being soldiers, desired to live by the sweat of other men's

brows." This chronicler's ideas of hunger, however, are not wholly reliable: hear him discourse of the effect of tobacco upon it: "The Floridians, when they travel, have a kind of herbe dried, who, with a cane, and earthen cup in the end, with fire and the dried herbes put together, doe suck throu a cane the smoke thereof, which smoke satisfieth their hunger, and therewith they live four or five days without meat or drinke; and this all the Frenchmen used for this purpose, yet doe they hold withal that it causes them to reject from their stomachs, and spit out water and phlegm."

The fate of Fort Caroline rapidly approaches. In 1565, Captain Jean Ribaut comes back again from France, with workmen and five hundred soldiers, to relieve and strengthen the colony on the St. John's. Meantime, news gets from France to Spain that he is coming; and one Menendez is deputed by the Spanish government to checkmate him. With much delay and loss by storms Menendez ardently pushes on, and makes land near St. Augustine harbor within twenty-four hours of the arrival of Jean Ribaut in the St. John's, fifty miles above. They quickly become aware of each other. Menendez tries to catch Ribaut's ships, but fails, and sails back to St. Augustine; to which, by the way, he has just given that name, in honor of the saint's day on which he landed. Ribaut in turn resolves to attack, and, sailing down with his whole force for that purpose, is driven southward by a great storm. Meantime, Menendez sets out, under the discouragements of a tremendous rain and of great difficulty in keeping his people up to the mark, to attack Fort Caroline by land. No difficult matter to take it, if they only knew it, for Menendez has five hundred men, and there are in Fort Caroline but two hundred and forty souls (Ribaut being away with all the available force), of whom many are people still seasick, workmen, women and children, and one is "a player on the virginals." Laudonniere himself, who has been left in charge, is sick, though trying his best to stimulate his people.

After three days Menendez arrives at

dawn. It is but a shout, a rush, a wild cry of surprise from the French, a vigorous whacking and thrusting of the Spanish, and all is over. A few Laudonniere among them, escape. Many,



DATE-PALM.

including women and children, were killed. It was at this time that Menendez caused certain prisoners to be hung, with the celebrated inscription over them: "*No por Franceses, sino por Luteranos.*"

Meantime, poor Jean Ribaut has met with nothing but disaster. His vessels are wrecked a little below Matanzas Inlet, but his men get ashore, some two hundred in one party, and the balance, three hundred and fifty, in another. Menendez hears of the first party through some Indians, goes down the main shore, and discovers them across the inlet. After some conference this Delphic Menendez informs them that if they will come over he will "do to them what the grace of God shall direct."

Not dreaming that the grace of God is going to direct that they be all inconspicuously butchered, the poor Frenchmen, half dead with terror and hunger, first send over their arms, then come over themselves, ten at a time, as Menendez

directs. And this is the way that the grace of Menendez's God directs him to treat them, as related by his own brother-in-law, De Solis: "The adelantado then withdrew from the shore about two bowshots, behind a hillock of sand, within a copse of bushes, where the persons who came in the boat which brought over the French could not see; and then said to the French captain and the other eight Frenchmen who were there with him, 'Gentlemen, I have but few men with me, and they are not very effective, and you are numerous, and going unrestrained it would be an easy thing to take satisfaction upon our men for those whom we destroyed when we took the fort; and thus it is necessary that you should march with hands tied behind a distance of four leagues from here, where I have my camp.'" Very well, say the Frenchmen, and so each ten is tied, without any other ten seeing it; "for it was so arranged in order that the French who had not passed the river should not understand what was being done, and might not be offended, and thus were tied two hundred and eight Frenchmen. Of whom the adelantado asked that if any among them were Catholics they should declare it." Eight are Catholics, and are sent off to St. Augustine, "and all the rest replied that they were of the new religion, and held themselves to be very good Christians. . . . The adelantado then gave the order to march with them; . . . and he directed one of his captains who marched with his vanguard that at a certain distance from there he would observe a mark made by a lance, . . . which would be in a sandy place that they would be obliged to pass in going on their way toward the fort at St. Augustine, and that there the prisoners should all be destroyed; and he gave the one in command of the rearguard the same order, *and it was done accordingly; when, leaving there all of the dead, they returned the same night before dawn to the fort at St. Augustine, although it was already sun-down when the men were killed.*"

The next day, in much the same way and at the same spot, Menendez causes a hundred and fifty more Frenchmen to

be butchered. Among them was their commander, Jean Ribaut, who dies like a hero, without fear, triumphant. Some say Menendez cut off Ribaut's beard and sent it to Spain.

There are still two hundred men of Ribaut's, who get down the coast to a place they name Canaveral, and set to work to build a boat; but Menendez soon captures the party, and thus puts an end for the time to the Huguenot colonization in Florida, for Laudonnière's party have gone off across the ocean back to France.

But after many months—during which Menendez has been very busy building up the Indian town of Seloe or Selo into the city of St. Augustine, planting garrisons and establishing priests in various parts of the country, and finally going back to Spain for succor—the French have their revenge. One Dominic de Gourgues sets out from France in 1567, and after much trial gets into the harbor of Fernandina. A favorable angel seems to have charge of this man from this time on. He is about to be resisted by a great crowd of Spaniard-hating Indians at Fernandina, when one of his men, who had been with Laudonnière, discovers to the Indians that they are Frenchmen. Thereupon they are hailed with joy, alliance is made with Satourioua, a chief with deadly feelings toward the Spaniards, and De Gourgues soon finds his army increased by several thousand good fighters. They straightway move down upon the Spanish forts on the St. John's, completely surprise them, and kill or capture the inmates. With these captives De Gourgues devises that piece of vengeance which has become famous in history. He leads a lot of them to the same spot where Menendez had hung his Frenchmen, harangues them first, hangs them afterward, and then replaces Menendez's tablet with a pine board upon which letters have been seared with a hot iron, setting forth how he does this "not because they were Spaniards, not because they were castaways, but because they were traitors, thieves and murderers."

Early in 1568, Menendez gets back to

Florida, and one fancies that one would not like to have been the body-servant of that same adelantado when he learned what De Gourgues had done in his absence, and how the latter was now gone back to France, quite out of his reach. Menendez thereupon turns his attention toward converting the country to his religion, but the inhabitants do not seem to appreciate its sublimity. It is stated that in one place four priests succeeded in baptizing seven people in one year, but three of these were dying, and the other four were children. The Indians, however, if they refuse Menendez's precepts, certainly accept his practice; for one of them, pretending to be converted, manages to get nine or ten priests on a religious errand away up into the Chesapeake country, and there does to them what the grace of his god directs—to wit, plays traitor and gets the whole party (except one who is kept captive) massacred inconspicuously. In truth, these friars do not seem to have ingratiated themselves with the Indians; and in the year 1578 the son of the chief of Guale organizes a very bloody crusade against them especially. At Tolomato (an Indian suburb of St. Augustine), in the night, he kills Father Corpa; at Topiqui, another suburb, he finds Father Rodriguez, yields to the good father's entreaties that he may say mass before he dies, hears him say it, then kills him; at Assapo kills Father Auñon and Father Bodazoz; waylays Father Velacola, who is trying to escape from them, and kills him; carries off Father Davila into captivity (this Father Davila is twice saved from a cruel death during this captivity by Indian women); and finally gives over after being repulsed at the mission on San Pedro Island.

Meantime, in 1586, Sir Francis Drake has made a landing at St. Augustine, scared everybody away from the fort, captured a couple of thousand pounds of money in the same, and pillaged and burnt the town. Some years later the priests got on better, and by the year 1618 had established twenty missions at various points, and began to see some fruit springing from their blood and toil.

About this time they had printed a catechism in the Timuqua (Tomoka) language, a copy of which was seen by Mr. Buckingham Smith some years ago in Europe.

In 1638 the Appalachee Indians attacked St. Augustine, but were repulsed, with the loss of many captives, who were put to work on the fortifications, and kept at it, with their descendants, for sixty years together. The buccaneers, however, were more successful, and in 1665 Captain John Davis, a pirate, pillaged the town.

And then followed wars and troubles, wars and troubles, until finally the cession of the whole of Florida to the United States in 1821 gave the people rest from that long battledore life during which they had been bandied about from king to king.

That portion of the town near the fort is known as the Minorcan quarter, and is inhabited by persons—mostly sailors and fishermen—who are descendants of the colonists brought over by Dr. Turnbull to New Smyrna in 1767. These colonists were originally introduced to engage in the culture of indigo, mainly near New Smyrna on the Halifax River, some sixty miles south of St. Augustine, but after working for eight or nine years they disagreed with their employers, caused their contracts to be rescinded by the courts, and moved up to St. Augustine, where lands were assigned them.

The town has a resident population of about two thousand, but is swelled during the winter by probably six to ten thousand visitors. These were formerly landed by the St. John's steamboats at Picolata, and thence transferred by stage to St. Augustine; but this cumbrous method gave way to the demands of the increasing travel, and a tramway was then constructed to Tocoí, a landing on the St. John's only fifteen miles distant, over which travelers were brought in horse-cars. In its turn the tramway has now given place to a railway, and a neat little locomotive pulls the train across the barren pine-flats that lie between St. Augustine and the river.

There are here a telegraph-office, post-

office, a public library and reading-room, open to strangers, located in the rear portion of the post-office building on the Plaza; Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and a colored Baptist church.

Most consumptives, particularly those who have passed the earlier stages of the disease, are said to find the air of St. Augustine too "strong" in midwinter, but to enjoy its climate greatly in April and May. There are those, however, who have found benefit here during the winter; and it must be said that the needs of consumptives vary so much with the particular temperament and idiosyncratic condition of each patient that no certain prophecy, within the limits of climates at all suitable for consumptives, can be made beforehand. St. Augustine is much resorted to by asthmatics: one of these has found the North Beach so pleasant that he has built a dwelling on it; and the visitor will discover many charming residences recently erected in various parts of the city by persons from the North seeking health.

Yet why cite precedents to asthma? It is a disease which has no law, no reason, no consistency; it pulls logic by the nose; it spins calculation round with a crazy motion as of a teetotum about to fall; and as for the Medical Faculty, it deliberately takes that august personage by the beard and beats him with his own gold-headed cane. It is as whimsically inconsequent as Mollie Sixteen; it is the Capriccio in $\frac{4}{4}$ time of suffering; it is Disease's loose horse in the pasture. I have a friend who begins to wheeze with asthma on reaching New York, but recovers immediately on arriving at Philadelphia; and another who cannot exist in Philadelphia, but breathes with comparative freedom in New York. People are known who can live in London, but are gasping asthmatics five miles away from it; and their opposites, equally well, who gasp in London, but rejoice five miles out of town. And I am told that there are asthmatics in New York to whom Canal street is a perfect demarcation of asphyxia, insomuch that they can live

below it, but would quickly die above it. Nor will any one who knows the asthma be at all disinclined to believe that their contraries might easily be found, who would die where these live, and who live where these would die.

The mean temperature of St. Augustine, calculated upon twenty years' reading of the thermometer, is—for spring, 68.54° Fahrenheit; for summer, 80.27°; for autumn, 71.73°; and for winter, 58.08°. This would seem authoritatively to show a charming temperature; and the temperature is charming, except when the north-east wind blows in the winter. This is the wind that sets everybody to swearing at his coffee of a morning, to calling for his hotel-bill, and to howling in right Carlylese at humanity in general. It is not severe intrinsically: people here always want to kick a thermometer when they look at it during a nor'-easter and find it only about fifty-five or sixty, whereas they had every just ground for expecting any reasonable thermometer to show at least ten degrees below zero. The truth is, there is a sense of imposition about this wind which poisons its edge: one feels that one has rights, that this is Florida, and that the infernal thing is the very malignity of pure aerial persecution. It blows as if it had gone out of its way to do it, and with a grin.

Let, however, but a mere twitch of the compass happen—let but the east wind blow—and straightway the world is amiable again. For here the east wind, of such maleficent reputation in the rest of the world, redeems all its brethren. It is bland as a baby's breath; it is, indeed, the Gulf Stream's baby. And if it breathed always as it does on the day of this present writing—a sweet and saintly wind that is more soothing than a calm could be—one finds no difficulty in believing that in the course of a few years the entire population of the earth, and of the heavens above the earth, and of the waters beneath the earth, would be settled in and around this quaint, romantic, straggling, dear and dearest-growing city of St. Augustine.

SIDNEY LANIER.

THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON, AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL."

CHAPTER IX.

LAS COSAS DE ESPAÑA.

IT would have been strange if Frank's opinion of Madame de Montfort had been anything but unfavorable. He was too young yet not to wish to air his superior knowledge when he could, and too vain not to like to show himself wiser than the world which in early days had held him in subjection. He was one of those young infallibles who despise things ancient simply because they are ancient, and who think the human nature that has arisen since they came to their majority a different kind of thing from what it was thirty years ago. When they go down to the old place to save money and enjoy themselves, they go down as reformers and iconoclasts, finding everything in use there, material and mental, exploded and behind the age, and setting themselves to the task of indoctrinating the stupid natives with new views of life and new adjustments everywhere. According to them, every one is in the dark till they appear. When they do appear they generally throw the whole place into confusion, and end by evolving modern discords out of antique harmonies.

Given a stranger without vouchers, received by the unsuspecting North Astonians as one of themselves, and it would have been impossible for Frank not to have been condemned. She might have been a Saint Dorothea in momentary eclipse, or a Queen Berengaria with her crown hidden for the day: all the same, the young barrister would have shaken his curly head like a second Lord Burleigh, and would have pronounced her through his eyeglass as no better than she should be. When it came to a golden-headed, handsome-faced woman of great cleverness and small information, who made bad shots about Columbus, and did not know the difference between the Stuart Mary and the Tudor—a lady who had lived at the Spanish court, where she had

been on terms of intimacy with the queen, and yet could not speak Spanish, nor yet French—then Frank was perhaps justified in his suspicion that all was not as it appeared, and that the things pertaining to madame would not bear close examination. But there was no denying that as time went on, and the marquise baffled him more and more completely, he became unnecessarily bitter and made the most of his case.

Yet, as poor Josephine used to say, half tearfully, half petulantly, "What good did it do to speak against madame as he did? He said over and over again that he could not advise them to cut her. She had been admitted, and now they could not discard her without cause. Why, then, need he make them all uncomfortable about her, and put things into their heads they would never have thought of but for him? It seemed to her so wrong, in one way or another! She felt that it was treacherous to visit madame one day and vilify her the next, and she thought it would be far better to say nothing at all, or to act on their words." By which Josephine proved herself undoubtedly the honestest and most reasonable of the whole Hill household.

But as she was without home influence, being the youngest daughter, and of a credulous, affectionate kind of nature, which laid her open to ridicule, her remonstrances went for nothing. They might be true, but, true or not, they were "only what Josephine says," and carried no more weight than what the birds sang on the housetops.

In one thing, however, she gained her point—namely, that they should tell no one in the place how Frank suspected madame of unknown evil and counseled vague distrust; and she pleaded for this so earnestly and with so much pathos and sincerity that she induced them all to promise; and the Harrowby word was as good as most people's bonds.

But Adelaide Birkett found it out from Josephine herself. Weak, good-natured, plastic Joseph, as her friends called her, had no hard places which the rector's clever daughter could not knead, no closed doors which she could not open. She learnt the whole thing three days after the dinner-party, and under the strictest vows of secrecy. Whether she would keep her vows of secrecy depended on those monsters of mystery, unforeseen circumstances. If it suited her purpose, she would not tell that young Frank Harrowby *knew* Madame de Montfort to be an ignorant adventuress, for that is how she would have put it: if it did not, she would proclaim it. Adelaide was not hampered by the inconvenient impediment of ultra honor, and thought all things fair in war if she might have demurred to a few in love.

Never a very responsible kind of person, Pepita seemed to be fast losing the little self-control she had ever had; and the odd fascination which madame had for her, as for others, might have almost excused the Spaniard's belief that it was witchcraft and unholy. At home to Leam, and when free from the restraining power of her presence, she found no words too strong to say of her, no abuse too bad, no superstitious terror too intense at the power she had over her; but by some subtle magnetism, certainly not voluntarily exerted by madame, she was drawn almost daily to Lionnet, where she did no good for herself, and was a nuisance to all concerned. She got no substantial talk about Spain or the Spaniards, which was what she went for—the illusory bait that was always dangling before her eyes and never caught—and she interrupted the easy flow of madame's suave enchantment over her landlord and cut short the rector's spiritual exhortations.

Mr. Dundas found his charming occupation of handyman about the place gone without recall when his wife was by, watching him with those jealous eyes of hers, which saw all they were not wanted to see, and imagined more than they saw; the rector's lessons of good counsel, composed and delivered for the

special benefit of his ewe-lamb, fell flat and without application when shared with the woman who held he should be burnt, and with a child who only stared and did not speak; while as for soft-hearted Josephine—who still, in spite of wiser home advice, was oftener at Lionnet than she should have been—she was frightened from her holding by the advent of a woman who every now and then swooped down on her as on the rest, and told her coarsely that although she was only a white mouse, with a gesture of contempt, she should not make eyes like that at her husband.

But the Spaniard neither saw nor cared for the small social earthquake she brought in her pocket, save indeed that she had always a savage kind of pleasure in insulting Birkett, as she called him, and annoying Josephine and Dundas; so she went again and again to beseech madame to talk to her of Spain, of El Corte, the bull-fights and the gracious majesty under whose august shadow she had lived; of Andalusia and her father's house; of the saints and the priests who were priests—to talk to her of the only country where the sun shone, and which said its prayers as prayers should be said—the only country where life was life, and men and women lived as Christians, and not as pigs and heathens.

"Talk to me of Spain," was Pepita's one standing passionate prayer—"my glorious Spain, where I was so happy, and which I was such a fool to leave."

To which madame invariably made answer in her smooth way, "Willingly, señora," but by some inexplicable mechanism of conversation as invariably glided off into another topic, leaving her fiery guest with the feeling of a thirsty Tantalus, seeing the fresh waters close to him, but unable to drink of them—mocked by promises kept to the ear and broken to the hope.

All this time Mrs. Dundas lived in an ever-increasing fever. The turbulent nostalgia, mingled with hate and jealousy and restless vague desire, that possessed her, broke up the somnolent indolence of her daily habits. Never able

to occupy herself, now that the daylight sleep which had kept her quiet for at least eight hours out of the conventional sixteen had gone, she had only people on whom to fall back, and of these people only Madame la Marquise de Montfort pleased her.

The North Aston community might well say to each other, "Good Heavens! the infliction that woman would have been had she been social and energetic!"

Poor Madame de Montfort! Her *corvée* at this time was heavy. It took all her strong powers of self-control to retain the sweetness and placidity of demeanor proper to the rôle she had cast for herself in the drama she had inaugurated at North Aston. But she wisely reflected that whoso permits another to disturb him is so far that other's creature, and the weaker of the two; and as she prided herself on her absolute supremacy over weakness, prejudice, mankind and herself, she would not allow even Pepita's daily presence to ruffle her smooth plumage. She never suffered herself to show the Spaniard how intensely her questions bored her—still less, how they taxed her wits to evade while seeming to meet them frankly and to answer them with candor. For madame's facts were curious things in their way, and scarcely able to bear close scrutiny. Not the cleverest synchronizer of the century could have made her dates agree; and not the acutest historic genius, diligent in his search after the ruling law, could have deprived her stories of their phenomenal character. It was well for her that the North Astonians were neither chronologists nor critics, and that she shot her arrows into space where they hit no man's target when she described the places she had never seen, told of the things that had never happened, and spoke of her dear friends the queens and princesses whom she knew only as a street-gazer by sight.

Leam was always with her mother on these visits of infliction. Indeed, Pepita was too jealous to allow the child to be out of her presence by night or by day; and the real reason why Leam was so ignorant was because no governess would

or could remain at Andalusia Cottage. What between her suspicious belief that her false-hearted Sebastian lived by saying soft things in dark corners, and her dread lest even the raggedest edges of Leam's affection should envelop a stranger, Pepita's fiery heart had ever been in a tempest during the stay of each successive mistress and rival, and the tempest she had felt she had passed on to others. Mr. Dundas, who cared less for his daughter than for ease of personal living—that is, as much ease as was possible with such a tumultuous domestic difficulty as his wife—gave up the contest when Leam was about twelve years of age, saying in self-justification, when his friends ventured to remonstrate, "She is her mother's child, not mine, and I can do no more with the one than with the other."

Though Leam went every day to Lionnet with her mother, no one there knew her the better for her frequency of presence. Sometimes Josephine Harrowby would try to take her in hand to see what she was like. But even she, good-natured and simple-hearted, and by no means on such mental heights as need have frightened the girl, had to confess that she could make nothing of her. Madame had given up the attempt long ago, and had not cared to renew it. Leam used to sit with her mournful eyes fixed on her mother—that mother's younger likeness—like a soul in pain oppressed with a very incubus of love and sorrow, watching her with a gaze half frightened, half adoring, only longing for her to be silent and let them go away and be together and alone again, but afraid to utter a sound or to make a sign.

In the circle of suffering with which this unhappy Pepita surrounded her world, the child whom she loved with such intensity perhaps suffered the most. Life was like a hideous nightmare to Leam at this time, and she came into more inner consciousness than she had ever yet had from the new kind of fear that possessed her—not of, so much as for, her mother. How glad she would be when the summer was over! she

thought. Her mother would not surely go out so much then, and they would return to the old happy indolent life to which Leam was getting so dangerously accustomed—with nothing to think of, nothing to do, no one to see or to talk to, only dolls to dress and the zambomba to strike. How she hated all these people! Josephine Harrowby was perhaps the least detestable, but she was only a white mouse, as mamma called her, with veins filled with milk and flesh made of curds. But madame and the rector, how odious they were! and how tiresome and detestable they all were when they would speak to her and she never knew what to answer!

It was all very well to go sometimes to see madame and talk to her of *las cosas de España*, she thought, but every day was too much even for Leam's patriotism of imagination; and she had never mentally accused her mother of bad taste before.

Leam, in the full force of youthful thoroughness, thought her mother's honesty of speech and unrestrained savagery of candor the grandest qualities in the world. She was mamma, and had a right to say and do as she liked. But why she abandoned her old habits for this new woman—why she went there day after day, sat still and kept quiet, and was amiable and self-restrained when she hated her in her heart, and said so as soon as she left the house—was a mystery beyond the girl's power to divine. She looked, wondered, sighed, lamented; but her pathetic eyes pleaded in vain. Not even for Leam could Pepita forego her desires; and her knowledge of how much her little daughter suffered in this sudden uprooting of her life's habits affected her no more than if it was the disquiet of a dream, and Madame la Marquise de Montfort was the sole reality of life.

CHAPTER X.

THE POMEGRANATE BUD.

ONE day Pepita and Leam went to Lionnet as usual. As usual, also, Pepita

began to pound madame in her interrogatory mortar on *las cosas de España*, while madame gathered up the skirts of her wits to enable her to slip from under the pestle so dexterously that she should not show she had slipped at all—attempting that most difficult feat of intellectual gymnastics, how to satisfy critical curiosity without betraying ignorance. While the one was thus occupied in questioning, and the other in evading while seeming to reply, Mrs. Corfield and her son Alick came in.

No one, judging by the light of Nature and the doctrine of hereditary characteristics, would have said that these were mother and son. Mrs. Corfield's small spare figure, bird-like in its activities and jerky in its movements, had not transmitted a line of itself to her son's lumbering, elephantine form, measuring six feet two, military standard; and her sharp face, with its keen black eyes set, monkey-like, close together, razor-shaped nose, thin lips and untiring mobility, was as little repeated in his as was the plan of the bony framework. His eyes were large, light-gray, uncertain, wandering; his nose was a blunt unfinished knob cast roughly against his face, and not gone over with the modeling tool; and his mouth, uneven and out of drawing, was large and clumsy, with cracked and swollen lips. His manners were shy, his gestures slow and sprawling; but even those who laughed at him most were forced to acknowledge that if the crock was homely the treasure it held was of the finest gold. It was impossible to allow Alick Corfield the smallest artistic merit, but it was also as impossible not to admit that if the most awkward fellow that ever shambled on two ungainly legs, he was one of the best and purest-hearted. He was a modern Beast, as yet wanting the Beauty which should bring him into noble shape.

By the look of things he was not likely to find her at North Aston; for even Carry Fairbairn's catholic philanthropy deserted her when Alick Corfield meandered across her path; and if Carry Fairbairn could not tolerate him, who would? But ever since she had been teased at

home about his manifest admiration for her—he had once had a kind of romantic worship for the “wild rose,” as he used to call her in his unpublished sonnets, which had made him unphilosophically as if he had insulted her. It had had one good effect—that of curing him of his boyish fancy and dispelling the delusive moonshine that had begun to gather in a misleading aureole about her pretty, curly, brainless head.

Kept in such strict seclusion by her mother for the one part, shy, ignorant, taciturn on her own account for the other, Leam, though a native born and bred, was, as has been said, substantially a stranger to North Aston.

This was the first time for three years that Alick or Mrs. Corfield had met her; for, as she never went to church, and until the odd craze of her mother for madame as little anywhere else, she was not likely to be known of the local confraternity, and her presence at Lionnet to-day had all the charms that lie round novelty.

“What an odd figure!” thought Sarah Corfield as she stared at the child sitting there in her mantilla, with her square bow of blue-and-white ribbon stuck in the thick coils of her dark hair. “What a shame of Sebastian Dundas to let that maniac of his dress up his daughter like a dancing-girl at a fair! I will soon put all that to rights when I get her into my hands, as I will.”

“How beautiful!—like an unopened pomegranate bud, a young queen among the flowers, not knowing her own royalty,” thought Alick, whose dangerous trick of idealizing and delicate poetic fancy, such as by the unjust analogy of appearances no one would have expected from such an unfinished exterior, were powerfully excited by the sight of this dark-eyed, silent, superb young child of Spain.

Mrs. Corfield, intent on her work of reconstruction, made her way straight to Leam. “Why, Leam! you are quite a stranger, child,” she said with that familiarity of older folks who have seen the young people in long clothes, and have consequently no kind of respect

for them; to whom, indeed, these young people are always in a manner children whom it would be absurd to treat with respect.

Leam looked at her with the unutterable tragedy of expression bestowed on her by Nature. “Yes,” she said briefly.

“One never sees you, child: what do you do with yourself all day?” continued Mrs. Corfield, thinking how she could best work round to her ultimate intention, that of vilifying her headgear.

“Mamma does not go out,” said Leam reluctantly. Why should this little, sharp-faced woman persecute her with her talk?

“But if your mamma cannot go out—though I must say it would be a great deal better for her if she did—why do you not come amongst your young friends? It is not good to be shut up as you are. You should be with the other girls, like one of them. You make yourself quite singular, hiding yourself as you do.”

“Mamma does not go out,” repeated Leam.

“But you ought, if she does not,” reiterated Mrs. Corfield.

Leam looked a set speech in blank verse. By her face you might have said she was oppressed with noble thoughts, keeping back by an effort a flood of eloquent speech. In reality she was saying to herself, “What does this little rat-tooth wish me to say?”

“I am giving a lawn-party the day after to-morrow,” continued Mrs. Corfield, needlessly alarmed at the girl’s tragic expression and unspoken Alexandrines. “Now come to it, like a good child, and don’t hide yourself away in this absurd manner. Take off that lace thing and take off that funny bow: they don’t become you, and they look odd in the daytime, and make the other girls laugh at you. Put on a nice rational English hat and feather, and come among us like a sensible creature, as I dare say you are when you are found out. But, good gracious! you might be some heathen princess of Morocco for what anybody knows of you. And when one does see you, you are so unlike any one else one scarcely knows what to make of you. You are not a bit like

an English girl in that absurd dress of yours."

"I am not English," said Leam proudly, her face on fire.

"Why, you silly child, how can you be anything else?" laughed Mrs. Corfield. "Your father is English: what should you be but English?"

"Mamma is a Spaniard—an Andalusian," said Leam, fixing her mournful eyes on Mrs. Corfield steadily.

"But don't you know that the nationality of the children follows the father, not the mother?" returned the lady with her argumentative air, settling the matter beyond dispute.

"I am Spanish," repeated Leam, impervious to argument.

"Tut! tut! don't I tell you that the nationality of the children follows the father, not the mother?" reiterated Mrs. Corfield, setting herself to her task of proving and convincing. "You were born in England, brought up in England, your father is an English landed proprietor, as were his fathers before him: how should you not be an English girl? The mere fact of having a Spanish mother alters none of these things. You are English, root and branch, and no talking in the world could make you otherwise."

"Mamma is a Spaniard and I am a Spaniard," again said Leam, doggedly, pertinaciously.

"What an obstinate little monkey you are!" cried Mrs. Corfield, half impatient, half amused.

"I may be a monkey, but I am a Spaniard all the same," repeated Leam with grave disdain. "And I would rather be a Spanish monkey than an English miss," she added, looking at her mother.

To which Mrs. Corfield snapped out, in a tone that meant unconditional repudiation of so hopeless a subject, "I believe you are right, Leam. There is nothing English about you but your name, and that is not a Christian one, like any other girl's—called after a river like a heathen goddess. I wonder how your father could?"

"No, it is not like another's, and I am

glad," answered Leam, her proud, persistent little face set like a mask.

Mrs. Corfield, who disliked opposition, turned away in a rage. Though a good soul, none better, she had an irritable temper—"tangential," as the doctor mildly called her when she swept the dust about his ears—and especially was she tangential when opposed by the young.

"What is that crooked stick of an Englishwoman saying to you, my heart?" cried out Pepita in Spanish.

She knew her daughter's face as well as her daughter knew hers.

"She says I am English, mamma," said Leam with an air of pathetic pride.

Pepita turned furiously to Mrs. Corfield. "No, you are wrong," she cried in a loud voice. "You English are the children of Judas, and we are the daughters of the blessed St. Jago. I should hate my little Leama if I thought she was degraded to the level of the frogs we live amongst as the purgatory for our sins. We are children of Andalusia, beautiful Andalusia, she and I: we have the sun in our blood—you have only frogs and frosts."

"Do not be angry with us if we wish to claim your daughter," said madame graciously. "She is too beautiful a prize to be parted with. You too, as the wife of an Englishman, belong to us. If you do not like your captivity, you are none the less a captive, and have to wear the chain of flowers which binds you."

This was said very sweetly, but madame knew that Pepita hated her captivity, and did not believe her chain to be one of flowers.

"One misfortune need not make two," said Pepita, with more sense of dialectics than she had credit for. "If I was unlucky enough to make myself the wife of an Englishman, I need not have the disgrace of your nationality added to it."

"Still, for very love of you we must claim you," continued madame with her fluent smoothness.

"And for want of love of you I say that neither I nor mine belongs to you," cried Pepita, snapping her fingers.

"You need not get angry, Mrs. Dundas," put in her husband with an insulting

air. "If madame is gracious enough to say kind things to you, that does not prove anything. We English may not be so anxious to claim you, after all."

"And at all events, dear sefiora," added Madame de Montfort soothingly, "our admiration of you cannot offend you, and you are a Spaniard all the same. Still, it is good to conform to the customs of the country where you are. The queen said those very words to me the last time I saw her in Paris. 'Ah, little one!' she said—the dear gracious saint!—'though I am a Spaniard to my heart's core, these good Parisians would not know me from one of themselves. It is the wisdom of life.' And what she says we may believe, may we not, sefiora?"

"There is sense in that," said Pepita sulkily.

But the charm was wrought, and she was silent and subdued for the next few minutes. The "loyalty" of the low-bred, ignorant worshiper of rank was as strong in her as a religion; and if the queen had advocated murder, Pepita would have canonized the assassins. Perhaps that would not have cost her much moral effort, on the whole. The struggle would have been if, by some miracle, Isabella had discarded the saints and the Holy Father and had insisted on adherence to pigs and Protestants.

"You have never been to Spain, Miss Dundas, have you?" asked Alick, shambling up to Leam, at whom he had been staring all this time.

She looked at him for an instant, then turned away her eyes with girlish scorn. Though no shadow of the manly life had as yet been thrown across her path, and though she was therefore supremely indifferent to men's homeliness or their beauty, yet Alick Corfield was so uncomprehensibly ugly she could not forbear to despise him, and to show that she did. Then she turned her eyes to her mother, so beautiful to look at—the centre of all life and charm to her.

"No," she answered shortly, "not yet."

"Not yet? Then you are going some time?" he said in a grieved voice.

He thought North Aston would be duller than it had ever been if Leam

Dundas left it, now that he had seen her. The little royal unopened pomegranate blossom that she was, she had stirred his fancy like a new poem. And indeed was she not a new poem?—a poem no one had yet read, but into which he might some day—who knows?—have rich and lovely glimpses if only he could break down that shyness, that exclusiveness and that contempt of her father's race which kept her so far apart, like a stranger in her own home.

"Of course," said Leam superbly. How could he ask such a silly question?

"When?"

She looked at him even more scornfully than before. "When I am a woman," she said. "Mamma and I will live in Spain then."

"And leave England?"

"Yes: I hate England."

"Oh, I hope you will not always hate it," said Alick, writhing awkwardly on his chair and blushing painfully.

"I always shall," Leam answered solemnly: "mamma hates it."

"But you know so little of it," pleaded Alick.

"I know it all; and it is all horrid," said Leam.

"What! North Aston?" he cried.

"Yes, horrid and ugly too," she said stonily.

"Why, it is lovely!" exclaimed Alick with enthusiastic remonstrance.

"You talk nonsense," returned Leam in her grave superiority. "Mamma says it is ugly, and mamma knows."

"Indeed, Miss Dundas—" began Alick.

"I am la sefiorita," interrupted Leam with supreme pride: "I am a Spanish sefiorita, not an English miss."

"I beg your pardon, sefiorita," continued Alick—Leam looked at him with an air of tragic satisfaction—"but indeed you cannot know the scenery about North Aston, else you could not call it ugly," he urged again. "There are some of the most splendid views you can imagine about here—from the top of Steel's Wood, on the moor, by the Water's Meet, from Dunaston—oh, many places! And then the wild flowers! We have the most exquisite flowers here—rare ones,

too, not found anywhere else in England."

"Wild flowers?" repeated Leam. "There are no flowers in England."

Alick smiled uneasily.

"One or two in hothouses perhaps," said Leam with scornful condescension, "but they are not so good as ours."

"I assure you we have wild flowers," said Alick in a boyish, eager kind of way. "There are hundreds here—beautiful flowers, quite as lovely as the garden ones. You ought to ramble about the woods and fields, and then you would see them."

Leam shook her head. "Mamma says there are none, and mamma knows," she repeated as before.

"But, indeed—" began Alick again.

"I do not believe you," said Leam.

"Will you believe me if I bring you a basketful to-morrow?" asked Alick. He had taken it to heart to convince this skeptical little girl-queen that England held objects worthy of her regard.

Leam shook her head again. "I do not want to believe," she said.

"But you want to know the truth?" urged Alick.

"Oh no, I do not," answered Leam.

"Not want to know the truth?" repeated Alick, aghast—he to whom the most literal exactness was part of the necessity of life.

"No," said Leam stolidly. "What good does it do?"

"But the truth is all we have to live for," cried Alick. "If we have not truth we have nothing."

"I do not know what you mean," said Leam with a sigh of weariness. The strain on her mental faculties by so much talking was getting beyond her, even in its simpler aspect: going into the region of abstract ethics was more than she could bear. "One tells lies when one must, and one must very often," she added.

Alick got very red, and shifted on his chair uneasily. That men should tell falsehoods on occasion seemed to him one of the most mournful facts of human history—a vice leading to all manner of crimes, itself perhaps the greatest. But that a person should openly confess not

only to the need but the practice of falsehood, and that person his girl-queen, his unread poem, gave him a moral shock he could not for a moment overcome. He was glad his mother had not heard her. He himself graduated in his first lesson of concealment, his first step too of independent life, in this content that his mother had not heard Leam Dundas confess she did not care for truth, and told lies when it suited her.

"What are you saying to my daughter?" asked Pepita jealously. "I do not like young men to talk to my daughter apart. We Andalusian mothers are not like your English women, who let their daughters run to the right and the left with no one to look after them. We take care of ours, and ask the Holy Mother to help us."

Poor Alick blushed again, painfully as before. To his honest heart there was no more harm in talking to Leam, or in idealizing her as his pomegranate bud, than there was in looking at the sunlight on the lawn. "I was saying nothing," he stammered in inexplicable confusion.

"Then you must be very stupid to sit and talk and say nothing," said pitiless Pepita. "A Spaniard would not be so absurd," contemptuously.

"He said that there were flowers here, mamma—wild in the woods," said Leam, turning her grave face to her mother and speaking in the tone of one morally injured.

"Flowers!" cried Pepita with unutterable disdain. "We call those things weeds in Spain."

"There!" said Leam triumphantly, "I told you so."

"You should see our flowers in Spain," then cried Pepita, following up the strain, but not ill-temperedly. "Those are flowers—not like these miserable little drops of white and yellow you call daisies and buttercups, but pomegranates, and myrtles, and orange-flowers, and oleanders. Ah! those are flowers—with roses you can bury your face in, and jessamines as big as stars. And the fruit! You call your sour green stones fruit! A Spaniard would give them to his enemy's pigs when he wanted to poison them."

"I know how beautiful things must be in Spain, and I should like to go there and see them all," answered Alick. "But if we have not got things so good in England, it is only wise to make the best of what we have, is it not? We cannot all be Spaniards," he added, as if he would have been one if he could. Perhaps he would, to be Leam's compatriot.

"No," said Pepita, as if this was a profound reflection to which she assented on mature consideration, "heaven is not for all, and cows cannot be lions."

"Nor wild roses pomegranates," returned Alick, mentally contrasting Carry Fairbairn with Leam Dundas.

Pepita stared at him. Something in his homely face seemed to waken a kindly chord in her rough-hewn heart. "You are ugly," she said frankly, "but you look good. You may come and see me if you don't stay too long or come too often."

Mrs. Corfield heard this conditional invitation. She had already forgiven Leam, and was pleased to see these two odd creatures take kindly to her treasure. Though she was as anxious about Alick's minor morals as if he had been a village maiden canvassing for the *rosière*, and looked sharply after the young ladies of the place, thinking no one good enough for her boy, and that all were trying to get him, she could not see much danger here. A fat if still beautiful matron, and a lean, brown child, with big eyes and a wooden manner, had no elements of peril to alarm to her; so she welcomed the invitation—which, little flattering as it was, was a unique record in Pepita's unwritten diary—as not only promising a little change for her beloved, but also as opening the way for her own future setting to rights of what was now to her mind all to wrongs.

As her share in the transaction she repeated her request for Leam to come to her garden-party the day after to-morrow, and she wisely ignored the matter of the mantilla.

"Would you like it, my heart?" asked Pepita.

Leam fastened her serious eyes on her mother's face. By the look of her it would seem as if she had been asked

to fix the date of her execution. "Not without you, mamma," she said.

"Oh yes, Miss Dundas—señorita," correcting himself—"do come, please," cried Alick. "I will show you so many things to interest you if you will—feathers and eggs and mosses and ferns: do come."

"My little Leama, say, would you like it?" her mother asked again with unwonted softness.

Leam looked at Alick. The prayer of his heart, stamped like a printed word on his honest clumsy face, touched her with the first sensation of womanly power. It was a new expression that shot like living light from her splendid eyes—a new turn in the pose of her small proud head and in the action of her hand, flirting her fan as only a Spaniard can—as she answered, still looking superbly at Alick, but speaking to her mother, "Yes, mamma, let us go. But you too," she added anxiously, touching her gown with a clinging gesture.

The new look of womanly power faded away as rapidly as it had come, and she was once more only the shy, half-frightened little girl, holding to her mother's hand with a tenacity of love almost beyond nature.

"We will come," said Pepita royally; and even Sarah Corfield, for all her martinet temper and mistress air, had to receive her acceptance as condescension.

"Now, Mrs. Dundas, shall I take you home?" said her husband in a peevish tone.

His pleasant afternoon had been destroyed, and he was angry with all the world, but chief of all with Pepita—with whom should a man be angry if not with his wife?—and as his day was broken pitilessly, he might as well leave the fragments without more delay.

It had promised so well in the beginning, and had ended so ill! He had been told off to arrange a cabinet of geological specimens for madame. They were all in confusion now as to stratification and era, but each was carefully labeled, and she had written out the list—from memory she told him—as to the order in which they ought to be arranged. They were specimens she had collected

with her husband, she said, and each fragment represented some sweet day and hour of the dear past.

It was odd that she had at the moment in her pocket the bill of a local geologist for a beginner's cabinet—not paid.

"English dog, I will not be taken by you at all, nor will I go till I like," answered Pepita in Spanish.

"Ah, señora!" said suave Madame de Montfort, "I hear by your voice that you are assenting to your husband's request in your pretty Spanish way—that grand old Castilian tongue. I am so sorry you must go!"

"But I am not going," said Pepita, by no means suavely.

"No? Then I am glad," answered madame in just the same tone of voice and with the same placid smile. "Let me put you into this easy-chair, with these cushions and footstool, and make you comfortable. Unfortunately, I am obliged to go to dear Mrs. Birkett's, but that is no reason why you and la señorita should not stay here as long as you like."

"You talk like a foolish woman," said Pepita roughly. "Do you think there is any pleasure to me in staring at your ugly sea-sick paper? If you are not here to talk to me of Spain, why should I care to stay? Come, little one, let us go. Brigand," to her husband, always in Spanish, "am I to wait here all the day for you? Will you never leave off showing those wolf's teeth of yours in your idiotic laughs? You take care never to laugh at home."

"Do men laugh who live in hell?" returned Mr. Dundas bitterly.

"If you were a good son you would appreciate better the home of your father and of all your generation," retorted Pepita with a scornful laugh. "Come, my angel," to Leam. "If it were not for thee, heart of my heart, my life would be one long eternal night."

"And mine without you, mamma," said Leam in a responsive voice, sweeping past her father scornfully.

"How I wish I could understand all those pretty things you say!" sighed madame.

"You must be a very foolish woman

to have forgotten," replied Pepita. "To think of your having lived with our queen at El Corte, and that you have now forgotten our tongue! You are stupid."

"I know I am," replied madame sweetly, "but," making a bold shot, "your Spanish does not seem to me quite like the court language I was accustomed to hear. Perhaps it is purer."

"Perhaps it is," said Pepita. Then rolling out half a dozen opprobrious epithets in *patois*, she looked up into madame's face and asked, "Do you understand that?" mockingly.

"No," said madame. "Have I lost much?"

"Your face is a looking-glass," replied Pepita with an insolent gesture as she passed through the doorway.

CHAPTER XI. AMONG PITFALLS.

It was a fine day for the garden-party at Steel's Corner, and all North Aston was there. This "all" meant no such multitudinous gathering at its fullest, not even when, as now, "company" was staying both with the Fairbairns and the Corfields themselves, and Frank Harrowby, the local eupatrid of the second degree, was at the Hill.

But people who are accustomed to small measures are satisfied with modest magnitude; and Mrs. Corfield was assumed to have achieved a success in that she had a learned professor who cared for nothing on earth but Greek and German, his wife who lived only to perfect her *hortus siccus*, and his daughter, who was pretty though advanced, eloquent on the rights of women and the iniquities of men, and who discussed without blushing the details of doubtful subjects which her grandmother at sixty scarcely understood and never mentioned above her breath. In addition to these were three young Oxonians from the Limes to brighten up the girls and make the young men of the place uneasy; and to crown all there came in due course Pepita, Leam, and Madame la Marquise de Montfort.

Mrs. Dundas, with her splendid beauty

and foreign dress, made a telling point that interested strangers, if North Astonians themselves could have spared her without lamentation. They knew her, and knowledge had conquered interest and created in its place disgust. But Leam was an acquisition, in that she too wore the high comb, mantilla and bright-colored square bows in her hair which were Pepita's social virtues; carried a large black fan, which she furled, unfurled, raised, lowered and used as only a Spaniard can; had superb eyes and a tragic face; was proud, taciturn and young; and thus brought with her the sentiment of novelty and something that had to be found out.

As for madame, she was always an acquisition. Between her gracious sweetness and never-ceasing anecdotes she kept her world amused; and the croquet-players wanted specially to see her at the hoops. For which cause she was held the greatest acquisition of all.

She had told the Harrowbys that before her marriage she had been one of the lady champion-players. "Of England?" asked Miss Harrowby simply, thinking that now she had driven in a peg whereon they could hang more than a mere theory whereon they could found an undeniable demonstration. For, as all the archives of croquet were carefully stowed away in the library at the Hill, they could verify her statement by making her point out the match in which she had played and the name she had then borne.

But when Maria had said, "Of England?" madame had smiled and answered softly, "No, I was not in England then;" and the peg had broken, and the demonstration collapsed, as all the rest had done.

Nevertheless, the elder two Miss Harrowbys so far believed in her that they expected her to help them with her advice to-day. They quite relied on her to coach them into better form, according to Cyril Fairbairn's vernacular, than that which they had been able to acquire from the doubtful teaching of manuals and the contradictory counsels of stray visitors, even though helped by as much devotion

and hard work as would have enabled them to take honors in one of the exact sciences. If she could teach them better things than they already knew in croquet, Maria and Fanny Harrowby felt they would forgive her all they did not understand, and take her on trust for the remainder.

When they came up to her, however, shouldering their mallets and trying the run of the balls like people thoroughly in earnest, madame—looking supremely lovely in her black weeds in contrast to their light summer dresses—besought them so earnestly not to ask her to take part in the game, not even to the extent of looking on or giving advice, that they had nothing for it but to give her up to the rector and do the best they could with their own unassisted lights.

"I am so sorry you paid me the compliment of wishing for my opinion," she said sweetly; "but indeed I could not. It is too full of treasured memories, and it would open all my wounds afresh."

What could be done? It was a severe disappointment, but we all have to bear with disappointment, and is not grace best proved by trial? Croquet was a kind of secular religion to the Harrowby girls, and had its orthodox developments and its heretical. It had been a vital point with them to know on which side Madame de Montfort, lady-champion of—where?—ranged herself, and what laws ruled her in the matters of taking off and the like.

But again, as has been said, what could they do? Time would soften her present grief, as it would substitute silk for crape and rose-color for black, and then perhaps she would take up her mallet and develop her principles. Meanwhile they must content themselves with their own principles, and in spite of Adelaide's cold eyes and scornful smile and Frank's rather cruel "chaff" allow madame to escape her ordeal and beat a retreat beneath the lime trees with the faithful rector as her body-guard.

Mr. Dundas was in the set, and for the first time in his life blasphemed Cash-iobury.

"She knows no more of croquet than

she does of Spain," whispered Adelaide to Frank; and Frank nodded back as his answer, "But she is too clever to be caught. My opinion is, that she is the cleverest woman out."

"And the worst," replied Adelaide viciously.

"Hardly," said Frank. "I have known a few that I think could give her long odds in wickedness and beat her."

"Impossible!" cried the rector's daughter, just as madame, by the rector's side, turned into the lime-tree walk and considered what it would be best to say.

"I am afraid I disappointed those dear Harrowby girls, but I really could not help it. With the best will in the world I could not nerve myself," she began tremulously. "Perhaps, indeed, I ought not to have come to such a festive scene?" she added, looking up into her clerical companion's handsome face with a touching air of self-reproach—a penitent dutifully waiting on spiritual condemnation or absolution as might be accorded.

"Oh, those silly girls can wait," said the rector hastily. "And as for your coming here, what impropriety can there be in joining a friendly little meeting like this? If we were a large community, numbering many strangers among us, it would be different, but we are almost like one family."

"A family ruled over by a very efficient and delightful head—a head that makes one understand pastoral times," said madame prettily, as if the new thought of the rector's pleasant chieftainship had diverted her mind from grief to gratitude.

The military-looking pastor smiled down on her with an air of fatherly affection and official satisfaction commingled. He overlooked the little slip between "pastoral" and "patriarchal," and accepted the spirit of her praise as it was intended. In years gone by he might have preferred to have been told that he had missed his vocation and spoilt a good general to make an unappreciated parson—that he was a pearl of price degraded from its fit setting in a conqueror's crown to be cast before a handful of clod-born swine who knew nothing of its value,

and would have been better contented with husks and draff. Now he recognized that the clerical profession had its advantages, and that to be the appointed shepherd of such a ewe-lamb as Madame la Marquise de Montfort was a function not to be despised in a man's estimate of treasures. Still, he would not allow himself to be puffed up even by her delicious praise.

"Perhaps my headship is not always appreciated," he answered with a melancholy air. "Families are self-willed at times, and mine is no exception to the rule."

"It would be only through the greatest ignorance if your rule was not approved of, dear Mr. Birkett," she returned. "Where would the poor be?—where indeed should we all be?" she cried in a fine acknowledgment of equality with sinners.

"As for the poor, I do my best for them, I admit; but it is uphill work, dear madame—has been all my life," he answered with a sigh.

Had he consecrated himself to the task of winning souls like some old monk vowed to renunciation of the soft things of life from youth upward, instead of taking all the pleasures of the flesh as he took his twenty-seven port, with decorous generosity like a gentleman, he could not have sighed with a deeper expression of unrewarded effort. No one would have thought how easily he had taken his hill, how comfortably he had slept in the arbors by the way, and how little strain that pack of dull bucolic souls, which it was his business to drag up to celestial heights at the cost of three pounds apiece, had been on his clerical shoulders. Perhaps he did not know it himself. The fancy plays strange tricks with the intellect, and more men are self-deceivers than conscious hypocrites—save, indeed, when they have to conceal their family skeletons, and then terror conquers truth, and the hypocrisy which locks the door is held superior to the candor which would open it.

"That is what my dear father used to say," replied madame sympathetically. "He was almost broken-hearted at the

ingratitude of his people—he who tried so much to do them good."

"I should think an American clergyman's life must be a trying one," returned the rector, to whom, as to most men of his stamp and calibre, America is the unclean thing whence nothing good can come.

"Very," said madame.

"Where was your father's church?" he inquired.

"New York," replied madame, plunging boldly into the safety of the vast.

"Tell me now: the organization of the Episcopal Church, is it the same in America as it is here?" the rector asked, sitting down on a garden-seat beneath the limes, glad of the opportunity of learning a little about a subject of which he was entirely ignorant.

Being of the military order of mind, this handsome shepherd of souls, with his contempt for knowledge beyond and below his own in about equal proportions, was undeniably ignorant, and that on more subjects than the organization of the Episcopal Church in America.

"Precisely the same," answered madame.

"But paid by pew-rents, I suppose?"

"No," said madame, remembering how her real, not phantasmal, father—the veterinary surgeon, not the New York divine—had growled over his allotted portion in the commutation which had set the whole parish by the ears—also of the family pews, like cattle-pens, that had gone free with the houses. Knowing no other system, she could devise no other answer, but she was becoming unpleasantly conscious of pitfalls and ploughshares about.

The rector, however, saw nothing. "Where is the charge laid, then?" he asked. "They have no tithes, have they? How is it managed?"

"I can scarcely tell you all these minute particulars," said madame: "I was so very young when we left America."

"Did your father die, that you left so young?" continued Mr. Birkett, in no wise aware that by his friendly questionings he was inflicting mild torture on his favorite companion.

"Yes," sighed madame; "and," with a piteous look in her crumpled eyebrows and appealing eyes, "so painfully that I do not care to think of it: indeed, I cannot."

"We will talk no more of it, then," said the rector kindly: "we will speak of something pleasant. Tell me of your travels. What a strangely geographical life you have led! I envy you." It was the best thing of which he could think by way of diversion.

"Yes, I have been about a good deal," replied madame, taking his meaning at a venture, looking up the garden to the croquet-ground with a desire she dared not show that some one would come down to her and release her from the clutches of her unconscious Torquemada.

"France, Spain, England, America—you are a traveler—a cosmopolite such as one does not often see. And to think of your settling down in such a tranquil little nest as North Aston!"

"It is odd, is it not?" she said. "That was through you and dear Mrs. Birkett," with a look of filial gratitude. Then, with a pretty playful raising of her small black-gloved hand, she added, "If any harm comes of it, I will lay it all on your heads."

"And I will take that very remote chance for the sake of the pleasure we have already had, and I hope shall have for many years," returned the rector gallantly. "Some day I will get you to tell me the whole roll-call of your adventures in their fitting sequence."

"Yes, some day I will," said madame, looking at him steadily.

"But one thing has always puzzled me," said the rector, crossing his legs and taking an attitude of reflection. "How is it that you, who are the daughter of a Protestant American clergyman, knew the queen of Spain so well and married a French nobleman?"

"That is soon told," answered madame with a soft, superior smile. "Mamma was a Roman Catholic, and Spanish by her mother's side. She was a great deal at court, and knew Madame de Montijo, the poor dear empress's mamma. Monsieur le Marquis was a friend

of the empress's, and brought letters to Her Most Gracious Majesty and my mamma; and it ended as you see," lifting both her hands. "All these wonders are nothings when we come close to them," she added.

"Ah, that was how you came to visit Spain?" cried the rector, with the look of a man who has struck the lost trail.

"Yes. When papa died we left America: we went to Aranjuez by the queen's invitation, and lived there with mamma's old household, her old servants. And oh, by the bye, Mr. Birkett, that reminds me," then cried madame with a kind of start, breaking away suddenly into a new country, "Wigley is talking of leaving me. That is the difficulty of a small place like this, is it not, when one has found the right kind of person, then for them to go? Can you recommend me a nice steady man? I am glad I remembered to ask you. Speaking of dear mamma's old servants put it into my head. You must excuse my abruptness."

"I am sorry Wigley is leaving you," said the rector after a pause. He was disturbed at this sudden shifting of the scene, for he was really interested in Madame de Montfort and desirous of knowing her true history. Not that he suspected he had heard what was not true, but he wanted fuller details and exacter dates—from friendship rather than curiosity.

"Should I do well to speak to him and ask him to stay?" said madame. "I would not do it without consulting you, my father confessor," pleasantly.

"Shall I speak to him for you?" asked the rector, with a magnanimous over-coming of his annoyance. Who would not with such a sweet face, full of the subtle flattery of respect, that most penetrating and seductive of all modes of adulation, looking so tenderly into his?

"Thank you: how kind you are! Yes, do, please. But perhaps," she added after a moment's reflection, "I had better speak to him myself, for"—smiling—"I heard of his intention to leave only in a kind of confidence from my nurse, and Wigley must not know that I know it. I had forgotten that when I spoke to you; so perhaps I had better sound him my-

self, and see how I can get it from him voluntary. We never know how these people will meet us. They hang together so closely, and seem to look on all of us as their enemies."

"Too true," said the rector, who had not stared at the grammatical slip. "And in that case you will do it best. Neither Wigley nor any man, to be called a man, can deny what you choose to demand," he added gallantly. "Service at Madame de Montfort's is an honor in itself, to be well counted in the wages."

"You will make me vain," said madame, looking down.

"Then I should mark you with your first fault," answered Mr. Birkett.

An honest gentleman if but a wooden-headed one, a good husband and moderately upright in all his dealings, this fair-faced daughter of a hypothetical father, this sorrowing widow of Simon de Montfort's descendant, had cast a glamour about him wherein he neither saw nor heard things as they were. He would have taken any doubt of madame's absolute veracity as a personal insult, and of all her new-found friends he was perhaps the most staunch, if others, and notably Sebastian Dundas, run him hard.

Looking up the garden to the croquet-ground, Frank Harrowby's jaunty, dapper figure came prominently before them.

"Do you know much of young Mr. Harrowby?" asked madame suddenly.

"Frank? Oh yes! I have known him all his life pretty well. Why do you ask?" was the rector's reply.

"Do you like him?" she asked again.

"Like Frank Harrowby? Yes, well enough. He is a good boy on the whole—was a very nice boy before he went to London, but, between ourselves, he has grown conceited enough for a dozen of late years. Still, he is a good fellow in the main."

"I don't like him," madame said shortly.

"No? Why not?"

"He is abominably untruthful, and leads a frightfully immoral life in London. Don't ask me more, nor how I know this; but I do know it."

Madame said this with a little more

energy than she generally used in speaking. Had it been any other than herself, Mr. Birkett might have even said her energy was spiteful.

"I am very, very sorry to hear all this," said the rector in a severe tone. "So bad as that?"

"I would not believe him on his oath," repeated madame.

"Dear! dear! how grievous! He did not tell us that he knew you," said Mr. Birkett, meaning to imply that this reticence on the part of Frank had an ugly look with it, and so far confirmed madame's accusation.

"No, he does not know me," she answered. "It is only me who happens to know him. He was implicated in a matter in which, unfortunately, I was so far connected as to be the receiver of the poor girl's confidence. He is a wretch," indignantly, "not fit to be spoken to by gentlemen and ladies. Oh these men!" she continued with strange bitterness. "I know something of them. So meek and virtuous and mealy-mouthed at home, and the lives they lead in London and Madrid! But don't betray me about Mr. Francis Harrowby," she said anxiously.

"Surely not, but I am sorry to hear so bad an account of the young scoundrel," answered the rector with the virtuous indignation common to sinners in the sere and yellow leaf when judging the follies of youth.

"He is very bad, there is no doubt of that," returned madame; "but I may depend on your discretion?"

"My word has been passed," said the rector a trifle stiffly. "Will you give me more particulars, for you can depend on me?"

"No, dear Mr. Birkett, I will not do that," madame responded gently. "My word too has been passed to hold these confidences sacred; and not even to you, dear friend and pastor, could I commit the dishonor of betraying confidence."

"You are right, but I think I ought to know," said the rector. "Remember, I have a daughter, madame."

"So you have, but your curiosity must not be satisfied at the expense of my

promise, and your faith in me must carry you over the stile," said madame playfully. "And now I must go and speak to that dreadful Mrs. Dundas. I see no one talking to her, and she likes attention."

On which she rose and carried off the rector to where Pepita was standing in the full glare of the sun, watching her husband with a threatening face while shading her eyes with her fan; Leam, clinging to her arm, also shading her eyes with her fan.

Madamé had accomplished her intention—shot her bolt first before Frank had fired his, cut the ground from under his feet and thrown up her defence-works, which also were her batteries; and now she had to escape from Mr. Birkett, whose cross-questionings were becoming tiresome. Not that she intended to exchange his probe for Pepita's pestle. She knew better than this how to arrange her difficulties, else she would not have been where she was to-day, the accepted equal of the moral and exclusive North Astonians.

When Pepita saw her coming she moved her voluminous person in her turn to another uncomfortable-looking garden-seat not under the shade of trees.

"Come and sit by me," she said, with a jerk of her closed fan. "You and I are not English: we can talk."

"Willingly," answered madame with her usual bland smile and complying sweetness of manner, but by one of those incomparable conversational glissades of hers she slipped the rector from her own hands on to the Spaniard's, and in an instant was in the thick of a discussion between Mrs. Birkett and Mrs. Fairbairn on the management of children and the diseases of infants before either knew that she had turned.

But even here things did not go smoothly, for Mrs. Fairbairn advocated hardening, and Mrs. Birkett was all for care; but when the one called the system of the other neglect, that other sent back the retort word, "coddling." So madame, to whom both appealed, was hard put to it not to take part with either while seeming to agree with both; and to make each feel that she sided really with her,

but out of respect for the greater experience of that other forbore more open demonstration, taxed even her powers of suggestion, considerable as they were. She succeeded however, this being the kind of thing in which she was specially great. It was the secret of her success. And when she had turned the conversation, which threatened to become a little warmer than was necessary, into the best method of growing peaches in pots, to give Mrs. Fairbairn an occasion for law-giving—and how she should most successfully mount a handworked screen, as one of the questions on which Mrs. Birkett was entitled to be heard—she had not only put both these ladies in good-humor again, but had impressed each with the belief that she held her views of life from beginning to end, though policy and respect together forbade her to testify openly.

CHAPTER XII. STRUCK DOWN.

PRESENTLY the croquet-party broke up: the game was at an end, and the players melted into the talkers. By the power of attraction, consciously or unconsciously excited by Madame de Montfort, the gentlemen gravitated to her as of course, and that man was the happiest who was enabled to pay her the most flattering attention. Yet the girls there were pretty enough to have found admirers on their own merits. Carry Fairbairn, with her curly head and frank blue eyes, round, a trifle rustic, but wholesome and unspoilt; her sister Susy, darker and more piquant—the one the wild rose, the other the damask; Adelaide Birkett, with her delicate features and soft fair hair, perhaps too cold and statuesque for some tastes, but of a high-bred type and undeniably graceful if not always gracious; Leam Dundas, like a Tragic Muse with her sad proud mouth and creamy skin, her face full of unfathomed depths, her magnificent eyes eloquent of unawakened power, a creature to bewilder men with visions of the riper future when she should have come to the full splendor

of her possibilities; and even Josephine Harrowby, though thirty and freckled, pretty too with her English sweetness of face, soft and affectionate, her changing color and tender eyes telling of the wifely love and womanly submission she would give had she but the chance. Yes, they were fair and sweet enough, but Madame la Marquise de Montfort, the widow of unknown antecedents, distanced them all, and no other woman, young or mature, married or single, lovely or learned, had a chance when she was by. And it would have been the same in a more varied society than that which had gathered on the lawn at Steel's Corner to-day.

She was the type of woman in whom most men take supreme delight. Comely by Nature and skillfully improved by art, her beauty was not of that turbulent kind which distracts as much as it charms, but restful, pleasant, soothing, neither stirring the senses nor disordering the imagination—sweet, gracious, womanly, and nothing more. She had a low, smooth, level voice, a quiet but uniformly cordial manner, and a flood of pleasant talk that amused without taxing her hearers' powers of mind to follow or surpass. Indeed, she did not tax their energies in any way—made no demands on them, and had no high standard, personal, intellectual or moral, which excited or strained them. She was always even-tempered, peaceable, sympathetic—was never in hysterics, and knew as little of heroics. Her views of life were bounded by the optimist doctrine of whatever is right, by which she was saved a world of useless trouble and spiritual contention; her theology was the theology which accepts and does not question, though it should include the doctrine of two and two making five, and the part being greater than the whole; her philosophy began and ended in the one axiom that extremes meet and are dangerous; and her sociology did not range beyond the two fundamental principles—there must be poor people and rich people, and the sole rights to which women ought to lay claim are the rights to be worshiped and worked for. But by women she meant ladies or their imitators.

Cottagers and servants, all these wretched creatures, must work for themselves, of course. They came into the division of class, and were not included in the plan.

In short, she was a delightful companion for the superior creature in his moments of relaxation—just high enough to interest, and not so high as to fatigue; and in these two words lay the secret of her charm.

Presently the close-set group began to disintegrate. A new game was made up, Mr. Dundas and Alick Corfield both declining; and soon madame and Mr. Dundas found themselves as if by chance alone under the lime trees where madame had been with the rector half an hour ago, their faces turned to the wilderness by the river-side.

A steep path, made difficult by a network of tree-roots and projecting rocks, led to an arbor facing the river and the valley. It was a beautiful point of view, and a favorite show-place for the few visitors who might drop down the stream to the old castle on the heights beyond. Madame had not seen it yet, and Mr. Dundas had more reasons than one for wishing to show her the view and sit for a while in the safe seclusion of the arbor. So he carried her on, she apparently so engrossed in the conversation that she did not see they had left the lime-tree walk and were drifting into the wood.

They were talking of the influence of women over men, and the means the former ought to adopt to secure the good-humor and satisfaction of the latter. They forgot to reverse the medal, and to say anything about the means which men ought to adopt to secure the happiness of women. That was a view of the subject which madame was too politic, Sebastian Dundas too ill-mated, to take.

If madame did not know where she was drifting, Pepita did. Sitting there on the lawn, her large eyes blinking sleepily in the sunlight, but seeing everything and suspecting more than she saw, she watched her husband and madame pass from the terrace to the wood, from publicity and so far security, to secrecy

and no one could say what besides. She knew the walk they were on. In years gone by she had allowed herself to be taken there as a visitor who would be interested in the view, but she had never gone again. Her remembrance of the tree-roots was as if the ground had been covered with petrified serpents—of the rocks as if they had been hiding-places for banditti. To this hour she shuddered at the unwholesome wildness which had terrified her so desperately at the time, and imagination had heightened its horrors. She remembered the little arbor and the pleasant refuge it was, as her husband, then her lover, had whispered to her, for those seeking "solitude for two."

She had turned her shoulder to him coldly when he had said this, imagining herself there with big brown José, in his gala-dress, home from some journey where he had been seeing the wonders of the great world, and whence he had brought her a simple little trinket that she prized more than all the costly presents her husband had given her, since she found he had deceived her. And then she remembered her quick flash of recurrent disdain. This cold and sunless hole a love-place for a Spaniard? Her bitter laugh as she contrasted the fiery heat of her own skies with this tepid air and pale gray heaven—big brown José, strong and lusty, with this white-faced travesty of Saint Sebastian—had startled both her husband and the Corfields; and she would not tell them why she had laughed, nor what her thoughts had been.

But the arbor that she disdained even in imagination for a Spaniard's love-place would be good enough for these false English reptiles. She must follow them and hear what they said. The network of petrified serpents, the opposing rocks, she must encounter them all. And she must take Leam with her. This daughter, who was to be her second self, and some day perhaps her avenger, must know all that she knew, and be able to hate from knowledge, not only sympathy.

Suddenly it was borne in on her that

she had been tricked; that it had been the passionate vitality of her own desires which had given life to madame's colorless revelations; that she had been told nothing about Spain because the pretended friend of the queen had nothing to tell; and that the whole thing, El Corte, Aranjuez, Andalusia, all was a cheat, if not wholly a sham. What Mrs. Harrowby vaguely felt through her intelligence Pepita divined by instinct. Had she been required she could not have given a reason for the new faith that was in her, but she was sure all the same.

There was no more sleepy blinking in the sunlight now for her, no more quiet sitting while Mrs. Corfield and Alick tried to draw Leam away from her side on the plea of showing her the butterflies which the latter had collected, but with the secret intention on the part of the former to lecture her on her dress and to advise her on her manners. Rising abruptly, she drew Leam's hand within her arm and looked furiously at Alick and his mother. "Your voices distract me," she cried roughly. "You are foolish people, hissing there like geese. Do you think I would trust my daughter out of my sight with a bad young man and his intriguing mother? Go: you fatigue yourselves for nothing, and you fatigue me. Come, my heart, let us get rid of these creatures and be alone with each other."

And on this the two moved away together, leaving Alick and his mother disconcerted and amazed.

"The only charitable thing to say of her is that she is mad," said Mrs. Corfield briskly as she looked after the young lithe figure gliding over the grass by the side of the large fat woman, whom yet her exceeding stoutness had not robbed of her native undulating Andalusian grace, and wondered if Leam, so lean and slender now, would ever be as stout as her mother; while Alick, looking after her too, wondered only if ever in the future he should come to be to Leam Dundas as a brother and a friend.

"Leama," said her mother as they passed into the shadow of the lime trees,

and were out of hearing of the rest, "I want you to come with me on the traces of that false fiend, that accursed woman, who has just gone by with your father. I will listen to what they say, and find out more than they think for. The saints have put it into my head, and I will tie a rope round her lying throat."

"Yes, mamma," said Leam trembling.

How wild her mother looked! Flushed, quivering, her eyes bloodshot, her nostrils red and distended, her whole face breathing fire, her manner fierce, she terrified the child, who yet was used to her outbreaks. And then this dark, dank shrubbery-walk, where the sun never penetrated, and which seemed as if it led to the Valley of the Shadow where sinful souls congregate and are tormented, how terrible it all was! How she wished that time would flow, but the days not change, and that she could go back to the undisturbed life of what seemed like so many years ago, when her mother slept after her fat gazpacho, and she played with her dolls in silence at her feet, and knew no desire beyond! And now all was at an end, with the foreshadowing of still greater changes sweeping on. But she obeyed, as was her wont, and the two walked stealthily along the path until they came to the back of the arbor where Madame de Montfort and Sebastian Dundas were sitting, talking in low voices together.

Thrusting Leam a little apart, and laying her finger on her lips in token of silence, Pepita stole to the arbor, bending her ear against a crevice just as Mr. Dundas was saying in a tender voice, "May I?" and madame answered gently, "Yes."

The listening woman clenched her hands and set her small square teeth like a trap. Was it then as she suspected? Had these reptiles gone so far on the bad way as this? Had that painted cheat dared to pick up the love she had discarded? and had her husband reckoned so far without his host as to imagine she would tamely submit to his finding in another woman the sympathy and affection he could not find in her? Pepita held her breath, but registered her

vow all the same, and her square teeth set themselves more firmly, while her nails dug sharply into her palms.

Then said Mr. Dundas in a soft, almost cooing voice, "It is the greatest proof of friendship we can give each other, dearest madame—you to graciously allow me to remonstrate, I to venture to find fault—but I have long had it at heart to say it to you. You so good, so pure, so superior, how is it that you can speak of the Spanish queen as you do? It pains me to hear her name pass your lips, so degraded as she is. Bad as all the Spanish women are"—and he said "all" emphatically, including by intention the woman who was the mother of his child—"she is perhaps the worst. Yet you praise her—you, the very opposite of her in everything—you, one of the noblest, she, one of the most ignoble of your sex!"

"Do you not see why, dear friend?" returned madame with touching gentleness. "Your unhappy wife is so fierce, so excitable, we must find some means of keeping her in good-humor, as we keep a child quiet with bonbons." ("Brigand!" breathed Pepita, her ear against the woodwork.) "I feel as you do about the odious Spanish queen—that she is an infamy, a horror; but what can I do? It is a deception if you will, but a harmless one; and you know what your wife is when she is not amused."

"Yes, I know too well," answered Mr. Dundas bitterly. "I have not lived with her for fifteen years not to know the galling pains of her hateful yoke."

"Poor fellow!" said madame sympathetically. "I should not think there were many soft places."

"Oh, the false traitor! the snake! the Judas! She shall pay for this!" said the Spaniard under her breath.

"If I can find any other plaything for her I will," continued madame with an unmistakable accent of contempt. "But you see how she haunts me—never a day free from her," with a sigh.

"You are an angel of goodness to suffer it," cried Mr. Dundas.

"Dog!" muttered Pepita, with a vision of her revenge at home.

"It is for your sake," said madame softly; and Pepita knew that her husband took her rival's hand and kissed it for his answer.

"And coming as she does, haunting me every day, every day, I must prevent those violent outbreaks for which she is famous," continued madame. "I could not allow her to use in my house such language as I hear she is in the habit of using elsewhere. I should have to take very decided measures if she did; and though nothing of this kind would touch *our* friendship, still, I would rather not have it to do. So—don't you see?—it is simply to avoid the chance of anything unpleasant that I have fooled her about this wretched woman; this Isabella of Spain, whom I despise as much as you do."

"I understand you, dear friend, and I honor you," said Mr. Dundas; "but if you could find some other theme how glad I should be! This one is so intensely distasteful to me. I feel aggrieved even that you should have met your husband at that court."

Madame smiled. She did not say that this too was an invention to please Mrs. Dundas: she simply answered, "And I would not willingly displease you."

Mr. Dundas gave a heavy sigh. "What a fool I have been!" he almost groaned.

"Ah," said madame sympathetically, "if we could but go back on our lives!"

"I would cancel mine—all of it, all!" said Mr. Dundas, with dangerous fervor. Then, sinking his voice, he added, "All but my friendship with you, dear friend."

"And I would meet you halfway," said madame.

Pepita heard no more. A thousand voices seemed suddenly to break out in her head, mingled with the roar of waters and the clanging of brazen bells. Her brain was on fire, her heart felt like a lump of ice, her throat had closed so that she could not breathe; and then a shower of sparks, a stream of flame, seemed to flash across her eyes as with a deep groan she sunk on the ground, struck down with the apoplexy of hate and revenge.

What followed was to Leam like a

horrible dream where she was bound hand and foot and delivered over to be tortured of men and demons. She saw her father and Madame de Montfort appear suddenly from the arbor, and she felt madame attempt to draw her away from her mother, by whose senseless body she had cast herself—she resisting fiercely, striking her father's smooth-tongued friend wildly on her mouth as she curved over her like some huge black snake, Leam thought, gracefully trying to raise her from the ground. Then she saw Dr. and Mrs. Corfield standing there, and Alick too—Alick, with his ugly, tender face strangely beautified to her in this moment of dream and terror. They too came suddenly, she did not know how—as if by magic up from the earth or shot through the air.

Dr. Corfield had a small steel blade shining between his fingers. She saw him strip her mother's large, soft, olive-tinted arm, and then she found herself standing apart, facing the river, and supported by Alick, whose eyes were full of tears and who called her "dear." After which everything was a blank save the marble face of her mother, till she found herself once more at home and alone with the one love of her life, her only friend, her sole delight.

But not for long. Pepita's ill-starred life was nearly over, and her sins with her sorrows had come to an end. There was no help for her in heaven or on earth. The saints would work no miracle of healing, and science could not. She had to die; to leave the husband whom she had never loved, and who had ceased to love her; to leave her little one, her child, her sweet heart, to a father to whom she was a stranger and an enemy—to the pains and perils of this cold deceitful English life. Her Leama, her darling—she must wander through the desert as she best could, unaided: guardian there was none for her, friend there was none—no one to help her, no, not one.

It was a bitter moment for the Spaniard. Passionate and ignorant, she had been but an undesirable kind of mother for Leam, teaching the child to hate her

father—teaching her, indeed, the doctrine of hate all through; setting her in opposition to her surroundings; filling her young head with false pride, ignorant prejudices, foolish fancies; stifling religion under superstition, and keeping her as untaught as useless. Still, she loved this child, this little Leama, with her whole fierce, fervid heart, and if it was not the best kind of motherliness, it was at the least the best she had to give.

It was agony to have to leave her, but the moments flew fast, and the hour when all would be over was drawing ever nearer. Her life was ebbing away, and there was no hope of salvation. She might curse the Great King whose conquest she was; say incoherently, wildly, that she would not die, she would not—blaspheme God and the saints, man and the angels; but it had to come. Hour by hour she sank lower into the depths of the grave, and hour by hour Leam's fear increased. She would have no one with her but Leam: she would not see her husband, nor let him know her condition. "We are alone in the world, you and I," she said at intervals to the child. "You are the only one who loves me, and I am the only one who loves you. Never forget me, Leama. Sweet little heart, love me always."

"I will, mamma," said Leam, not sobbing, not weeping, as another girl might, but sitting quite still, looking at her mother with her large dilated eyes dark with terror, and every now and then kissing her powerless hand.

"Do not forget me, Leama," said Pepita with a flash of her old jealous passion in her eyes.

"No, I will never forget you, mamma. I will always love you, and you only," answered Leam solemnly.

"No one but me—no other mother but me," she said again, faintly yet fiercely.

"None, mamma. But oh stay with me yourself—do not leave me!" cried the poor child, trembling.

"My heart, my little soul!" said Pepita yet more faintly, and tender now, not fierce. "Kiss me, Leama—kiss me, little daughter. Never forget me."

The girl flung herself on the bed and

clasped her slender arms about her mother's neck. Her hair fell down and covered the face and shoulders of the dying woman like a mourning veil. Her fresh lips pressed themselves against the dear face as if they would have kissed the beloved back to life by the very force of her loving passion. Pepita gave one hoarse and shuddering sigh, and Leam unconsciously kissed away her last breath.

When she unclasped her arms the play was played out, the goal reached. There was no longer a mother with her child, only an orphan watching over a figure of senseless clay—the figure of a woman whose passions were at rest, whose mistakes would be made no more, for the end had come and she was dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER THE NEW LAW.

THE death of Mrs. Dundas effected the unloosing of the feminine activities of North Aston. Each lady seemed to think that Leam's conversion to English habits of life and modes of thought rested mainly in her hands, and all rushed forward like the fairies at a christening to endue her with their counsel and enrich her by their gifts of sage instruction.

But Leam was her mother's daughter, and no more plastic than that mother had been. She wrapped herself in her cloak of Spanish pride and reserve, put on her impenetrable mask of silence and reserve, and would have none of them, rejecting their sympathy as the impertinence of the inferior, and putting their counsels behind her as so many suggestions of Satan. No one saw her weep or heard her lament; and the strongest sign of feeling she gave was by getting up and walking out of the room when the ladies who came to sit and condole with her for the loss of her mother wanted to show her where that mother had been wrong—which was in everything—and where Leam must therefore repudiate the old and adopt the new.

Her reserve annoyed them. They said it showed hardness rather than affection in so young a person, and that it would

have been more natural had she been fluid and expansive, had she cried and clung to them, kissed them and said her heart was breaking, and who among them would be her mother and take care of her? Had she done this each lady would have answered "I," and all would have been her devoted friends till they had quarreled with her and among themselves for sole possession and exclusive claims.

"But Leam was not natural," they said one to the other. "How should she be, when she wore a high comb and mantilla, never came to church, and spoke Spanish more fluently than English?"

To these good creatures of kind hearts and narrow brains conformity to English middle-class modes of life was the only naturalness worthy of the name, and all which was not conformity therewith was either false or wrong.

There was one thing however, which all repeated, each in her own terms, and which Leam did accept: this was, that she must not grieve too much, for that mamma was not really dead: her body only had died, while the soul, the real mamma, was in a better world, whence she could see her dear little Leam and watch over her. So Leam was not to cry; mamma was so much happier where she was than she had been on earth it would be selfish to wish her back; and it would make her unhappy if she saw her little daughter fretting for her. Besides, it was wicked to fret. It had been God's will that she should go, and Leam must be resigned and not repine.

Most of us know from early years the unreal consolations offered by orthodoxy to those who grieve for the loss of their dearest; and the familiarity of youth induces the questioning of maturity. But all this was new to Leam, and she accepted the first part of it as the absolute truth, unsoftened by spiritual explanation or modifying paraphrase. Henceforth it was the fact that ruled her life—mamma was alive in heaven and knew all that was going on at home. Thus she had another weapon of defence against innovation, and another reason why she should maintain intact that tenacious

loyalty to her mother's love and teaching which admitted no rival and as little voluntary change.

But resolve as she might, Leam's strength had gone from her, and the Philistines were upon her. The manner of life led with her mother came to an end, and her father, acting under the collective advice of the ladies, but mainly influenced by madame, took her in hand immediately after the funeral, determined on making her an English girl, body and soul, and to wipe away the past as though it had never been.

Not meaning to be harsh, yet harsh all the same, he began the war by telling her that things were changed now, and that she must acknowledge the new régime by frankly abandoning her bad habits and absurd affectations. He would have no more of them, and they must be given up.

"What bad habits? what affectations, papa?" asked Leam superbly, thinking to carry all before her as her mother had hitherto done, and she also, borne along in the maternal skirts.

"Your ridiculous dress, to begin with," said Mr. Dundas. "Your hair shall no longer be done in that absurd style, but simply and plainly, like an English lady's; and I will have no more mantillas and combs. You must wear what I have ordered to be taken to your room instead."

This was a jaunty little hat made in the current mode, and sent from London by madame's orders.

"That thing in my room? I'll not wear it!" said Leam with a disdainful gesture.

"I think you will," replied her father slowly.

It was on a Sunday morning and in the breakfast-room when this conversation, which was the initial act of the contest that had to come between them, took place—the Sunday after the funeral, on which day Mr. Dundas had decided that Leam should go to church with him, dressed as an English girl should be, and with no more of this offensive difference of nationality or religion about her.

And it may as well be said here that breakfasting with her father at all was an unwelcome novelty to the girl. Dur-

ing her mother's lifetime she had had her meals with her apart. They had lived on garlic and oil, gazpacho and other un-English messes, which Mr. Dundas disdained as much as Pepita disdained roast beef and plum pudding, and which they had had served up anyhow and at all hours, just when wanted. So, partly by contrariety of temper and because it annoyed Dundas, partly because of her dislike to fixed times and formal service, and in a degree because of the character of her food, Pepita had abandoned the dining-room and family meals, keeping Leam with her as her table companion; hence the child had never known what it was to eat with her father, and in her heart resented the indignity which she held to be included in the innovation.

She was leaving the room after she had delivered herself of her refusal, but her father's voice stopped her. She faced him, fixing her eyes on him steadily.

"How like her mother!" he thought, meeting her eyes full of that tragic expression which seemed wavering between tears and wrath, hysterics and Alexandrines.

"There is no use in defying me, Leam," said Mr. Dundas hastily. "You have to submit to me now; and—understand me—you *shall* submit. You shall wear the dress that has been provided for you, and you shall come to church with me to-day."

Still Leam did not speak nor remove her eyes from their steady gaze on her father's flushing face. But though she was as rigid as if cut out of stone, yet her attitude and bearing were defying and contemptuous, and irritated Mr. Dundas almost as much as his wife's coarse violence used to irritate him, while they baffled him even more.

"You shall submit," he repeated again, shifting some plates and knives noisily as a mechanical relief to his feelings.

Then said Leam in Spanish, with a certain fiery concentration more expressive than the most passionate eloquence, "Am I not mamma's daughter, papa? It is wrong to make me do what she does not like."

"It is not," answered Mr. Dundas. "Your mother was not a fit guide for

you. She was the worst you could have had, and you are to be in better hands now. And do not speak to me in that cursed jargon, Leam. You are an English girl, not a Spaniard: speak English, then, or do not speak at all. Now go and make yourself fit for church. The bells are ringing."

"Papa," cried Leam with an imploring accent, but one full of pride; "this is affronting mamma."

"Don't talk nonsense: go," returned her father angrily.

"To the heretic Protestant church in an English hat? I am a Catholic and a Spaniard," cried Leam haughtily, first crossing herself and then making her mother's favorite sign of abhorrence.

Mr. Dundas took her by the arm, somewhat too roughly. "Hear me once for all, Leam," he said in slow, distinct tones. "You are neither a Catholic nor a Spaniard: you are a Protestant and an English woman. While your mother lived I did not interfere with you: you were her child, not mine. But now that she has gone and I am responsible for you, I will have you what I wish you to be. If you will not obey me quietly you shall by force. My mind is made up, and you ought to know by now what that means. All the people here are aware of what I intend to do—bring you to church to-day, dressed like one of themselves: if you make a scene and have to be taken by force, the shame will be on your own head. Nothing shall make me waver one inch from the line I have marked down. You have the choice between the dignity of voluntary submission—if that phrase suits your inordinate pride and vanity—and the disgrace of being publicly made to submit. Take your own way. Whichever you do take will lead to the same thing in the end."

Leam, who had listened quietly enough while he spoke, now tore his hand with contemptuous anger from her arm and covered her face. It was a trial to her, greater in its way than any she had ever encountered. That her father, whom she had been taught to despise, to flout, to regard as something infinitely beneath

her mother and herself, should now have her in his grasp and be able to force her into submission—what an indignity! what an insult through her to her mother! But she had the strength if also the weakness which belongs to pride, and as she became convinced that there was no help for it, and that she must submit, as her father said, she preferred the method which brought the least amount of public shame with it. Recognizing the fact of defeat, she was wise enough not to prolong her struggle, and, after a few moments' contest with herself, she lifted her tearless face and said coldly, "I will obey you, papa." But she held her proud head as high as before.

"You are a good girl," said her father, more kindly than he had yet spoken.

"No," flashed Leam, "I am not good: it is you who are bad and cruel."

"Then I need not thank you? need not be pleased with you?" he returned in a half-bantering way.

"Pleased with me? *you*?" she answered, her whole heart of scorn in her voice. Shaking her fore finger backward, she added, "I am mamma's daughter. What have I to do with you, or you with me?"

"You will soon see," returned Mr. Dundas angrily. "Unfortunately for me, I am your father, and have to do with a very silly and undutiful daughter. Now go up stairs and dress, and behave, if you can, like a reasonable creature, and not like an imbecile, as I sometimes think you are. Your absurdities are as fatiguing as they are ridiculous."

"And yours fatigue me as they did mamma," said Leam as she left the room with her head still held high, but crying in her heart, "Oh, mamma, why did you leave me? Holy Virgin, why do you not protect her and me?"

Thus the first contest was got over, and that with less difficulty than Mr. Dundas had anticipated. For the sentiment underlying, that might pass for the present: what was most valuable at this moment was the fact.

Quiet, undemonstrative, as unmoved as if it had been a thing of daily habit, Leam walked by her father's side into the church, where her presence, "clothed

in her right mind," as Adelaide Birkett said, created more excitement than if she had been a princess at the very least. A supernatural creature in human attire, the Dunaston ghost itself, could not have caused a greater stir in the congregation than did this young melancholy girl as she glided noiselessly after her father up the middle aisle, like one in a dream rather than awake, but as imperturbable in gesture as she was miserable in face.

Certainly she scandalized the watching congregation by not following the prescribed attitudes, and by not knowing her place in the Prayer Book, the offer of which she at first coldly refused, and when her father thrust it angrily into her hands, held it on her lap at the same opening, and never even feigned to read. She sat all through the service, her mournful eyes fixed on the floor, mentally repeating aves and paternosters as exorcisms against the sin in which she was engaged; for was she not taking part in the ritual of heretics, hence offending the saints and gratifying the Evil One with every prayer that was repeated, every hymn that was sung?

When Mr. Birkett mounted the pulpits with his slow and showy step, she remembered the time when her mother had hanged the cat, crying, "Preach, Birkett, preach!" and closed her ears against his sermon as if it had been a litany of witches. As the military-minded rector preached discourses of that dry kind which are just so much professional obligation worked off with the least expenditure of mental force possible, perhaps she did not lose much.

The worst of the day's ordeal was when the families congregated under the church-porch for the friendly gossip which was as much part of the Sunday service at North Aston as the Litany or the Collect for the day. Feeling, as Leam did, humiliated and ridiculous, that symbolic hat of hers the badge of her degradation and the sign of her despair, the eulogistic glances and approving words of the ladies were as so many insults to herself and her mother's memory—additional drops of the bitterness with which her

cup was filled. Every one said something kind, for every one understood the meaning of her appearance there; and all wanted to make it a kind of public admission into their order, a minor office of social baptism, wherein she was to be greatly caressed and fêted, as tame elephants caress and cajole the wild ones.

But their kindest words fell dead on unresponsive Leam. When Mrs. Birkett, dear soul! said with every good intention, "Well, Leam, my dear, what did you think of our beautiful service? Did you not like it and feel it go to your heart?" Leam answered as her mother might have done, "I did not listen, and what I heard was ugly and stupid."

When Mrs. Corfield bustled up to her and grasped her slender arms in her tight little hands, saying, "I am so glad to see you here, Leam, my dear! How nice you look in that hat! You are quite a different creature now, and really as good as any of them," Leam looked at her with tragic disgust, then for the second time to-day released her arms and turned away, saying, "And I am not glad. You hurt me."

To Mrs. Fairbairn, whose fresh round face dimpled all over with smiles as she shook hands with her warmly and panted cordially, "How nice this is!" Leam answered coldly, "Why do you laugh?" and stood waiting for her answer with a serious simplicity that disconcerted the pleasant-tempered woman as she never thought she could be disconcerted by a child.

Madame said nothing. She had more tact and discrimination than the North Astonians, and understood too clearly what the girl felt to congratulate her on her sorrow. She had it at heart to tame Leam, to make her love her, to bind her fast with cords of gratitude for a sympathy she could not find elsewhere. Not being a person of fixed ideas or resolute principles, she intended to make Leam feel that she was her understanding friend, comprehending and regretting her misfortune. All the same, she chose her hats, advised Mr. Dundas to bring her to church and make her leave off

talking Spanish, and urged him to obliterate every trace of the bad past as speedily as might be, leaving the way clear for the better future which she would direct. At the present moment, however, she contented herself simply by pressing Leam's hand with that kind of secret affectionateness which is like a whisper of love between two people who are forced to keep an undemonstrative face to the world.

For which Leam was grateful, in spite of herself. It touched her in the midst of so many loud-voiced congratulations. Had she been any other than Madame de Montfort, the girl's heart would have yielded on the spot, but she thought of her mother's persistent dislike, even while she had haunted her, and her little hand lay limp in the soft grasp which said as plainly as words, "Dear child, I feel with you."

Alick too forbore to congratulate. No one was so glad as he to see his pomegranate bud take on itself the habits of an English rose; but if he was glad for himself he was grieved for her, enlightened as he was by his power of comprehension and that odd idealizing habit of mind which rounded off all he saw.

The healing and understanding spirit which speaks without words looked out from his honest eyes as he met hers, searching for a friend, and conscious now that she had found what she sought. As indifferent to appearances as to persons, the girl drew back a few steps till she came side by side with him. Then she held out her hand, her serious face lifted up to his. "You are good," she said gravely. "You do not hurt and you do not laugh. You may talk to me."

On which, turning her back abruptly to the rest, and still holding Alick's hand in hers, she walked down the churchyard swiftly, saying as she went, "Let us get away from them. Mamma hated them all, and so do I."

"Ah, but we must not hate, señorita," said Alick very gently. "It is wrong to hate, and just coming out of church, too! God himself is love," he added reverently.

"Oh no, He is not," said Leam. "God

and the saints gave mamma to papa, and now they have given me to him and taken her away. No, God is not love; or at least," she added in a plaintive voice, turning to Alick with a pathetic look of injury and ill-treatment, "He does not love me, though I do not deserve it from Him. I never did Him or the saints any harm."

What could be said to such an uncompromising bit of anthropomorphism as this? Alick's simple theology was scarcely up to the mark against unorthodoxy of such a bold, unusual strain. All he could do was to look down on her kindly, wish that his mother would talk to her, and say in a soothing voice, "Some day, señorita, the dark things will be made clear, and you will understand why you have been afflicted."

"All the same, it is cruel," sighed Leam. "But," kindling; "I have not said my prayers since mamma died till now in that ugly church of yours. I wanted them to know that I was angry, but I did not want them to think I was *there*," contemptuously, "of my own free-will."

"Oh, señorita, will you never be got to understand the truth?" cried Alick, filled with such infinite pity and tenderness for this erring young soul he felt as if he could have turned monk for her sake if only he could have set her feet free from their misleading fetters.

"I do know the truth," said Leam proudly. "Mamma was a Catholic: she knew what was good. It is you bad heretics who are wrong."

"No, no, we are right. Oh, how I wish you could think so!" pleaded Alick.

Leam looked at him with a strange mixture of sorrow and scorn. "I am to think you right?" she said.

"Yes," he replied fervently.

"And mamma wrong?"

He was silent.

"And mamma wrong?" she repeated solemnly. "And to tell her that to her face, up there in heaven? And make her angry with me, and unhappy? No," shaking her head, "she shall never have to complain to the saints that I am different now that I need not be afraid of her,

and when she cannot beat me if I offend her. I will do what mamma likes more than ever now, because she is not here to make me. You may hold your tongues. You know nothing: mamma knew everything. You are all bad but you, and you are good, but you are stupid."

Alick made no reply; and Leam, having opened her mind so far, was not disposed to open it farther, so they walked on together in silence, and the families at their heels smiled furtively and took long jumps to conclusions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUALLA.

"**W**HATEVER else you leave undone, see Qualla," urged the friend who had persuaded us to an exploration of the North Carolinian mountains as he helped us aboard the train in Philadelphia. "Ride over some day to Casher's Valley: you'll find gigantic bluffs there; and to Waynesville: it is the highest town in the United States. And don't forget the gorge of the Unaka Range—eighty peaks above six thousand feet in sight at once. But, above all, see Qualla—see Qualla!"

Now, this "riding over," so jauntily hinted at, had turned out to be not the gallop of an hour or two, as we supposed, but slow journeys of hundreds of miles along mountain-roads, made on mules or the sure-footed Canadian ponies in use among the mountaineers. Half the summer passed before we remembered Qualla. It was very easy to forget any duty, or even pleasure, among these hills. We had come into the land of forgetting. Railroads, telegraphs, work, hurry of every sort, we had left behind us at the first pass. Taking the little town of Asheville as our head-quarters, and leaving all baggage and encumbrances there, we journeyed leisurely from one great mountain-range to another—the Cowee, Nantahela, Balsam, Blue Ridge—the region where the Appalachian chain reaches its loftiest height on the continent; halting sometimes in a gorge where a glittering trout-stream proved too tempting to our fishermen, sometimes in a drowsy, dirty little hamlet above the

clouds; or camping far in the forests in hopes of bringing down some of the wary black bears that lurked in their thickets. Woods and gorges as well as mountain-hamlet were drowsy: the whole region wore the same curious air of calmness, of content, of utter indifference to any uneasy goings-on in the world below. The very sunshine in these heights was not energetic—never apparently saw any necessity, as in town, for a hurry of heat. There was always a tranquil gray chill in it, as in early November days at the North; always vast masses of mist moving somewhere in sight ready to break on you in fine summer rain—a rain which at evening melted away into a universal sparkle from horizon to horizon, and a soft green shiver of leaves, and rainbows arching over peaks that rose like dim gateways in the far heaven. The guide was anxious to tell you that these peaks were Pisgah or Clingman's Dome or the Black Brothers, but you were apt to remember how Bunyan or Christian long ago had come into a place like this and caught a glimpse of the heavenly hills, and were quite sure these were no Black Brothers.

There was a certain monotony of sombre grandeur in the scenery that had its tranquillizing influence, and made a great gulf of time, as it were, between this and our ordinary life. For days together we traversed narrow paths with bare cliffs on either side, or passed through interminable chains of lower hills white with chestnut blooms, or, rising to the cold

high levels, climbed giddy steeps where the black balsam was the only tree, and no birds were found except the eagle and the little snow-bird of the North, which summers in this chilly air.

The mountaineers, with their clear-cut Huguenot faces and incredibly dirty clothes, nodded like old friends when we passed them on the hill-paths, but did not trouble themselves to ask any questions. We did not need to ask any of them. Their lives were open before us. There were the unlighted log huts, split into halves by an open passage-way, and swarming with children, who lived on hominy and corn-bread, with a chance opossum now and then as a relish. They were not cluttered with dishes, knives, forks, beds or any other impedimenta of civilization: they slept in hollow logs or in a hole filled with straw under loose boards of the floor. But they were contented and good-natured: they took life, leaky roof, opossum and all, as a huge joke, and were honest gentlefolk despite their dirty and bedless condition. At long intervals they drove the steer which was their sole live-stock, loaded with peltry or corn, down to one of the little villages where trade was carried on without money. Money, indeed, appeared throughout this region to be one of the unknown luxuries of civilization; and it is startling (if anything could be startling up yonder) to find how easily and comfortably life resolves itself to its primitive conditions without it. In these villages we found thoroughbred men and women, clothed in homespun of their own making, reading their old shelves of standard books: they were cheerful and gay, full of shrewd common sense and feeling, but utterly ignorant of all the comforts which have grown into necessities to people in cities, and of all current changes in the modern world of art, literature or society; in fact, almost unconscious that there was such a world. Among the mountain-woodsmen we found other men and women who had never learned the use of a glass window, or of a cup and saucer, and manifestly never had learned to keep themselves clean; yet they were of honorable, de-

vout habits of mind, and bore themselves with exceptional tact and delicacy of feeling and the dignity and repose of manner of Indians. Palpable facts like these were calculated to shake the old notions of busy, money-making Philadelphians. After all, were Chestnut street and Broadway all wrong in their ideas of the essentials of life? The village lawyer here had education, the thousand decencies and tendernesses of home, the comfort of soberly courteous and kindly habits of thought in those about him, and, if he chose it, of religion. Nature in her loftiest mood was ready to be his companion. If the externals of his life did lack certain refinements and possibilities, certainly there was utterly dropped out of that life all the hurry and anxious gnawing care which have made the men of the Northern States lean of body and morbid of mind, and the women neuralgic and ill-tempered. In the drowsy content of this atmosphere, looking from some stupendous height off into infinite repose, doubts would creep in as to the use of work and worry, and the actual value of government bonds or bric-à-brac or Meissonnier's pictures, and whether it really "paid" to toil a life long to secure such goods a little in advance of our neighbor. The eternal calm of the mountains reflected itself in the lowest nature in some queer, incomplete way. The shrewdest business-man of the party lapsed slowly into flannel shirts and lazy good-humor, and began to take rain, heat or poor fare with the serene complacency of a native. If he wished now and then for a lodge in some wilderness which we passed, he forgot to remark how long the investment would be in paying two per cent. He had begun the journey with harangues at every stopping-place upon the effect of a railroad and the influx of Northern capital in opening up this region. Now he gravely assured us that manufactures and money could be found anywhere, but that there was something beneath this solitude and laziness and happy indifference worth them all. When these stately mountain-monarchs should be bored and tunneled and cut up by Nov-

elty mica-mines and iron-furnaces worked by New York capitalists, he hinted that a good beyond their money value would be lost to the country. However, I am afraid that almost any of the citizens of Buncombe county would be willing to trade their spiritual, intangible possessions for a few greenbacks paid quarterly.

We all attempted, of course, plenty of scientific guesses as to the cause of this universal drowse over men and matter—why the poorest Buncombe natives, more than any other barefooted, snuff-rubbing race, should "lie reclined on the hills like gods together, careless of mankind." We talked of the effect upon the nervous centres of the rarity of the atmosphere at that elevation, and upon the lungs of the air-tonics from vast bodies of balsam forests. But whatever the explanation, the fact was apparent. The brain and nervous system were refreshed and restored in that atmosphere as by prolonged physical sleep. There is not one of us who will not remember that journey as an actual lapse out of the nervous strain, the bodily daily sense of wear and exhaustion, which belongs to middle age, back into some sleepy, sunny, well-fed holiday of youth.

It was toward the last of July, when we had returned to our central headquarters in the village of Asheville, that we bethought ourselves of Qualla. It was difficult to gain any definite information about it. The blessed quality in our new friends of indifferent calm became rather exasperating when we set out for information.

"Qualla was a little Indian village. It might be worth our while to ride up thar, provided Colonel Thomas, who was their chief, could git up a torchlight dance for us. The Indians were quite savage, still worshiped their old fetiches," our informant believed. He himself "had never been to Qualla. It was about a hundred miles off, in a gorge of the Oconalufsa. Why on earth should he go there?"

"Qualla," another Confederate ex-colonel stated, "was not a village at all. It included the counties of Cherokee,

Jackson and Swayne, and was inhabited solely by a body of Cherokee Indians, the largest remnant of an original tribe east of the Mississippi. They had their own government, he thought. Could not tell whether they were heathens or Christians. Little matter when you came to red-skins, anyhow. If we waited long enough, we might see some of the dirty devils down in town. They came occasionally to trade. Did not drink. Had some vow against liquor, he had heard. Had never been up in the nation: what could take anybody to Qualla?"

Various scraps of information were offered on other sides. The Indians were half starving; somebody had gobbled up their appropriation from Congress years ago: they never had had an appropriation; Colonel Thomas was a white man who had governed them autocratically for twenty years. The nation was Christian, and in a condition of peace and prosperity, with him at its head: the nation was heathen, living in polygamy and unbridled revolt, and Colonel Thomas was a maniac chained to the floor. The road to Qualla was a safe and good one: the road was utterly impracticable even for the mountain-mules. But nobody had ever seen Qualla itself, and nobody had ever wanted to see it. On that one point all were agreed. The educated western North Carolinian, when he leaves his own village, turns his face straight toward Richmond or Philadelphia: he can give you the dimensions of the Walnut Street Theatre better than those of the Dry Falls, and would rather look at the pretty girls in the paths about the old Confederate capitol than climb to the dizzy peak where Mitchell's grave was made high above the clouds. Why any man, much less woman, should turn his or her back on metropolitan delights to climb slippery precipices or unearth a forgotten tribe of Indians could be explained only by the natural perverse cussedness of the Northern mind.

We made the journey slowly, with the keen enjoyment of discoverers of solitudes which had never been trodden by foot of summer tourist—of ravines where no artist with camp-stool and yellow

umbrella could venture for "effects," and heights to which even "Holloway's Pills" had not reached. So utterly removed is the mode of life of the inhabitants of these counties from that of modern civilization that one or two centuries seemed to bar us out from the world we had left behind. Character, too, develops unchecked to its natural limits in this solitude, into all kinds of eccentric form and expression. Every man or woman who drove us or watered the mules or cooked a meal's victuals for us was a type of some odd genus of human nature, which, like the mountain-cedars about us, had knotted and gnarled and rooted itself at pleasure. On the farms the woman worked and took rank with the negroes, but in the little hamlets, as soon as society became an element of daily life, the chivalric Southern deference to her had crept in and showed itself in the oddest and most unexpected ways. Chief among these was the content with which men, cleanly enough themselves, invariably regarded any excess of idleness and squalor in their households, never by any chance calling the women to account for it. On a journey, too, the father and inevitable half-grown black nurse took charge of the baby and the ten other fractious children (for there were always eleven), while the mother lay back dozing or reading a novel. The universal feeling appeared to be that when she had brought forth these helps to the state she had wholly fulfilled the chief end of woman. I remember the wretched, flea-infested little inn of Webster, a village of some twenty houses perched on the edge of a cliff, where the postmaster, judge and other dignitaries boarded. Street-mud and other abominations lay inch-deep on the dining-room floor, which was hardly more filthy than the children playing in it or than the messes on the table. One forlorn negro was housekeeper, cook, hostler and nurse-maid, while the landlady, a jaunty black-eyed woman, watered her verbenas or lay on the sofa, a pink knot of ribbon in her hair, reading *Waverley*. The nausea of the men as they gulped down the compounds of fat

pork and molasses, and the tender gallantry with which they stopped to pay their respects to the hostess as to a dame of high degree, were significant sights to see, and impossible in a Northern State. With us, even the dame of high degree is not often allowed to live like the lily and the rose, and assuredly human lilies and roses meet but small favor as keepers of boarding-houses.

On our way to Qualla, however, we discovered "Smather's" in Waynesville, the cleanest and most picturesque of little mountain-inns, perched nearly three thousand feet above tide-level. From its shady porches you look down on the clouds in the valley below or watch the gray mist rising up the sides of the Great Balsam range, whose peaks, clad in funereal black, encircle the sleepy little village; or, very likely, you think of nothing but the savory whiffs from within of delicious fried chicken, coffee, and hot biscuits light and white as snowflakes, for which the keen cold wind teaches you how to be grateful.

The story of a mysterious murder, the first in the mountain-region for five years, flitted before us in our journey like an uneasy ghost, taking new shape in every hamlet or lonely farmhouse. The murderer, a youth of nineteen, was arrested and put literally into chains in the Asheville jail. Such was the horror and consternation which the crime carried to these kindly mountain-folks that they were anxious to prove that he had been guilty of the last murder for years back, although he was then but a boy.

"For it don't stand to reason," said one old man, arguing the matter, "that God 'ud make two such fiends as that thar in one generation."

Indeed, the farther we penetrated to the recesses of these mountain-wildernesses the more we were impressed with the honesty, the kindly humanity, the sound sterling virtue in their inhabitants—a fact which made the discovery that awaited us at the end more startling and inexplicable.

We found the road to Qualla little traveled and scarcely practicable—a slippery cartway cut halfway up the preci-

pice, and never repaired since it was built. Captain E——, a shrewd, intelligent man, who guided us there from Webster, had been its engineer and builder, as he told us. But "there was nobody to look after it, and it had gone to ruin." He pointed out a deserted mica-mine, which "nobody had cared to go on with;" a saw-mill which he had started on the banks of the creek, but which "nobody wanted." We passed through the day vacant huts, fallen to the ground and overgrown with moss and rank parasites, which gave an aspect of dreary desolation to the tropical luxuriance of the landscape. White men apparently had failed in gaining here even the little which they required to live. "Yet the soil is black with richness," said Captain E——, "and the mountains are full of marble and iron and copper, and, they do say, gold. But they are too lazy to even lay a log toward the mending of this road. They'd rather run the risk of rolling down into the river, wagon, steers and all, as some of them do every winter." Interest in the journey was kept at fever-heat by the momentary expectation that our own cart would follow the usual course over some of the dizzy heights where the road had frequently been washed away, until, as one wheel grated against the cliff, the edge of the other hung over a sheer precipice of hundreds of feet.

The day was gray, with a strong chilly wind blowing, sudden gusts of rain blotting out the mountains as the clouds were driven against the higher peaks. When the rain-veil lifted, the unbroken forests were left no less sombre in tone and meaning. The sides of this range were clothed in hemlocks and oaks, with a thick undergrowth of laurel and rowan; the scarlet rhododendron flamed in every dark recess; rank vines crept over the ground and matted the trees into impenetrable walls of green, and enormous bare gray trunks were writhed and twisted like Doré's trees overlooking hell, so that one could not put away the idea of a dumb agony of pain. The upper peaks were clothed with the balsam, whose black trunk and sombre foliage

made them appear through the mist as though wrapped in funereal mantles. This loneliest of trees will live only in the solitude of heights which rise over four thousand feet. Owing to the cold, no ordinary singing-birds, nor the moccasin and rattlesnakes which infest the villages, are ever found where it grows. The bleak winds of winter are sometimes more than even the tree itself can bear, and great masses of dead trunks crowd the summits, tossing their bare branches against the sky like a procession of ghosts going down into Hades.

In fact, the melancholy sky, the magnitude and utter solitude of the mountains, were so oppressive on the day of our entrance into Qualla that it seemed as though we too might be going down into a place of departed spirits. We were speedily disabused of any such fantastic impression by the gentleman who had taken charge of the party. Qualla, according to his brisk little anecdotes, was an El Dorado, a Happy Valley, created and generously given over by a single white man to the Cherokees, where the red men under his guidance had reached the highest point in civilization ever attained by any of their color. Nothing could be more cheery or kindlier than the talk of this merry little Irishman, who "had lived with the nation since his childhood as a brother." They called him *Tallalla* ("red woodpecker"), he told us, "from the color of his hair. He had been a deputy ruler over them under Colonel Thomas, and had carried out the plans of that great and good man for their benefit faithfully." He then proceeded to give us a sketch of the singular career of this unknown reformer, rejoiced, as he said, that there was now a chance that it should be made known to the Northern people. His statement in brief was this:

By the treaties of 1817, 1819 and 1836 the United States acquired from the Cherokees a large territory lying west of the Pigeon River in North Carolina, and east of the Holston and French Broad in Tennessee, also certain lands, known as the "New Purchase," of Georgia and Alabama, giving them lands west of the

Mississippi in lieu, and requiring them to remove thereto. But the North Carolina Indians, under their chief Yonaguska, claimed that they were not represented in the treaties, and were permitted to remain. There were about one thousand of these people in the mountain-region called Qualla. Yonaguska had adopted a white lad, who when grown to manhood became the medium of communication between the Indians and the world without. He carried on all trade for them, and assisted the chief in administering the government of the tribe. When Yonaguska came to die, our enthusiastic chronicler proceeded to state, he formally constituted this adopted son (Colonel Thomas) chief of the tribe, which received him with joy, and from that day to the present had trusted him as a wise father. The new chief was born a hero and reformer in the grain. He carried the tribe in his heart, as though they were indeed his children: his one aim and thought in life was to civilize and Christianize them. His power over them was absolute: he punished, rewarded, married; controlled the economy of each family according to his own individual will. The good accomplished was almost incredible, continued Tallalla. "The Qualla Indians were Christians, and industrious farmers: every member of the tribe was compelled by Colonel Thomas to sign a temperance pledge and to adhere to it strictly. For thirty years this philanthropist had fed and clothed the whole tribe at his own expense—carried the burden of their souls and bodies, in fact, until his mind gave way under the weight, and he was now hopelessly insane."

This narration touched every hearer but one, who inquired, "How did Colonel Thomas meet the expenses? I thought you stated he was a penniless boy."

"Speculation—speculation in land," said Tallalla airily. "He not only opened a store, out of which he supplied all their needs gratuitously, but purchased for them the region of Qualla, some hundred thousand acres on the Oconalufita and Tuckaseege rivers, and on Soco Creek."

"The support of a thousand people for thirty years is a load for one of the old genii," suggested the doubting Thomas in the back of the cart. "This is a story for Scheherazade."

"And when he was no longer able to take charge of them, I tried to carry out his plans," continued the historian. "And even now, in his wildest ravings, it is not wife and children that rest upon his mind, but the Indians. 'What is to become of my people?—my people?' he cries incessantly."

At this moment we drove down a defile and stopped at the house of the only white farmer in Qualla, of which we made a sort of head-quarters during our stay. House and family were fairly typical of Western North Carolina. Colonel P— (there were apparently no privates in the Confederate army) is a leading man in these counties—a wealthy man as wealth is counted down there. In the North his wife would not have lost her bloom at forty, and would set the fashion in her county in the make of her gros d'Afrique and point collar; his sons would "finish" in Heidelberg. Colonel P—'s mansion is a huddle of log-built rooms, chunked with mud, squatted in the middle of cornfields which his wife has helped to plough. She weaves on a heavy home-made loom the clothes of the household, waits on her husband and sons at table, and eats herself with the servants, white and black. She is a shrewd, clean-minded, just woman, bony and gray-haired, dressed, like her cook, in brown linsey, with a yellow handkerchief knotted about her neck. Her comfortless house was as clean as a Shaker's, and her table bountifully spread. Her welcome of Tallalla was not cordial, we observed, and she listened eagerly to his account of the Arcadia of the red-skins which we were to explore to-morrow. It was not the custom here for wives to join in the conversation of their husbands and other men. But presently two or three half-naked Indians came down the mountain with coarse baskets to trade for a bit of pork. Mrs. P— gave them the bacon. "They are almost starving," she said to me quietly, "and so is the whole nation."

Qualla was paid for with their own money, and they do not own an acre of it. I have seen over ninety thousand dollars in gold paid into their hands in this very kitchen, and before they left the house there were not thirty dollars to divide among them."

"Who had taken it?"

She shut her thin lips: "It is not my business to make charges. As for their civilization, they lived in open polygamy before the war. That did not aggrieve Colonel Thomas's conscience. When the law passed enforcing marriage among the slaves, the Indians were brought in by scores to be legally married. But it is all the same: when a young fellow tires now of his wife, he puts her out of his hut and takes another, and nobody thinks any the worse of either of them."

About a hundred rods from the house there was a small wooden building, the porch of which was piled with empty boxes and the windows hung with cheap calicoes, beads, tin dippers and hoop-skirts. It was proudly pointed out by Tallalla—who, it now appeared, had been a boy employed in the shop—as the scene of Colonel Thomas's business transactions.

"Do you mean to say," queried the skeptic of the travelers, "that the keeper of that country store ruled over a thousand people from behind his counter?"

"Absolutely," replied Tallalla; and the farmer confirmed him in the assertion.

"And that from the profits of that miserable little shop he clothed and fed them for thirty years, and bought the land of three counties?"

"The profits were larger than in ordinary trade," stammered Tallalla. "We always expected to make one hundred or a hundred and fifty per cent. on every sale."

"Who were your customers?"

"The Indians, necessarily."

"Oh!"

The water was growing too muddy for further fording.

But I may as well state here the results of our inquiries made into this matter on our return to Asheville. It was true that the tribe (estimated at from

thirteen hundred to fourteen hundred in 1870) had for a whole generation fallen under the absolute control of this store-keeper, Thomas. Dr. Francia exercised no more unlicensed dictatorship over the half-breeds of Paraguay than did this man over the credulous, trusting savages. They were, and are, as a rule, unable to speak any tongue but their own; they are barred by the mountains into their wilderness; the surrounding white population is one which scarcely knows that they exist—a population which meets known facts with exceptional apathy, as we have seen. Until within the last two years Western North Carolina, with its white and red inhabitants, was an almost unknown region to the rest of the country. Indians in the West are subjected to the friction and the observation of the encroaching, pushing, trading white race: this fragment of a tribe was left in their untraveled hills to the sole manipulation of one man. He had apparently kindly instincts, and certain very moderate ideas of morality, and brought his subjects very fairly up to the standard which these gave him. They were urged to cultivate their land, to deal justly with each other: liquor was forbidden. He was their judge, business-agent, pastor and master: he furnished them with clothes, etc., through the store, charged them his own price, received in payment the appropriations made to them by Congress before the war, and purchased Qualla with them, besides isolated farms for which individual Indians paid him their own earnings. The titles to all these purchases were made out in his own name; and a few months before our arrival every foot of the Qualla lands, the ground on which this tribe had lived during the memory of men, and for which their money had been paid, was sold under the hammer to satisfy his creditors. The Indians had brought suit for its recovery, and our enthusiastic guide, who "had been loved as a brother by them," was one of the parties against whom they brought it.

Now, this story, of which we will not hint the miserable details, may seem incompatible with the "kindly instincts

and morality" for which we gave their dictator credit. But the burglar may be a most affectionate son and brother; the Greek brigands patter their paternosters at night devoutly before they put a bullet through the heads of their captives who do not pay their ransom; and the men who have made the name of Indian agents and commissioners synonymous with "thief" among us have been, no doubt, often church members and agreeable, genial fellows in their way. Tallalla perhaps furnished the key to the riddle to such conduct when he declared that "the negro was a domestic animal, and the Indian a savage animal, and that the man who dealt with them as human beings was a fool, and would reap his folly for his pains." The creed is an accepted one in this country.

We penetrated Qualla on mules. It was a succession of ravines—well watered, the soil rich and black with vegetable mould—and of high wooded hills. Ten thousand acres, we were told, were under actual cultivation by the Indians, but I suspect the amount to be largely overstated. The old savage instinct prompted them to conceal their huts back in the densest thickets, avoiding sunny wholesome exposures: even the little cornfields were hidden in the heart of the forest. Without a guide we might have ridden for days through Qualla and fancied we were the first to penetrate an unbroken wilderness.

We found the men always at work, busily hoeing their corn, although they knew that the chances were that in a few weeks they would be driven from the land, left beggared in a world of which they knew nothing. The first hut we entered was a fair type of the majority of them. There was but the one little room, without any window: the grass actually grew in the heaps of dirt on the floor. A stool, a bedstead with some straw on it, and an iron pot were the only plenishing. The man of the house, a young fellow of twenty, lay on the floor wrapped in a blanket, sick with some lingering fever: his wife sat on the stool staring drowsily into the fireplace, where a log smouldered on the hearth,

while two or three dirty, naked children scrambled about her. Her hands and feet were finely shaped, as are those of most Indians: her coarse, glossy black hair hung straight down her back. She turned shy gentle eyes toward us, followed by a frightened glance at the forest, as though she would have hid herself there if she could. It was not the terror of a savage animal, as Tallalla and his like rank her: she was a clean-minded, womanly woman—without ideas, probably, but whose fault was that? There was in her face, and in the face of every Indian but one whom we saw in Qualla, that heavy, hopeless sadness which belongs to races to whom God has given a brain for which the world has as yet found no use; the appeal of which is no less forcible because it intends no appeal. In the corner stood a blow-gun, the only weapon belonging to Oo-tlan-o'-teh, the sick man. It was a long hollow pipe, out of which an arrow feathered with closely-wrapped thistle-down was blown with skill and force enough to bring down squirrels and birds from the highest trees. In the ashes was the woman's (Llan-zi's) sole household property, the pot in which she had mixed the corn and beans early in the morning, leaving them to simmer: when they were cooked the whole family would squat about the pot, eating with wooden ladles. As we turned to go Llan-zi conquered her terror enough to thrust forward her baby for admiration, with a shy proud smile.

The majority of the huts which we discovered were as miserable as this, and their owners as poor and ignorant as Llan-zi and her husband: but the faces of these people, I am bound to confess, were of a far higher type than those of the same class of whites, American, English or Irish, would have been in a like condition. They were neither vicious nor vulgar in a single instance. On the contrary, they were grave, thoughtful, self-possessed: the vacancy in the face arose from lack of subjects for thought, not of the ability to think. We visited, however, several huts belonging to Indians who could read and write in Cher-

okee, and even that small degree of education told in clean floors and neat flannel dresses; the iron pot and wooden spoons were still the table furniture, but a little shelf on the wall with half a dozen cups and saucers of white stoneware, kept for show in beautiful glistening condition, hinted at a latent æsthetic taste, just as plainly as would Indian cabinets laden with priceless bric-à-brac elsewhere. Packed away in these huts were always dress-suits of cloth and bright woolen stuffs for state occasions, including always a high hat for the men and hoop-skirts for the women.

We found Sownosgeh, head-chief of the Cherokee nation, as he signed himself, neither drunk nor meditating on the past glories of his race, according to our usual notions of a chief, but barefooted and clad in patched trousers, hard at work digging, as were his two sons. He was a short, powerfully-built old man, with a keen shrewd eye, which instantly measured his guests and held them at proper distance from himself. The hut was very squalid, although Sownosgeh had, we were told, laid by a comfortable sum in gold, having no trust in greenbacks. His wife was the daughter of the great Yonaguska, the last of a long line of chiefs. She was nearly eighty, and very dirty, but her features were fine: her long white hair hung over her shoulders, and she carried herself about her work in the field with a majestic air of command which any sovereign in courts might envy. The consciousness of high birth tells, even in a mud hut. She brought seats, first for her husband and then for his guests, but none for me, I being only a woman, like herself. Commeneh, the chief's son, had been an officer in a company of Indians which was raised by a Captain Terrel and taken into the Confederate service. The old chief drilled the young men in the wardance and the old savage religious rites before they left. They "fought with great bravery," Captain Terrel informed us; "but, although they were all nominally Christians, and although one hundred years certainly had passed since any of the tribe had engaged in warfare,

they could not be restrained from scalping the men they killed."

The whole of the Qualla Indians are, in fact, nominally Christians. There are two little churches on their land built long ago by themselves. The preacher, Enola, or Black Fox, is, or was in former years, a member of the Baptist Association. But the same lethargy has crept over their religion as over the whole life of this forgotten people. The lichen-covered little church is open sometimes, and Enola talks to a few drowsy old men and women. But when they want divine interference in their family affairs, or would ensure rain or sunshine for their corn, they go not to God, but to the conjurer Oosoweh. We tried in vain to find this highest power in the land. His hut was empty, and certain Indians who were busily at work hoeing his corn told us that he had gone to the mountains to bring a rain. He usually finds such a journey necessary at the busy seasons, and leaves his disciples to hoe or plough while he lies on his face on some mountain-height, with all the countries on earth marked out on the ground by pegs. As he pulls these pegs in and out the winds blow and the clouds move. The preacher Enola, an intelligent old man of sixty, lives in a cabin which had a look of comfort and home unknown to any other. There were a carpet, beds and crockery-ware, and a bookcase full of books in English and Cherokee: outside, a snug surrounding of beehives, piggery, ducks, etc. The old man, sharpening his saw at a grindstone by the brook, put the whole story of Qualla in a few sharp words. "My people," he said, "are like grown-up children. They have the bodies of men, but they know nothing: they have lived in Qualla since before the white men came to the country, and they have not made one quarrel. Because they are peaceable they are forgotten. All that they want of the white men is schools."

Twice an attempt has been made by the State government to establish a school for them; and in both instances the Indians welcomed the teacher "as a hungry man would bread," crossing the moun-

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tains from the most distant settlements in the two counties to bring their children and go to the school themselves. But the loneliness for the white man was more than any ordinary teacher could endure, and the schools were given up after a few months. The hint that there was a chance that teachers would be sent to them roused even the dulllest of them to breathless eagerness. They crowded about my mule, asking a hundred questions, and explaining how little money it would take, and how hard they would study to "please the North." One old woman, over ninety years old, pushed the others aside, and holding her grandchild before her by the shoulders spoke with such energy that the interpreter could hardly follow her: "Tell her it is too late for me. But these children, are they to grow up like dogs? But I don't want any lies. There were schools before, and I carried my children seven miles many times in winter, and found the door locked, and the teacher gone to Webster for weeks. He went away just when we were beginning to learn, and never came back. I don't want the North to tell us any lies like that."

The interpreter, Wilowisteh, a bright-faced lad of nineteen, the only man in Qualla who met us with a laugh, heard this talk of a teacher as though it were a matter of life and death to him. He is probably the most intelligent man in the nation — speaks English with tolerable fluency, and serves as a medium of communication between his people and the whites in all business of the tribe, trading, taking out licenses to marry, etc. "Do you think we must always live *here*," glancing about him at the wall of mountains, "and as we are?" When he received no answer he suggested presently that a white teacher would not stay in Qualla, but that if one or two Indians could be taken North and trained as teachers, they could bring their people up "to be like the whites."

"And you would be one of the two, Wilowisteh?" one of the party said, laughingly.

But the man did not laugh; only look-

ed from one to the other with an eagerness which, when one thinks of it, was a tragic thing enough. He ran alongside of the mules for miles, listening as we discussed the question, his face clouding over when he could not follow our meaning.

We dismissed him on the Soco River. He drew a canoe out from its hiding-place and stood in it, guiding it with a pole as it floated down the narrow stream between the high hills.

"It is a pity the lad could not be taught and made a Christian," said Captain E—. "Some rascally white man has brought whisky up to Qualla this summer, and Wilowisteh has begun to drink, for the lack of something else to do."

We saw Llan-zi again as we passed her hut. She had set out the pot of corn and beans, and these had been eaten. Now she had put the pot in the corner, and seated herself again to stare drowsily at the log in the smouldering ashes. What else had she to do? To-day, to-morrow, through all the years to come? She is a woman, with probably as strong a brain as any other, modest, with tender feeling and womanly religious impulses; yet she is shut out from the world of knowledge and action—left to live like an animal. Her people are placable, industrious, eager for knowledge—not savages, but men living perforce like brutes.

I honestly acknowledge that my motive in writing this paper has been to ask the question, What can be done in the North for Llan-zi and her people? I have tried to describe Qualla and the neighboring white population precisely as I saw them last summer, with the hope that I could make clear the difficulties that hedge these poor Indians, and convey to others the pathetic appeal which they made to me. Since I began to write these pages (May, 1875) I have received news that the suit which was conducted in their behalf against Colonel Thomas and others by Major Marcus Erwin, an eminent lawyer of North Carolina and an earnest friend to the Indians, has been successful. Their undoubted title to the whole Qualla country has been established: fifteen thousand dollars have been appropriated to the sur-

vey of these lands by Congress, and the tribe has been taken under the direction of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Major Erwin writes hopefully that it is reported schools will be established for them by the Commissioner, and probably a model farm.

We, who are more conversant with the management of Western Indians by government agents, shall not probably be so sanguine as to these speedy beneficial results as is the generous Carolinian. Government surveys of Indian lands are usually followed by white squatters and whisky much more promptly than by schools or model farms.

Llan-zi in her hut and eager, shrewd Wilowisteh are ready for either.

What can be done for them?

Every religious body in the country has sent teachers to the Western tribes, to the farthest Pacific coast, while this remnant of Cherokees has all the while been locked up in the hills of one of the oldest States, perishing in our very midst for lack of knowledge. When I remember the outlay of millions by these churches for the spread of the gospel in foreign countries, I am sure that the cry of these few women next door to us will be heard, and that their children will not be left "to die like dogs."

I am quite aware that money for the

establishment of schools in Qualla could easily be raised: the difficulty lies in finding teachers with the proper qualifications. No mere hireling worker would answer: there is needed zeal, the real missionary spirit, as well as knowledge. I hear every week of unmarried or childless women, with both culture and money, whose sole complaint is that there is no standing-place in the world in which they can use their talents. Let me offer them, in all sincerity, the hut of Llan-zi, where she sits with her dirty children waiting beside the smouldering fire. The self-immolation of such work would be as complete, and the isolation greater than if they sacrificed their lives to the far-off pagans of Japan or India. No church, probably, would send them off with plaudits to their martyrdom, nor would they find any romance of ancient creeds or ancient story to gild the mud huts and clay paths by the narrow Soco Creek. But Americans (outside of Indian rings and government agents) are a very sincere and humane people, and I have great faith that some strong and kindly men and women, reading these pages, may suddenly perceive that these are their own kinsfolk needing their help, who have so long lived forgotten among the mountains of Qualla.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CAMP-FIRE LYRICS.

VII.—SOLITUDE.

ALONE, alone! no tread of man
Has passed where now my footstep falls:
The caribou and bear alone
Pace undisturbed these forest halls.

Away from man, remote from trade,
And all vile ways that win the dollar,
How sweet is Nature's lonely mood!
Ah, what is this?—a paper collar!

EDWARD KEARSLEY.

THE MAGIC HANDKERCHIEF.

The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk.

THE Signora Cetti's apartment was in a Roman palace, but not on the grand stairway nor in the *piano nobile*. You reached it by one of those charming labyrinths constantly found in such great houses. Entering by one of three *portoni*, you presently find yourself in a little paved court which suggests a confusion of images. On one side is a coach-house where you would have expected to see a drawing-room: at the opposite a fountain tosses its limpid little jet against a background of carven and mossy stone, and fragments of sculpture and inscriptions are let into the wall that here separates the court from a garden beyond. If you are staying in Rome a month, and are going to write the inevitable book telling all about it, you will pause to make a note: "One of the great differences between the European continental *ménage* and the American is, that in America we have a place for everything and everything in its place—in continental Europe, not."

You will, however, have made a mistake: here also they have a place for everything and everything in its place; but it is the same place for everything, which is more simple, if less orderly.

After various mystifications as to the way, you arrive presently at the foot of a steep, winding stair which starts with an air of solid determination rather discouraging to a new-comer. Plainly it does not mean to stop very soon. Neither is it like those delightful stairs which dawdle up a few steps, then pause at a wide landing, then saunter a few steps farther to pause again, and so bring you up to airy heights without fatigue and almost unconscious of climbing. Blank walls wind about with you in this close spiral: not an inch of rail offers its support, and scarcely a ray of light shows the way.

Out of breath at length, you welcome a barred window. The stairs go on, but you stop. You are now halfway up. An-

other climb brings you to a door and a second window. Here a rude temporary wall shuts off further ascent for human beings, but the stairs crawl under and go winding up where only your imagination can follow.

The door opens, you pass a dim ante-chamber, and instantly the scene changes. Bright chambers full of sunshine give you a view, over the rooftops, of trees and gardens, and the distant blue line of the sea curving about the horizon, and, standing boldly out against all these, the towers and cupolas of the old city—*città vecchia*, as they like to call it.

But one might visit this house for months without ever thinking to look from the windows, there were so many beautiful objects within; and the most charming object in the house was the mistress of it, a bright little lady, who, after having been a wife for one year, had remained a widow more years than you could well believe, looking at her face. So small, so dainty, so fresh was she, you half wanted to set her in a vase and call her a rosebud.

That, indeed, was the name by which Miss Fanshaw often called her, and which she has whispered in her ear at the moment we enter the room.

"Stay and take tea with me after the others are gone, my darling," whispered the signora.

"Yes, Rosebud. But I must send the carriage home."

"Leave that to me," says the signora, pressing her young friend back on to the sofa, where she sat a little apart from the company. "If you stir you will spoil this corner of the room for those who come in. You are as good for me as a statue here, and I know you don't wish to talk to any one. See! I will hedge you in with a stand of photographs. Now sit and look just as bored as you please: it becomes you."

"I am glad I look bored," Miss Fanshaw thought, turning over the pictures. "I was afraid she might think me sad. Besides, come to think of it, I *am* bored. Why will people make such long calls and talk so stupidly?"

In fact, the calls were not long nor the talk stupid. The company was constantly changing, and rather exceptionally clever. It was one of the signora's weekly receptions, and the hostess fluttered about from one to another like a butterfly over a *parterre*, her clear voice distinguishable in the soft confusion of mingled tongues, English, French and Italian, as she welcomed the coming, sped the parting guest, dropped a word on art, politics or gossip, or displayed her latest acquisition, a box from Egypt containing old coins and idols, silver ornaments and a magic handkerchief.

This last treasure, a wide-fringed scarf of bright-striped silk twinkling all through with gold threads, she had wrapped about the shoulders of a marble bust of Augustus.

"I am already superstitious about it," she said. "It certainly is a sort of Aladdin's lamp, and brings good luck to the possessor. In the few days since it came I have become reconciled to a friend whom I believed to be entirely estranged, have succeeded in a doubtful undertaking and have received a dozen presents. Look at this lovely intaglio; and this piece of old lace with cupids and crowns on it; and this malachite paper-weight with its gilt ice-cart holding a cut crystal; and these beautiful photographs,—all the gifts of the handkerchief. If any one here should have a special good to wish for or a special ill to get rid of, let him come some day and hold this talisman a little while. It was blessed by a Mohammedan priest, brought from Mecca by a hadji, and sent me by a pasha."

Miss Fanshaw turned her head to look at this treasure—half rose as if to examine it more nearly, but sank into her seat again.

As the western sky grew saffron with sunset the company dropped away one by one; and at Ave Maria the Signora Cetti came back from her last leavetak-

ing and found Miss Fanshaw holding the magic handkerchief so closely to her face that she seemed to be either kissing or whispering to it. She dropped it with a careless "It is very pretty" when her friend entered.

"I hope no one else will come to-night, for I want to talk with you, dear," the signora said. "We have two good hours before us. I sent word to the coachman not to come back till ten o'clock, and by that time I shall have you as bright as a bird. I made you stay, for I knew that you were out of spirits, and that no one can cheer you like me, *n'est-ce pas?* Take off your bonnet now, and we will have a cozy chat. Here is the tea-tray, and you shall have this little table the princess gave me to set your cup on: I don't allow every one to use it."

It was evident to the signora that something more was the matter with her friend than the listlessness of a belle weary of society and flattery. Miss Fanshaw often grew tired of fashionable life, and came to her for sympathy, but she had always a ready word and smile. Now she leaned on the table before her pale and smileless, trifled with the spoon and sent away her tea untasted, seeming unconscious even that she had dispensed with those small courtesies which her more experienced companion would not have forgotten had she been gnawed by the historical vulture.

The elder lady knew what youth is, and was not displeased by these omissions, but went cheerfully about preparing the way for an explanation. She put out all the candles but two—"One can never talk confidentially in a full light," she thought—thrust a bit of lighted paper under the wood in the fireplace, for a *tramontana* was making the May evening chilly, dropped herself into a low arm-chair, swung the yellow satin screens between her and the blaze, and, putting out the tip of a lilliputian slipper, drew a stool under her feet.

Having settled herself comfortably among the cushions, "Speak now," she said, "or for ever after hold your peace.—Don't think me unfeeling," she added quickly. "There is no pain of yours

that would not grieve me. But I am so sure that you are made for happiness, and that all your troubles are temporary, I cannot be very much alarmed about them."

"Oh, it's the same stupid old complaint," Miss Fanshaw said slightly. "I sometimes wish that I had been born poor, though perhaps it is very ungrateful of me to have such a thought. The poor have a sort of liberty: they can be alone sometimes; they are not obliged to smile every day from breakfast to luncheon, and from dinner to midnight, perhaps all night; and if they are sought it is for themselves."

"My dear," the signora replied with decision, "the liberty of the poor is all moonshine. It is a mistake that they can be alone when they will, for they live in herds and cannot afford to have privacy. It is certainly a great luxury to have a bit of solitude when one wishes. Sometimes, when I have sent Maria away and lain down for my noon rest, I thank God for a place and time where I can hold my tongue. Then, a rich lady can always have a good long headache, and shut herself up without any damage to her finances: the poor have to go about and work when they have headaches that are not sent for. You do well to say *if* they are sought, for they are very seldom sought: they merely happen to come together. But even their seeking, my innocent, is not any more disinterested than ours. Giacomo marries Felice for her *roba* of a locket, two plates and a knife, just as my lord marries my lady for her palace and villa. As to the smiling, it is nothing when you are accustomed to it. I often smile involuntarily when anything very displeasing to me occurs, just from a habit of self-control. You are very young yet, my dear, but after a few years, when you shall have got well fitted into the social armor, you will listen to the jingling of its little chains and buckles as to the rattling of pearls in your necklace or of those lovely coins about your arm. *Cinque-cento*, aren't they? and more precious than gold. But this exquisite old armor of society is of still higher antiquity, and, what cannot be said even

of your coins, it has never passed through vulgar hands. I maintain that a perfect self-control and high breeding are impossible to common persons, no matter what their advantages or their efforts to acquire them. Then, my court-lady, with your toilettes the admiration of everybody, and your daintiness a proverb, fancy yourself in a dingy gown and shabby shoes!"

At this awful climax the signora sat upright, and regarded her friend with the triumphant expectation of instant surrender.

Miss Fanshaw did not shudder. "It wouldn't be pleasant, I suppose," she admitted tranquilly. The shadow of her friend's suggestion was too faint to show on the deeper shadow of her mood.

The signora rose with the air of one who abandons trivial means for serious, crossed the room, and removed from the shoulders of Augustus his Oriental drape.

"Partly to beguile the dark spirit out of you, and partly to see how pretty you will look," she said, "I'm going to arrange my magic handkerchief on your head as an Egyptian *coiffure*. The moment it touches your hair you will see a peep of light, and before you take it off there will be a rainbow over your sky. Come here, dear, and be exorcised."

Smiling faintly, Miss Fanshaw pushed forward a cushion and seated herself at her friend's knees. The signora commenced the ceremony by giving her a kiss on each cheek, then bound the glistening fabric around her forehead, stiffened it into a crown at the top, and arranged the long fold that dropped over each ear, leaning back to see the effect. It was magical.

Miss Fanshaw—with her brown hair all drawn back and looped in a single braid, and only a few waves and tiny ringlets about her forehead, with her robe of gray cashmere, so pale as to be almost white, arranged in long close folds about her, and no ornaments but a ruff of old lace and a few coins—was a fashionable lady whose uncommon beauty allowed her to adopt now and then with impunity a severe style of costume; but

with that scintillating drapery surrounding the pallor of her face and shadowing her solemn eyes she was a sibyl. Her friend had seen her in all the splendor of court and fancy dress, but had never thought her so beautiful as now.

"If there were a fairy prince here, he would instantly propose to you," she said.

"Don't speak of proposals!" the sibyl exclaimed, almost impatiently. "The whole subject is unpleasant to me. People will persist in marrying me to somebody, and persecuting me about him, so that I never seem to belong to myself. Do you know, now it is Baron Otto. He is a favorite with mamma, and comes to the house just as others do. I like him well enough, but I don't like that others whose conversation I should listen to with pleasure now and then should persist in leaving me alone with him. Even Mr. Conrad does that: I thought he had more sense."

"So did I," responded the signora hastily: "I must teach him better."

"What a beautiful ruby!" Miss Fanshaw said, and turned the gem on the small hand she was playing with till it caught the light in a spot of blood-red flame. "I am getting to prefer rubies. They are not so common as diamonds. Castellani must look up some for me. As for pearls, I will never put them on again: Rey's imitations spoil the real ones. But, speaking of Conrad, I don't believe you will see him. He sets out for Florence to-morrow, and will go North—to the Tyrol, St. Petersburg, perhaps to the North Pole. It's a terribly frigid programme. I shivered to-day when they told me. He called to say good-bye, but wouldn't allow me to be called. I had gone out into the garden a minute to show the baron our violets. (I must send you some, by the way. Why didn't I bring them to-day?) I am sorry Conrad should avoid me when the baron is present, for he is a superior man, and seldom condescends to visit us poor trivial fashionable folks. I esteem Mr. Conrad highly."

Uttering this last sentence, Miss Fanshaw raised herself from her friend's lap

with a haughty air, as if replying to an accusation.

The tale beneath the words that another's voice would have told by faltering, another's cheeks by blushing, this lady told by her pride.

It was a sweet but sad little story, without a plot, but full of infinitely delicate complications. These two had been drawing nearer each other for months, the affection that each would have had for the other exalted in the man by the thought, "She is unspoiled by flattery and untampered by rank," and in the woman by a perception of this thought of his. Their state of unexpressed content and unquestioning confidence was like that early morning hour in summer when the sun is not yet risen, but the sky is full of its golden glory, and no human being has yet marred with speech the sweet silence. Such a state is perhaps more delightful than anything that can follow it, but it is also more perilous, for if a misunderstanding occur explanations are almost impossible. A misunderstanding might easily occur in a case like this, where the man lived a life of dignified quiet, occupying his thoughts with art, literature and travel, and the woman was the centre of a gay and fashionable society, and the mark for a score of titled fortune-hunters.

The signora thought a moment. "Do you know by what train he starts?" she asked. "I should so like to send a letter by him to Anna Brennan. I could send word round to the Cortanzi to-night—this minute."

Miss Fanshaw bent over her friend's sparkling rings again. "It is too late now," she said. "He sets out at half-past six in the morning."

There was a moment's silence: then the girl looked up quickly and met the signora's eyes fixed on her in tender sympathy, and full of tears as bright as the diamonds that twinkled in her ears. A swift glance passed between them, an arrow of intelligence from one woman's heart to the other, and instantly the one dropped against the other's bosom, and the other held her close. Two or three little sobs, quickly checked, a few tears,

quickly wiped away, and Miss Fanshaw shut the door of her heart, almost burst open.

"How hysterical one gets after a winter of dissipation!" she said.

The signora did not dream of being displeased, or even surprised. Words were unnecessary, and a more expressed confidence would have been embarrassing to both. She merely held the girl tenderly, stroked her cheek now and then, and studied what might be possible for her to do. But before the plan had well begun to form itself in her mind, a ring of the door-bell startled the two out of their embrace.

Of course the reader knows who entered.

"Oh, Mr. Conrad," exclaimed the signora, "I am glad you haven't quite discarded all your friends. I hear you are going away, saying good-bye to no one. Lily says you wouldn't allow her the chance to say *Bon voyage*."

The two saluted each other with perfect politeness.

"I had but five minutes, and Miss Fanshaw was engaged with visitors," he said. "And lack of time must be my excuse for coming here so late."

The signora was at her wit's end. Here were two icebergs to thaw, and only five or ten minutes' time to do it in. If she could kindle a great conflagration, do something tragical, it would not have been so bad; but the whole thawing process must be accomplished by the softest little breaths. She called attention to her friend's head-dress and told the story of it, but the gentleman expressed no desire to try its magic properties. She begged him to take a letter to her friend in Florence, and prepared to go to the very farthest corner of the room to write it, yet the two showed not the slightest consciousness that they were to be left to talk to each other. She proposed on leaving them that the sibyl should tell Mr. Conrad's fortune, but Miss Fanshaw declared that the virtue of the handkerchief had not yet penetrated her brain sufficiently to impart the second-sight.

Sighing, but hoping, the signora retired to a distant writing-table to communicate

that very important business which must absolutely be known in Florence within twenty-four hours. And this is what she wrote:

"MY DEAR ANNA: I thought you might like to see Mr. Conrad, so made this letter an excuse. I don't see why he should leave Rome, and if you can contrive to send him back you will do well: I don't like nice people to go away. Not a bit of news. Lily Fanshaw bored to death, as usual, by suitors, and by people who will insist that she is to be married to this and that one. Now it is Baron Otto. Tell everybody you see that there isn't a word of truth in it.

"Yours affectionately,

"LUIGIA CETTI.

"P. S. Did it ever occur to you to think that lovers are the most stupid and obstinate of people—I don't know what put it into my mind just now—how they quarrel for nothing, and pretend to be indifferent, and sit and talk to each other with the most exasperating politeness, when all the time their hearts are breaking? If only they could have a little common sense! *Addio*! L. C.

P. S. 2. When a girl looks pale in saying good-bye to a man, he's a wretch if he doesn't seek an explanation. He has no right to expect her to give him any clearer sign. Good-bye! L. C.

"P. S. 3. I detest the man who brings this. His pride and wilfulness are abominable. I don't want him here any longer."

Will it be believed that the signora was a beautiful letter-writer? It must be borne in mind that she wrote this with all her mind and one of her eyes occupied with the two whom she could see over the pile of books before her sitting by the fire as unmelted as marble. They had not made an inch of progress.

Despairingly she came out of her retreat, gave her letter and saw the gentleman rise to take leave.

"Oh, I want to show you a photograph of one of Vertuni's pictures," she said. "It was brought me to-day. Come, Lily: I forgot to tell you to look at it. If you would kindly bring a candle, Mr. Conrad, we could see better." She led Miss

Fanshaw to the wall against which the picture had been pinned, and with a glance directed the gentleman where to stand, just behind them, holding the candle over their shoulders. "If once he can take a good look at her when no one observes him, it may melt him," thought this tender schemer, catching now at straws.

She expatiated as long as possible on the merits of the picture and the artist, but the hand holding the candle did not tremble, and Miss Fanshaw had actually turned her head the other way. Sighing and vexed, she dropped the girl's arm, and relinquished her hope for that night at least. It was of no use trying to help people who wouldn't be helped.

But oh most exquisite of accidents! As the hand holding the candle was withdrawing itself a delicate breath of air lifted a fold of the sibyl's veil and flung it over the wrist: the fringe caught a button, and with the tiniest possible shock the sibyl's averted face was brought round, revealing, not disdain nor indifference, but large eyes brimming with tears, and a sweet mouth compressed with the effort of self-control too long tested.

Snapped in the breath of the divine desire

All the vain swatches with which convention thralls,
Nature breaks forth, and at her breath of fire

Th' elaborate snow-pile's molten image falls,
And life's scared priestcrafts fly before the truth
Whose name is Passion, whose great altar, Youth.

Talk of the bashful loveliness of a consenting maiden! There is nothing so beautiful as the light that breaks into the face of a man when suddenly he sees love in the face of one beloved.

The signora caught the candle from her visitor, uttered a little scream in which a particle of fear was mingled with an infinity of triumph, and muttering something about hot wax on her hand, ran out of the room.

"I was going away because they told me you were to marry Baron Otto," said the gentleman promptly and honestly, like the manly man he was, telling his own story before demanding hers.

"And you should not have believed

such a story from any one but me. It is not true," the lady replied. She looked white and shining like a sun-touched fountain-top.

Several little incidents happened in the next two minutes. Mr. Conrad released his sleeve-button from the magical fringe that entangled it, at the same time whispering a few words that bound him far more closely than that frail link; Maria appeared at one door to announce the signorina's carriage, her mistress having vainly tried to call her back without being heard; and immediately after the signora entered by another.

"Who would have thought it was already ten o'clock?" said Miss Fanshaw. "That comes of your having three clocks in the room, Luigia. How did you put on this head-dress? Oh, I have found out. Let me take it off, please, myself."

As it slipped down over her shoulders she dropped her face aside, and kissed furtively the shining folds. Catching her glance as she looked up, Mr. Conrad saw for the first time her fair, cool face bloom with a rose-red blush.

The good-nights were said decently and in order, but no one appeared to recollect that this had been a farewell call for one of them. The gentleman attended Miss Fanshaw down to her carriage, Maria lighting the way to the court with one of those long-handled lamps it is a wonder they are not constantly setting themselves on fire with; while Love, holding his torch aloft, threw its beautiful radiance over a longer path than that of the Signora Cetti's stairway.

"You blessed handkerchief!" that lady was saying as she arranged the silken drapery again over the marble shoulders of Augustus: "you are good, superlatively good, for everything but to carry the post. Do you see that letter on the table?"

"Do you want me to post this letter?" Maria asked when she came in.

"Well, no," said the signora: "I'll post it myself—between the andirons."

SUMMER DAYS AT VICHY.

WHAT is this shining little city that rises before me? This is Vichy, the fairest of the French watering-places, where the air is as bright as the eye of a coquette and as soft as the answer that turns away wrath. A white bright road, which might be termed the spine of Vichy, unrolls itself between a line of unpretending gray hotels and a public park where bands are always playing. The park runs north and south. At its northern extremity stands the *Établissement des Bains*, where the sick world goes to bathe—at its southern, the Casino, where for six months in every year the same world disports day and night, Sundays included. The hotels already mentioned are on the western side of the park, and are all first class. On the eastern side extends a row of second-class hostelry interspersed with shops.

This ancient village is on the east bank of the river Allier, in the very heart of France, and is reached by railroad from Paris in ten hours. It is the Mecca of ruined livers, devastated digestions and cripples knobby with arthritic nodes. There wrecked physiques drift dejectedly ashore. There too you will find cheerful incurables, who no longer bathe or drink, but taste the quiet waters of resignation drawn from deep wells of suffering.

The normal population is five thousand, and twenty thousand visitors are said to go there annually. Scarcely a house appears that is not white or gray, and innumerable villas of stone and wood are embowered amid tradition-haunted and shadow-tangled grounds. Chief among these villas, and an exhaustless object of curiosity to visitors, is the one which was occupied by Napoleon III. during his visit to Vichy in 1861. Behind the line of principal hotels another park, called in distinction the New Park, is laid out. It commands the Allier, whence it is separated by a spacious road, and protected by an iron railing and stone embankment. Napoleon III.

ordered these improvements, but it is in the old park that the promenades are made, the bands play and Vichy society is seen in living panorama.

Twenty centuries of history rally to the support of this little watering-place. The stone bridge of to-day over the Allier is the successor of the wooden one which Julius Cæsar crossed. Relics have been so remorselessly exhumed that, unless a new Cesnola were to arise, one could scarcely expect any fresh excavation to reveal the cunningly chiseled statuettes and vases wherewith the tutelary nymphs were wont to be propitiated. Traditions are almost mute with respect to Vichy's fate from the time of her invasion by the barbarians of the North to the close of the fourteenth century. In 1410, however, Louis XI., duke of Bourbon, strongly fortified the little hamlet and founded the monastery of *Les Célestins*, the ruins of which are still visible. Two centuries later, Henri IV. instituted thermal inspections in order to remedy certain abuses connected with the sale of the Vichy waters. In 1614 a Capuchin convent was built near the present thermal establishment, and it is upon this site that the reservoirs as they stand to-day were constructed. The mineral springs which constitute the wealth of Vichy have not always been collected into a handsome establishment: for a long time they were left to take care of themselves. It was not until 1787 that a building was put up for their especial accommodation. At that time Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire of France went to Vichy for their health. A new building was then erected, and various other improvements were contemplated. But it is to the efforts of the Duchesse d'Angoulême in 1814 that the present thermal establishment is due, and the stimulus thus given to Vichy was subsequently increased by the patronage of the Third Napoleon.

Notwithstanding the evil condition in

which this watering-place so long remained, it enjoyed the presence of several distinguished visitors. The illustrious Fléchier sojourned here in his youth, and speaks of it with passionate admiration. Madame de Sévigné made two visits to it—one in 1676, and the other a year later—and was only prevented from paying a third, in 1687, through the persuasions of the Duchesse de Chaulnes, who preferred the baths of Bourbon. The brilliant marquise remained here some weeks in pleasant companionship with the Duchesse de Brissac, the Chanoinesse de Longueval and other friends, read Ariosto, amused herself with watching the peasants dance and wrote some of her most charming letters to Madame de Grignan, her daughter. The house she is said to have inhabited is still pointed out, but the tradition is obscure, and after the lapse of two hundred years it is difficult under such circumstances to feel certain that you are standing in the room magnetized by her genius and virtues.

At the present day life deposits itself here in indolent punctualities. Whatever diversity of taste there may be, you generally do the same thing at the same hour, allowing a small margin for picnics, excursions and other digressions. If your heart is as big as the Yosemite and your purse as long as the Union Pacific Railroad, the beggars who abound will keep you busy. But unless you consider almsgiving an obligation, your only duties are to bathe and drink, rising at least in time to take the waters as prescribed. This prescription is that you shall imbibe before breakfast two half tumblers of water at half an hour's interval. Very many of the Vichy visitors, however, are dilettante invalids, vexed with paltry ailments which they doctor themselves with all the enthusiasm of ignorance. Spurred onward by the blithe conviction that they cannot swallow too much, the less they have drunk of the Pierian spring the more they drink of these springs at Vichy. The average dose prescribed by a resident physician certainly does not exceed a pint per day. But at a popular spring named Les Célestins the genuine-

ly gouty and rheumatic swallow at their peril thirty or forty glasses per day, with an ecstasy which wisdom is incapable of inspiring. One poor lady there, cadaverous enough to have been made out of a rib taken from the side of Death, drank her fifty glasses daily, in meek unconsciousness that the circle of healthy jibbers standing around punctured her with satire.

There are two events at Vichy to which every one, no matter how eccentric or extravagant in other things, submits with a captivating docility. These are breakfast and dinner—the one taking place at ten and the other at half-past five. At these hours the walks are deserted, the park is abandoned, silence reigns in the Casino, the baths are tenantless. A bright hush, a sunny desolation, falls upon Vichy, for throughout its drives and walks, its nooks and byways, not a soul is to be seen. The village and outskirts are left to radiant loneliness, the brooding of sunshine, the dreamfulness of balmy air. Life is concentrated in the *salle-à-manger*, existence centres in the palate. What perfect attuning of tongue to knife and fork, of morals to *menu*! There may have been invalids too ill to eat, but if so no one ever brought them forth, and they lived and died in deserved obscurity. With few exceptions the average appetite fringed on the voracious. One of these exceptions was a sweet American lady with a voice like a sigh, a face like a magnolia, and a form as fragile as a skeletonized flower. Occasionally she swallowed a little soup or took a few spoonfuls of *crème glacée*, but it was evident that her nice digestion pined for something it could not get. Futile were the beguilements of the *maîtresse d'hôtel*. In vain that accomplished caterer (swarthy and gracious, and with a fine rudimentary moustache) tempted her with peculiar dishes and brought her mashed potatoes with her own brown hands. The beautiful dyspeptic confessed to me in an access of confidence that she was pining for the fruits and vegetables, so numerous, so delicious, of her native land—that she was wearied to death of the unending round of bathing and drinking, where

claret supplanted water, and the celery was stewed, and muskmelon succeeded the soup; where ice was a novelty, the demand for which was provocative of astonishment in the breast of the garçon, and where invention was exhausted in devising the unnatural.

Whatever may be the rule at other watering-places where a *service médicale* is found, certainly no restraint is laid at Vichy upon the appetites of invalids. No one was to be met who confessed to having received from his physician more than vague advice upon that subject. The sufferer from diabetes and the victim of dyspepsia went through all the courses with touching scrupulousness, and the organization which showed a vicious assimilation of sugar vied in voracity with the one prostrate beneath an affection of the spleen. Some few even intercalated a lunch at noon, and defiantly wound up the day with a nine-o'clock tea. At Carlsbad a different system prevails. There the physicians pay great attention to diet, and invalids who profess to follow the resident medical advice are compelled to adopt a strict regimen.

The *service médicale* consists of about twenty physicians, appointed by the French government. Most of them make their permanent residence at Paris, and stay at Vichy only during the summer months. If you are an invalid, of course the first thing you are expected to do is to seek a physician. In the selection you will be apt to be guided by chance unless previous reasons have already decided you. An hour's waiting is the usual penalty you pay for being enamored of a physician's reputation. The mode of initiation is as follows: You call on the doctor and state your case, giving with your name the address of your hotel. He makes voluminous notes, informs you that he will visit you at seven the next morning, and directs you to remain in bed until he comes. At the appointed hour he arrives, makes an examination of that portion of your frame which is affected, and prescribes the number and kind of baths and drinks. You hint meekly, perhaps blunderingly, something about compensation, and he

informs you that you are to call upon him at stated intervals—once or twice a week as the case may be—and that only when you pay your last visit will your reckoning-hour have arrived. After he has gone you rise, aglow with beautiful resolutions, like a convert to a new religion.

The Vichy guidebooks declare that baths of three classes are to be found there. I was able to discover but two—baths of the first class, three francs; baths of the second, a franc less. So far as essentials are concerned, these classes are the same, the chief difference being that in the first-class establishment each bath-tub has a linen lining, called *fond de bains*, and you are furnished with two *peignoirs* instead of one. Few Americans have sufficient moral courage to take a second-class bath. They cannot withstand the spell of superfluous *serviettes* and *peignoirs*, to say nothing of the subtle witchery of the *fond de bains*. People with frayed fortunes and not a sou to spare walk with kingly tread into the first-class establishment. For them Vichy contains no other, and they give the garçon a *pourboire* the princeliness of which is often in inverse proportion to their means.

The waters are used for three groups of diseases. The first group comprises gastralgia, chronic gastritis, acidity of the stomach, nausea, vomiting, enlargement of the liver, spleen and abdominal viscera, and tardy, painful and laborious digestion. The second group includes diabetes and kindred diseases. The third group is composed of rheumatic gout, gout proper and sciatica. All the springs have a common origin. Bicarbonate of soda is the principal ingredient. This exists in the presence of free carbonic acid, and is mixed with minute proportions of the bicarbonates of potassa, magnesia, strontia, lime, protoxide of iron, protoxide of manganese, sulphate of potassa, silica, chlorate of sodium, phosphate, arseniate and borate of soda, and traces of bituminous organic matter. In each spring these elements are united in different proportions, their relative proportions determining the physician in his

preference of certain springs for special cases.

The springs of Vichy are twenty in number. Eleven belong to the state and nine to private individuals. The former include the natural springs of La Grande Grille, Le Puits Chomel, Le Puits Carré, Lucas, L'Hôpital, Les Célestins (old and new), and the artesian wells Du Parc, De Vaisse, D'Hauterive and De Mesdames. The private springs are the two natural ones of St. Yorre and the wells of Lardy, Larbaud, Cusset, Elizabeth, Sainte Marie, the Abattoir and Tracy. The mineral fountains of this region divide themselves, therefore, into two great classes—natural springs and artesian wells. The first have issued from time immemorial from the solid rock: the last have been reached by drillings more or less deep.

The springs most convenient to the principal hotels are La Grande Grille, Le Puits Chomel, Lucas, L'Hôpital, De Mesdames and Du Parc, and the ones most universally used are L'Hôpital, La Grande Grille, De Mesdames and Les Célestins. The last mentioned has an immense reputation among the gouty and rheumatic. It is situated, however, at quite a distance from the hotels, and its celebrity among the arthritic clique is somewhat factitious. Around Les Célestins despairing cripples swarm, drinking more than they can possibly assimilate. In many cases these overdoses produce a giddiness that causes the drinker to reel like a drunken man, and sometimes this giddiness is accompanied by a curious and painful confusion of the intellect, resembling the first stages of insanity. It is a singular fact that the waters of Les Célestins, which should be used with most caution, are the very ones imbibed with the extreme of recklessness and fatuity. The new spring is located in a pretty little park picturesquely laid out with grottoes, arbors and groves. La Grande Grille, Chomel and Mesdames are in the corridors of the Établissement des Bains. La Source d'Hôpital is nooked in a sunny little street behind the Casino. With its perpetual crowd of drinkers, and its various accessories in the shape of booths and stalls, mendicants

and venders, it offers a most animated spectacle. The elbowing is eternal. Bargains are to be had on every hand. A blue-bloused cripple in a wheeled chair, and with fingers hooked with rheumatism, holds up matches piteously for sale, while his wife, in wooden shoes and a straw hat, stands by, at the door of the Chapelle de l'Hôpital, beseeching charity *pour l'amour de Dieu*. A circle of stone steps ascends to the spring, which wells up into a round basin protected by a polyhedral roof on slender pillars, like those of the park kiosks. Here two women and a young girl, called *donneuses d'eau* ("givers of water"), scoop the colorless elixir up from early in the morning until sunset, using tin cups attached to poles like broomsticks. The cups are whitely encrusted through the chemistry of the salts. The *donneuses* are dressed in the invariable blue-striped gown and white cap which seem the conventional toilette of the French peasantry. Most of them are in the prime of womanhood, their upper lips penciled with those shadowy moustaches which virilize the countenances of so many continental women of the lower class. None of these *donneuses* are old—several are young and pretty. The youngest water-giver at La Source d'Hôpital had a face unusually attractive—not so much for its delicacy and beauty, though it was not without both—as for sweetness, freshness and simplicity, the affectionateness of the soft brown eyes, the apparent unconsciousness of admiration with which she performed her task. She could not have been more than sixteen, and her slender figure, serene and sunny, the fine pure curves of her small red mouth, the flawless complexion, which the forbearing sun had shyly bronzed, and that simplicity of manner which culture inculcates, but cannot always produce, made her a most graceful contrast to her swarthy, semi-masculine sisters. Like a new angel of Bethesda, she troubled, not the pool, but the hearts of some who went there.

To return to the baths for a moment. Those of the first class are one hundred in number, without counting cabinets for douches of all kinds. At one extremity

of the grand gallery are windows for the sale of tickets, and at the other rooms for the inhalation of oxygen and baths of carbonic acid gas. The main difference between baths of the first and second grades has been already intimated. The presiding genius of the first-class establishment was a nervous and wiry old gentleman with a nose glowing with recollections of *vin rouge* and dreams of erysipelas. His manner was as sleek as an Italian greyhound, and he glittered with decorations like a dollar store. His toothlessness was no bar to his loquacity. On the contrary, his dental loss appeared to be his lingual gain, for his tongue was as exhaustless as the Vichy basin itself. He was shrewdly suspected of being alive to the logic of a five-franc piece; and, judging from the enthusiasm with which certain bathers were accommodated, and the humiliating neglect visited upon others, perhaps this painful suspicion was not altogether baseless. His bosom friend was the corn-doctor, a magnificent gentleman who called himself count, wore a star on his breast and was a cynosure at the theatre every evening. His manner was marked by a sort of bland ferocity, amiable, but eruptive, and he exploded harmlessly among us like a volcano in evening dress. He knew that he had rendered our feet too comfortable for us to tread upon him.

While taking your bath the mineral composition of the water produces a singular illusion, causing the submerged limbs to be of preternatural size excepting toward the extremity of the fingers and toes, which apparently become truncated, and retire into themselves in a mysterious and perplexing manner. A half hour elapsing, you ring a bell just within reach, and the attendant brings you warm towels, and two warm peignoirs, into which you slip successively. Then, after dressing, comes a flirtation at croquet or a walk to St. Amand, a neighboring hill, or anything else to make you forget you are an invalid and to intensify the sweet sense of convalescence.

The amusements of almost all watering-places are in their general drift iden-

tical. In all there is the same transferral of metropolitan pleasures to sylvan surroundings, the same effort to be elegantly rural. Even Penelope affects the wood-nymph. At Vichy, after the *déjeuner*, the problem was how to evade ennui during the six and a half hours that must elapse until dinner. An hour and a half of this might easily be devoted to bathing and drinking, leaving five hours to be annihilated. Neither riding nor driving was very much in vogue, and with the exception of a few children but one party had the hardihood to organize an expedition of this kind. It was composed of a dozen young ladies and gentlemen from adjoining hotels, headed—need it be said?—by two American demoiselles almost faultlessly fair. Everything was a success excepting the donkeys. These were abnormal concretions of amiability, stupidity and sluggishness—a fortuitous blending of the angel, the idiot and the snail. Incredibly minute, they were almost hidden beneath the skirts of the ladies. But it was the male riders who were the most severely tested. To prevent their feet touching the ground, they were compelled to bend their legs in an acute angle, the general outline of each figure being that of forked lightning. Only by this expedient could the donkeys be kept in place and prevented sliding from under. The hoarse shouts of the gentlemen, the pretty coaxing of the ladies and the belaboring of an army of little boys of whom the beasts were hired, and who followed *con amore* with curses and sticks, succeeded at long intervals in goading the donkeys into faint trots of fifteen seconds. Whether the party reached the distant bourne for which they started could only be guessed, but if they did they doubtless returned on foot to save themselves fatigue.

Our chief persecutors were the flower-girls and the Italian woman who sold silks and laces. The former remorselessly disposed themselves in double rows in the hall, and after each meal it was necessary to run this gauntlet in order to reach the sidewalk. Gigantic and beautiful their bouquets were, and not dear, ranging in price from one franc

to three. They were composed of red and white camellias, Japanese and calla lilies, azaleas and mignonette, ferns, smilax, creeping vines and orchids. The very young gentlemen were the chief victims, and it was principally to them that the seductions of the subtle vendors were addressed. The Italian woman had a more ambitious field. Providence had granted her a superior gift of loquacity, and she was as eloquent in French as in her native tongue. She was one of those bronzed *contadinas*, with heavy eyebrows and coarse black hair and of a certain rank grace and sensuous beauty, who seem made to fit picturesquely into barren nooks and lend a bit of warm color to the parched highways of life. Her industry and pertinacity were infinite. Twice daily she made the round of the principal hotels, spreading her laces upon chairs and benches, voluble as an auctioneer, quenchless as a prairie fire, seductive as a Turkish bath advertisement, fond of a joke, rapid at repartee, seldom overstepping the bounds of good taste, brimming with appeals that no society smuggler could withstand. She sold much, and her laborious life was sweetened with occasional triumphs, which consisted in subduing the obduracy of those who refused to buy. Her greatest trial in this respect was an old lady, who, though endowed with wealth, taste and liberality, made it a rule to buy nothing except in the large towns. In vain week after week the Italian spread before her the gauziest shawls and cloudiest laces in the most alluring falls and folds. Mrs. B—— criticised them with one eye and implied good-natured contempt with the other. But one evening the *contadina*, as she was packing up her wares, seemed to swell with satisfaction, as a conqueror might do with his foot upon a captive's neck. The reason was not difficult to perceive. There, in one corner of the porch, sat Mrs. B—— dandling a blue silk scarf, and criticising it *sotto voce* with a half-ashamed air. In a weak moment her disdain had been vanquished, and, routed by the Italian's eloquence, she had permitted herself to buy. With one proud, triumphant look

toward her, the conqueror shouldered her bale of costly knickknacks and trudged down the street, her eyes glittering like stars, her dark face aglow with the pride of hard-won victory.

Without the Casino the majority of us would have found the evenings longer than we liked. It is easy to denounce city pleasures, and to remind the invalid that he goes to the country to escape the town. Pure air, rejuvenating waters, an agreeable climate, an atmosphere of brilliancy and balm, the long delicious opportunity for sensuous sauntering, are given, not to satisfy us at the time, but to be pined after when they become memories. The Casino is an unmixed blessing to ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who go to Vichy. Architecturally, it is a large brick building trimmed with marble, and situated at one end of the park. Soldiers and ushers guard its portals, and the little garden attached is secluded by an iron railing. The Casino contains a theatre, a concert-hall (used also as a ball-room), billiard- and card-rooms, a canopied pavilion in which open-air concerts are given, a general reading-room where newspapers from all parts of the world are filed, and a private reading-room for ladies, additionally furnished with a piano and billiard-table. The present Casino was opened July 1, 1865, and supplanted the less pretentious places of entertainment previously under the direction of M. Strauss. It is open from May 15 to October 1, the theatre attached to it being open from the same date to September 15. You may subscribe either to the theatre or to the Casino, or to both. The dual subscription is fifty francs, or ten dollars, for each person for one month, and secures a seat at all the performances in the theatre, besides the use of all the privileges of the various saloons included in the Casino, and the right to occupy a chair in the park and at Les Célestins while the bands are playing. In the *salles des jeux* gambling is forbidden, and the list of permitted games includes piquet, *impérial*, whist, douze points, boston, *bélique*, *tric-trac*, dominoes and drafts. Balls are not numerous, and

those that are given are somewhat informal and rather soberly dressed. The stage was the great evening amusement, and the little theatre, capable of holding eight hundred, was filled every night, including Sundays, with an audience from all parts of the world. The répertoire included almost every variety of public entertainment, from opera to farce. For gala occasions a star from one of the Paris theatres was engaged. Thus, Mademoiselle Fargueil from the Vaudeville acted Cécile, of which she was the creatress, in Sardou's *Nos Intimés*. She is an accomplished actress, with a gliding, noiseless presence, and blue eyes, full of wide, quiet glances, intelligent, pensive, demure. Mademoiselle Girard, from the Opéra Comique, sang and acted with much vivacity in *Le Caid*. She is not beautiful, but of unusual intelligence and *verve*. The Comédie Française was more drawn upon than any other Paris theatre: it sent us Mademoiselle Favart, Madame Nathalie and Mademoiselle Croizette. The first-mentioned acted in *Paul Forestier*. She excels in the portraiture of profound, effusive emotion escaping from long restraint and reckless of consequences. She is past first youth, but, though the bloom is brushed from the grape, the grape is palatable still. Mademoiselle Croizette seemed content to charm us by her beauty and grace alone. In every fresh costume she was more fascinating, and this of itself secured her applause. But whatever effect she may be capable of producing in *Le Sphinx*, she found nothing—or at any rate did nothing—worthy of her powers as Antoinette in Augier and Sandeau's comedy of *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, in which she appeared upon the Vichy stage. A beautiful woman who can act is as rare as a landscape by Titian. Even if she possesses art, it is apt to deteriorate, just as in painting a golden manner becomes "foxy" when unskillfully used. Perhaps Madame Nathalie of the Comédie Française made a less effaceable impression than any other performer. She has just reached that point in life where the shadows begin to grow long, but the charitable sun gives her, in his setting, a warm

and kindly illumination. She acted none the less forcibly for having attained the autumn when the passions are mellowed by experience's golden touch. She appeared twice as Madame Guichard in *M. Alphonse*, the production of which Dumas himself came from Paris to superintend, and once as the Baronne de Vaubert, a rôle which she created, in Sandeau's comedy of *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*. The significance of her shrugs, those obscure but comprehensive flutterings of the elbow, the eloquent gesticulation of her wrists and fingers, the logic of her averted head, the cogent coquetry of her fan and handkerchief—accessories as they were to her bright and mobile features—were separate and perfectly mastered departments of an art that despised no detail. Among the stock company Madame Rey-Garnard was the most versatile, artistic and pleasing. A young woman, the wife of M. Rey, leading juvenile of the company, she was one of those ardent and modest blondes whose creamy complexions, soft red mouths and brown-gold hair produce a style of beauty at once tender, chaste and rich. Absorbed in her profession, she concentrated her conscience as well as her intelligence upon every part assigned her, and whether cast in comedy or opera bouffe, whether embodying the child of poverty, as in Dumanoir and Lafargue's *Gentilhomme Pauvre*, or the daughter of wealth, as in Sardou's *Famille Benoiton*, or Lecoq's eccentric heroine Clairette in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, she gave as distinctive an impersonation as her admirable talents, made ductile by early dramatic drudgery, would permit. The literary and dramatic excellence of many of the plays produced was a noticeable feature, too, in great contrast to the feebleness of American playwrights. With such fineness of wit and fertility of resource it is no wonder the French dramatists are so ruthlessly pilfered. But what becomes of the conscience of the pilferer? He steals plot, language, *motif*, and all: success with him means plagiarism. If he wanted a shilling, he would borrow it from the French.

There was one character at the Casino more remarkable than any that has been mentioned. It was the demoiselle who occupied the ticket-office, and the chief business of whose life appeared to be to stab with black-headed pins the *places numérotées* of the theatre-charts. She was a complete exemplar of modest ambition gratified, of that graceful contentment which so many betray in France when they have once worked into a station commensurate with their wishes. Mademoiselle Sirène ate, drank and slept, it is to be presumed, like other women; but from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight she occupied the little windowed niche where reserved seats and private boxes were sold. She had been there for nine years—ever since the theatre opened—and will probably remain for nine years longer, or until decrepitude forces her back to a lower plane. Her patience and politeness, her shrewdness and precision, the neatness of her toilette and her conscientious devotion to business, made one pardon the rouge that was not sufficiently invisible. There were more charms on her watch-chain than in her face, and yet she was not bad-looking. Fate had placed her in a position where the essentials were ceaseless industry and amiability all day and every day, and she accepted the destiny with a passive cheerfulness that was not without grace. Poor mademoiselle! How many useless questions she imperturbably answered during her sixteen hours of daily toil! How many a *place numérotée* she cheerfully changed according to the caprice of the subscriber! How quickly she divined the foreigner's meaning hidden like a pebble at the bottom of his rivulet of execrable French! Civility circulated through her system like sap through a tree. Nothing was perfunctory with her: every duty seemed to be performed *con amore*. Her pleasures—well, her pleasures were confined to a chat now and then with a few female friends, and a little badinage during the *entr'actes* with one or two platonic admirers.

The guests at Vichy were very heterogeneous. Nearly every civilized nation-

ality was represented. Instead of inscribing your name in a public register, after the American fashion, you wrote it the day after your arrival on a small slip of paper, which you handed quietly, not to say surreptitiously, to Mademoiselle M—, the assistant of the *maîtresse d'hôtel*. In due process of time your name was added to a list made out in fair German text and hung in a glass frame in the hall. This frame was three feet square, and occupied a conspicuous position. Its eccentric feature was that it chronicled every guest as a *propriétaire*, and without figuring as *propriétaire* you had no hope of finding your name there. This was the homogeneous attribute which reduced us all to unity.

It was amusing to glance up and down the table-d'hôte, speculating as to the varied interests which had thus kaleidoscoped so many individuals of different nationalities. The wanderer crimsoned by the sun of Sumatra sat vis-à-vis to the South Carolina belle; the homely *bourgeoise* from Bordeaux accepted courtesies from the consumptive Brazilian; the Fifth Avenue matron, better preserved than her daughters will be at her age, chatted with the Russian count fresh from St. Petersburg; Berlin and Buenos Ayres shook each other by the hand. The kindness of apparent prosperity gave the best condiment to intercourse, and those of far different ranks in life moved amongst each other like equals. The only exception to this was the archduchess of Austria, who was sojourning there under the name of the Princess Ghika, and occupied a little villa at the rear of the hotel. She was accompanied by her physician, Dr. Montanari of Nice, said to be the original of "Doctor Antonio," a gentleman of very polished manners and possessed of a genuine geniality, such as graces very few thorough men of the world.

Severe strictures have sometimes been made on the American girl abroad, and certainly the experience of an impartial critic does not give them as complete a contradiction as could be wished. The average American girl is not altogether to blame that her chest is flat, her shoulder-

blades sharp and her voice nasal. These are the unamiabilities of the body which cannot always be perfectly corrected. Still, much can be done even for them. But the American young lady who has traveled all over Europe, and feasted and junketed in every continental city, is apt to acquire a hardness of countenance and a raspiness of tone which do not contrast advantageously with the voice and visage of her English and French sisters. Her flirtations with Italian counts and French marquises are long and loud. She flings nasal objurgations at her papa and corrects in public her mother's pronunciation, and an audacity that daily increases takes the tenderness from her cheek and the girlhood from her eyes. This description, indeed, is far from applying to all American young ladies who travel much in Europe, but the class which it suggests is not so small as it should be.

Three of the most interesting places to visit are the Château de Randans, the intermittent spring and the museum of petrifications. Randans is the chief canton in the department of Puy-de-Dôme, and is about ten miles from Vichy, on the right bank of the Allier. An easy and well-traveled road conducts through the forest to this princely residence. The château is very old, but has been so often repaired and enlarged that it shows few evidences of ancient construction. In 1821 it passed into the hands of Princess Adelaide of Orleans. It still remains in the possession of the Orleans family, who spend a portion of every summer beneath its roof. The entrance is through a spacious court guarded by a gigantic iron gateway. Through this you discern the façade of the château, elevated by a double terrace crowned with turrets in brick. The interior is remarkable for the beauty and richness of its decorations, its valuable paintings, its armory filled with curiosities. After having visited the grand saloon, the royal chamber and the library, one passes by a terrace to the chapel. The light penetrates here through stained windows representing the three theological Virtues. But to the ordinary visitor the most pleasing features of this seques-

tered old château are the terrace sentineled with orange trees and gay with numerous flowers, and an adjacent walk cool with shadows cast from lime-boughs thickly pleached.

The intermittent spring is situated on the left or west bank of the Allier. To reach it you cross the stone bridge. Entrance is through a little house where medals and souvenirs are sold, and the price of admission is half a franc. The point at which the spring wells up has been surrounded by a circular basin of masonry, and this has been enclosed by a sort of iron cage thirty or forty feet high. Four or five feet intervene between the basin and the circular cage surrounding it, and this space is graveled. Several door-like openings in the cage permit of entrance and exit. Outside the iron framework benches and chairs are arranged at intervals, which are generally occupied by an inquisitive crowd. The spring flows every few hours with great punctuality, and visitors are wont to collect a few moments before the expected time. As the moment draws near faint bubblings are seen at the mouth of the orifice which forms the centre of the basin. Every few seconds the bubblings increase in foam and force. Then a white effervescence is perceived, which by degrees becomes more violent, until a jet of water concealed in foam leaps up a foot or more. In throes and spasms and amid spouts and sputtering the jets proceed, until finally a perpendicular shaft of water, palm-tree-shaped and crowned with spray, stands blustering and triumphant, rejoicing in its own brief but beautiful paroxysm, and blinding you literally with a flood of eloquence concerning the earth's bosom whence it came.

The petrifications are found in a house and grounds devoted to their preparation and located on one of the by streets. A little outhouse near the main building is filled with a sloping series of shelves, over which trickles the water which produces the petrification. The model or cast that is to be reproduced is placed on one of these shelves and left untouched for weeks or months, as the case may be.

The mineral salts meantime form a shell, which becomes the exact duplicate of the model it encrusts. With the aid of a knife this crust is easily broken off, and its exterior surface being polished it becomes an inexpensive and interesting souvenir. The shed where the petrifications were proceeding contained hundreds of specimens in various stages of lapidescence. Many hundreds more ornamented the shelves and glass cases inside the adjoining shop. Scores of Herculanaeum and Pompeiian cameos were thus repeated. Sometimes the petrified objects were tolerably large, such as baskets and birds' nests. The finest work is reproduced with a delicacy with which the indurating waters would scarcely be credited. But Nature is an artist who evidently takes a pride in her work, and loves to show man that he cannot expect to rival her.

Vichy had of course its disagreeable reminiscences, and certainly one of the most unpleasant was the room devoted to the inhalation of various gases and the carbonic acid gas baths. The spectacle presented of various ladies and gentlemen seated at tables holding tubes in their mouths or having their tonsils drenched with spray was far from being picturesque, and it is not to be wondered at that not a few ladies with affections of the throat refused to resort in public to so unprepossessing a cure. In taking the gas-bath you stepped with your clothes on into an empty bath-tub, and found at your feet a rubber pipe coiled like a snake. Having seated yourself on a cushion at the upper end of the tub, a tin lid was clapped down through which your head protruded like a prisoner's in the stocks. The gas was then turned on through the rubber pipe. This pleasant incarceration lasted for half an hour, the carbonic acid gas being assumed to ease the pains of rheumatism. After having bathed in and drunk the Vichy water, and dozed in the gas-bath, and inhaled a certain quantity of oxygen, a little imagination was all that was needed in order to get well. Yet even the room devoted to the *séances d'inhalation* had its compensations. Annette, one of the attendants, had the soul

of a nun, and went about her work with the serenity of a Sister of Mercy. In this room, which was her world, she wove her little romances destined never to become real. She was full of trouble—the trouble that comes from a strong desire for self-progress for ever crushed by surrounding conditions. No wonder she gazed with passionate mournfulness into faces that had beamed kindly on her, and which, passing into the great world outside, she should never see again.

Vichy, then, like any other place from which one has extracted good, is not to be remembered without affection. You wrestle with disease there as Jacob wrestled with the angel, and feel that perhaps you have won a blessing in return. The last hour I remained there was spent in bidding farewell to places where the days had been dreamed away, sometimes in pain, but oftener in peace. Somehow or other, I was ingenuous enough to expect that every one would share my regret, but this egoism was properly disillusioned. The rosy mistress of the Berne Library (one of the two public libraries in the place) received my adieux with aggravating calmness, and imposed an appropriate fine upon Madame Dudevant's *Elle et Lui*, which had been detained too long. She was not a woman abandoned to false sentiment. Her vascular system was healthy, and doubtless sustained her in her devotion to domestic economy. Her cheeks were threaded with little red veins, delicate as frostwork, and fed with *vin rouge*. An honest bovine look came from her direct brown eyes, calm as a star-depth, but not so poetical; and if wrinkles had begun to show themselves, they were not caused by speculations concerning the unknowable. She was a prosaic, contented woman, with no tendency to suspect that when her fate was written there was a hair in the pen and her destiny was blurred. When October came she should shut up shop, she said, and pass the winter, according to custom, in the adjacent village of Ver-net. Happy, homely soul, entrenched among those isolating hills, hearing nothing of the world without, vexed by no introspection of the world within, con-

tent that bread and meat and warmth and shelter were forthcoming for the day!

It required too much courage to visit Annette, who had given me my gasbaths and hinted at her troubles. The principal thing apparent in this woman and others in her position was the monotonous serenity of their features, aglow, like the faces of the blind, with sadness veiled in resignation. Their lives thus caught a certain grace not often seen elsewhere. Vichy was all the world that they had ever seen—"un petit Paris," as they expressed it. A career of unending toil was all their future. They did the work of men, but brought to it a tenderness few men could have bestowed.

An idyllic light surrounds those peaceful weeks of watering-place dreaming. The flower-girls and the women with laces and lingerie; the monks and friars, rope-cinctured and sandal-footed; the washerwomen with clattering wooden shoes and conical straw hats; the lottery-dealers with revolving wheels and cabalistic shingles; the nationalities of the world massed and grouped in the promenade or at the theatre; the world-forgotten and forlorn châteaux, full of melancholy alleys and corridors; the wax-polished floors, mirroring your footsteps as you walked; the donkeys whose consciousness told them of a universe peopled with bludgeons and resonant of oaths; the *café noir* and *vin ordinaire*, which made the thirsty American yearn for the ice-pitchers of his native land; the centenarian beggars keeping up with your carriage, and petitioning for alms in the name of the good God; the witty hunchbacked dwarfs, like epigrams in flesh, who thank you for sous with bows that D'Orsay might have coveted; the springs surrounded with their jostling crowds, past which the traveling carriage of the Princess Ghika flashed on its way to Bourbon-Busset; the queer little French physicians tottering under traditions, and believing devoutly in Vichy as the backbone of all being; the Casino, dedicated to pleasure, nightly winking its myriad eyes at the dark and desolate Établissement des Bains, the rendezvous of pain;

the gleamy roads winding to remote châteaux through bosky forest or by lonely watercourse; and the glimpses of quaint dreamy gardens where the centuries lay sound asleep for ever and for ever,—people and places such as these flitted before me in melancholy confusion when the moment had come to bid them a long farewell.

In the early September morning I walked alone across the deserted park. At every step the trees rained russet, the shower we must expect when April is exchanged for autumn. The dull sky brooded, and a low wind murmured premonitions of a storm. The gay band in the kiosk discoursed with its accustomed flippancy to a sadly-dwindled audience. Six guests alone loitered in the principal hotel. Crossing at last to the *salle-à-manger*, I partook of an early breakfast, in company with two or three others about to depart. Sentiment evaporated over the mutton-chops, and we fell to scandalizing the *service médicale* and comparing our doctors' bills, with respect to which opinion was divided. The arrival of the carriage nipped this pleasant gossip in the bud, and in the midst of that excitement and confusion in which events seem to transact themselves our trunks were hoisted, we gave *garçon* and *femme de chambre* their well-earned gratuities, and shook hands with madame our hostess and her husband, who now for the first time became visible in that acknowledged capacity. He was a meek, amiable man, excellent at carrying a market-basket and winding up a clock; and I am sure we all felt sorry that he should make our acquaintance only at a moment when it was impossible for him to cultivate it. And so, amid waving handkerchiefs and gazing groups and moist eyes and kindly memories, we drove away, most of us to return to the practicalities of life, and in them forget our day-dreams. Still, in convalescent life at Vichy there is often something so elegiac and pastoral that one who has enjoyed this attribute of it would not wholly forget it if he could. Its simplicity, its silence, its repose, are precious.

A. E. LANCASTER.

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

DOST thou remember one most royal day
 In sweet September?
 Its glorious sunset, fading fast away,
 Dost thou remember?
 How like a dream of bliss it seemed to float
 Betwixt two heavens in our swaying boat,
 Till twilight deepened, and the stars lay bright
 In glassy depths between the lilies white;
 And o'er our hearts a dreamy silence fell,
 And were it earth or heaven we could not tell:
 Dost thou remember?

Dost thou remember one weird windy night
 In wild November?
 Between the flying clouds the moon shone white:
 Dost thou remember?
 Black shadows ran along the open spaces,
 Or cowered, lurking in the hidden places.
 Wild words were spoken, and the wild winds sped
 Shuddering past us with a ghostly tread:
 Wild passionate words were spoken, and there fell
 A dreary echo, sounding like Farewell!
 Dost thou remember?

Dost thou remember one cold bitter morn
 In sharp December,
 When we arose and went our way forlorn?
 Dost thou remember?
 One silent sigh for sweet lost days of bliss,
 One long sad gaze, one first, last, speechless kiss;
 Then out across the weary wastes of snow
 Thou to the deathful battlefield didst go,
 And I to lonely cities far away
 To wear out heartache slowly, day by day:
 Dost thou remember?

Nay, why remember? why revive again
 A cold gray ember?
 Time's ashes cover pleasure, passion, pain,
 Then why remember?
 The fire is spent: let be the ashes dead:
 Let none surmise how hearts have thrilled or bled.
 Mine lieth in its grave. It shall not rise
 To look on thee with Memory's conscious eyes,
 Or call the past from dim Oblivion's shore,
 Or waken griefs, or ask thee any more
 Dost thou remember?

MARY E. ATKINSON.

THE COMRADES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

MARGARET and Chester were so satisfied in each other's love there is no saying certainly that the thought of marriage would have assumed definite shape to them for many a day to come but for the suggestions of other people. It was not until one of Chester's elders bluntly asked when he "calkilated" to marry the teacher that it occurred to the minister that he had never said anything about marrying. He went straight over to Margaret to see about it. "Margaret," he said, making directly for his subject, "do you know that you have never promised to marry me?"

"And do you know," Margaret retorted, "that you have never asked me to promise?"

"Well, I want you to promise me now that some time, when I think it best, you will marry me—just as soon as I can make a nest for you."

"I can wait if it is best, Chester: I have happiness enough to wait on for a long time. But I ought to help you, Chester, like a true mate, to build the nest," Margaret said.

"You know, comrade, I haven't anything. Could you marry a penniless man?"

"If I loved him well enough I could. I know you are poor: I knew it when I first began to love you."

"When was that, Margaret?"

"It seems to me as though I had always loved you, Chester."

"No woman ever answered lover so sweetly as you, Margaret. You fit me so exactly! What a future we shall have when we can be always together! Comrade, we ought not to lose another day. We ought to be married to-morrow. Do you think you dare venture it, Margaret? You know you'll have the hard life of poverty."

"I have that now. Each of us is making a living now: why shouldn't we when

married? We'll board at first, you see, and I'll keep on teaching. You mustn't say I can't teach: I can then better than ever. And while I'm in the school-room you can write your sermons and go geologizing and botanizing and bugizing."

"We shall have to be very economical."

"I've always been that. I'll mend and brush up your clothes, and we won't buy any new ones until our fortunes are made; so we can save all we make."

So these two young people—poor, so poor in everything but love and trust—allowed themselves to be persuaded into getting married. Who can decide whether they were wise or foolish? Instead of going the hard path alone, they had joined hands to walk it together. This, as it seemed to them, was all the difference.

Well, things went on much as Margaret had planned, only there was more sweetness than she had taken into the account. All the loneliness was gone, the vague unrest. Everything she had ever enjoyed, she enjoyed now doubly. Chester read to her while she mended and turned and made over one garment and another.

"Don't you see how two can economize?" she would say triumphantly. "If we weren't working together, you'd get the reading of this book—I'd get the mending of this dress. But now I've had the reading of that book besides—so much clear profit."

But when three months of their married life had passed, Chester began to show signs of restlessness. When his wife coaxed the truth from him, it came to this: he must seek better work and better pay. Somehow, he must have more money.

"Now, husband, listen to me," Margaret said. "We are making a living: we dress better than any of the people here; we are even laying up something.

Astor says all he gets from his money is his clothes and something to eat: I think I could get more out of it. I don't know where we could go to better ourselves for the present. It would take all we have to get away from here, and then we might not find work; and if we found work and better pay, we should perhaps have to live in a more pretentious way, and be unable to save anything, and lose the seclusion we find here. Everybody in Cumminsville has to work hard, and that leaves us to each other, just as we like. Now, rest contented for a while. Write the very best sermons you can. This will give your pen practice, and practice makes perfect. Study and think, and be as good and patient as you can, and your chance will come: make yourself ready to take it. Perhaps this place will grow. Who knows but at this very moment men are projecting a railroad to Cumminsville? I'm sure it's a good shipping-point on a fine river. In the mean time, for recreation, go on making your scientific collections and loving your wife."

"The last I engage to do," said the husband, drawing her over to his knee and kissing her I don't know how many times. "Dear sensible little woman!"

"A bird in the hand is worth half a dozen in the bush," the wife continued, smoothing her tumbled collar and ribbons. "Now, dear, you must not go back to your restlessness—you must not. I am going to help you all I possibly can. I mean to have you read your sermons to me, and I will criticise and suggest: when you're preaching things often come to me. We'll be just as painstaking with our sermons as though they were to be delivered to a Boston audience instead of to these country-folks. They may do to use in some better place. At any rate, the thinking and writing will be helpful to you in clearing up and defining things. But what you're to do now is to stop worrying, to work just as well as you can, and then to wait. The persistent discharge of present duty, that must be the rule."

"You're a better preacher than I am, Margaret," Chester said, smiling.

"Now, you're doing what preachers ought never to do: you're fibbing. You know that what I've been saying has been said a thousand times: you never talk such commonplace."

"I never talk such common sense."

Chester's restlessness was laid. He went to work to carry out Margaret's ideas for him, and he did find himself growing and his sermons improving.

After a while it transpired that Margaret would have to give up her teaching, and after another while there came a wonderful baby. Before it was laid in her trembling arms Margaret had loved her baby with a foregone love. But as the days went by, and she saw her husband's dear features repeated in Baby's pretty mouth and eyes, she loved it twice over—for its own sake and for Chester's. And then the love she had for Baby reacted to deepen her love for its father; so he too was loved twice over.

"It's pretty as a picture to see Folds tendin' that baby of his," said Dr. Simmons to Mrs. Simmons. "He's a born mother—the tenderest man that ever I see. I'll warrant, if the truth was known, that man loves—even these pesky mosquitoes;" and the doctor brought one on the back of his broad hand a weighty slap. "If Folds was porter at the pearly gates up yonder, he'd never shet them in no man's face: he'd even let ole Ben Parmalee pass in, while he looked t'other way. It's a pity he ain't orthodox: that's going to make trouble here soon as ever the church gits strong enough to kick. By the way, ain't that Folds baby tremendous fretful? 'Pears to me I never wake in the night but it's a-squallin'. It ain't none of your nutral kind on a cry: I know the sound."

"Mis' Folds had ought to give it some sweet-flag tea," Mrs. Simmons suggested.

"Sweet-flag tea!" said the doctor in a tone of contempt: "that's some ole-woman folderol for colic—one of them nutral concerns that would never kill or kore a gnat."

"Anyways, I used to give it to Bud when he was a baby," Mrs. Simmons persisted.

"I wish I'd knowed you was givin' my

boy any such slops!" said Dr. Simmons. "Red-pepper tea: that's the stuff. Tell Mrs. Folds to give that baby some red-pepper tea the next time it cries colic. It'll make it sneeze, but it'll kore it."

"Say, don't you think we ought to raise on their board?" said Mrs. Simmons. "They's three in family now, instid of two."

"Well, yes: that's right enough, I suppose. But don't be hard on them, you know. They're clever folks: I like Folds, and I like his wife. Couldn't hardly help likin' two young things that done all their courtin' right under your nose. Bless my heart! I knew they were hankerin' after one another long before they knew it theirselves."

Margaret and Chester had been too happy in their new wonder to remark how their expenses had increased, or to remember that their income was curtailed. They were earning less and were spending more, and there was less time for work.

"But there's more love," said Margaret, trying to smile away the shadows from her husband's face when Mrs. Simmons's advanced price for board had set him to thinking.

In the course of time complaints were entered against Baby for keeping the house awake. "We're obliged to have things still," said Mrs. Simmons, "Doc's rest is broke so much, anyway. Somebody's always after him. It does beat all! I believe in my soul these Cumminsville folks thinks ef they kin jis' keep Doc on hand, they don't need no more life insurances. Your baby's a real nice baby, but they kin be fetched up not to cry nights. It's jis' as you use 'em. Now, there's my Bud: you had ought to seen that baby. He didn't darst wake nights. Now, your baby gits into a spell o' cryin' every night at midnight, reg'lar as the clock strikes. She's colicky: Doc sez she's colicky. You'd ought to give her some heatin' tea. Doc sez, sez he, 'Tell her to make it some red-pepper tea,' sez he. You can make some now ef you've a mind: the tea-kittle's bilin'."

This led the way to the young people

taking a small house and setting up for themselves, thus giving Baby the opportunity of crying just as much as her troubles and discomforts required. Then came a hard time for the young mother, when she was cook and nurse and laundress and everything in that little house.

A few months after, the little house, one of the pleasantest in the village, was offered for sale with three acres of ground attached: it was offered for less than it had cost to build the house, for the owner was in trouble. Chester and Margaret knew there was a bargain in the offer, and tried to devise some way of making the first payment, thinking that the others, which were easy, could be met as they should fall due. Chester wrote to his brothers, asking a small loan, stating the use for which it was wanted, and expressing his conviction that Cumminsville property must advance, since the place had excellent shipping facilities and was surrounded by a fine farming country. The lumber interests of the region were steadily developing, and in addition to this a fine seam of coal had been recently discovered on the skirts of the town.

Homer replied that he and Horace would very cheerfully assist Chester to get a home when it should seem best to invest money in that direction, but that they had no confidence in the future of Cumminsville; that they did not consider Chester a competent judge in reference to the value of real estate—indeed, his bookish habits unfitted him for judging of outside measures—that real estate was declining in their town, etc., etc.

So somebody else got the bargain of the little house and the three acres. And a bargain it proved, for in less than seven weeks Cumminsville was electrified with news of a projected railroad. It was to cross the river at Cumminsville. Real estate advanced three hundred per cent. in less than a week. There came a rush of people to the place, and in a twelvemonth Chester Folds found himself pastor of a flourishing church. Margaret forgot her disappointment about the little house in Chester's prospective increase of salary. She was as cheery

as the cheeriest of the excited people. She chirruped and sang with the best. But it was not till two years after this, and not until after repeated petitions, that an increase in his salary was granted to the minister.

During all this time a little leaven of discontent which had early been hid in the measure was surely leavening the whole lump. Almost from the beginning of Chester Folds' ministry in Cumminsville it had been intimated that he was not orthodox. Since Mrs. Simmons had seen him bending with that young mother over the sick cradle she had openly proclaimed that the parson didn't believe in the Bible:

"He says God ain't jealous: I heard him say it with my own years to Miss Johnsin the time her baby was like to die. Now, ef the Bible don't preach that God's jealous, it don't preach nothin'. But Mr. Folds sez, sez he, 'We'd despise God ef He was a jealous God: we wouldn't an' we couldn't love Him,' sez he. Now, I call that pretty plain talkin' 'bout sacred things that nobody don't know anything about."

"I've heard say as how Mr. Folds didn't believe in the creation of the universe," said Mother Spilter, sticking in her wrapper-front the needle which she had been trying for ten minutes to thread.

"Oh, mah," said Miss Eliza Spilter, "I do wish you could ever get anything straight in your head.—What mah did hear on this subject," Miss Eliza continued, as if addressing the court, "is that Mr. Folds did not believe in the account of the creation as given in the first chapter of Exodus."

"Don't you mean the first chapter of Genesee, Miss 'Lizy?" said Deacon Crocker with a smile that glided quietly along from the beginning to the end of his remark.

"There now, Elizy!" said Mother Spilter: "'pears you don't git everything straight as a yardstick yourself. But I don't understand yit what 'tis 'bout Parson Folds an' creation."

"Of course you don't understand, mah," said Miss Eliza with a little mocking laugh: "nobody ever supposed you

did understand. If you'll listen I'll try to explain. The Bible says the world has been created about—about— Really, mah does get me so mixed up with her mistakes that I'll forget my own name some time or other," said Miss Eliza, turning to Deacon Crocker. "To think I don't remember how many years since the world was created! Is it— Why, no, it's more'n eighteen hundred and fifty-five years?"

Deacon Crocker took a meditative position, and looked away off as if he was trying to see back to the dawn of creation. He looked like a man who had been present at the opening, and he spoke like one who knew when he said, "Well, let me see: it's been nigh onto six thousand years."

"Of course it has: I remember now," said Miss Eliza. "Well, Mr. Folds contradicts the Bible up and down. He says the earth has been created millions and billions and trillions of years, mah."

"You don't say!" said Mother Spilter.

"How does he say he found it out?" asked Mrs. Simmons.

"Why, he says he found it out from geology and botany and zoology," said Miss Eliza.

"Why, didn't men-folks make up bot'ny an' them things?" asked Mother Spilter.

"Now, please, my dear mah, don't go flounderin' round amongst them sciences," said Miss Eliza, "or I'll never be able to get you out sane."

"They's no use dodgin' the fact," said Deacon Crocker: "Folds ain't sound. If you notice, he don't never preach a strong doctrinal discourse."

"That's what Doc sez," Mrs. Simmons put in.

"He's always ag'in holdin' the members down to church rules. He never seems to enjoy to turn folks out o' church."

"That's jis' what Doc sez. Doc sez, sez he, 'Folds wouldn't shet the gates of heaven in no man's face, no matter who he was,' sez Doc; an' sez Doc, 'I don't want Judas Iscariot an' ole Ben Parmalee an' that quack doctor roun' the corner—"

Deacon Crocker interrupted Mrs. Simmons's narration. "The upshet of the matter is jis' this," said the deacon. "Mr. Folds would let everybody into heaven, because Mr. Folds hain't no place prepared for the nations that forgit God. Mr. Folds ain't got no hell in his belief. You know they's a sex in the Church that don't have no hell."

"What!" said Mother Spilter aghast. "Don't have no hell! Poor things!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Simmons. "Doc sez they's lots of 'um back in Jersey where he come from."

"Lots o' hells?" asked Mother Spilter, almost shrieking.

Mrs. Simmons and Deacon Crocker laughed, while Miss Eliza said, "Now, mah, I should think you'd be ashamed to make a mistake about this.—But," she continued, turning to Deacon Crocker, "mah never lets a chance slip of gettin' things twisted.—Dr. Simmons meant folks, mah—lots of people back in Jersey, where he came from."

"Well, I always s'posed they war: I never s'posed all the folks come 'way when Doc Simmons come. Shouldn't wonder ef Doc Simmons thought so, though."

"Don't mind mah, Mrs. Simmons," Miss Eliza said with a look that seemed to add, "Mah's not responsible."—"Won't the doctor be here to tea?" continued Miss Eliza, who was the hostess of the occasion.

"Why, he wus comin', for Doc lots on your biscuits. Sez he to me, one day, sez he, 'Elizy Spilter makes the lightest biscuits,' sez he, 'an' the whitest biscuits, of anybody in Cumminsville; an', sez he, 'she'll make some good man a wife some day,' sez he."

If Mrs. Simmons had studied for a lifetime she couldn't have delivered a more effective speech, for Deacon Crocker was a widower looking for a smart wife to manage his boys and his biscuits. Miss Eliza was a marriageable young woman who might be induced to entertain a proposition. Mrs. Simmons knew these things, and Mrs. Simmons liked to please people when it did not cost her anything.

The deacon glanced at Miss Eliza and

smiled in a meaning way: Miss Eliza glanced at the deacon and blushed and smiled, thinking complacently, meanwhile, of the light, white biscuits standing in rippling sheets against the sides of the cupboard, and so soon to be placed before the deacon.

"Oh, Doc is a great flatterer," said Miss Eliza.

"Doctors always is," said Mother Spilter. "They hev to be, I s'pose, to git people to take their horrid pills an' things.—Elizy, ain't it time to put the tea a-steepin'? I'm gittin' kind o' faint fer my tea."

"Please, mah, let me manage this little affair accordin' to my own taste," said Miss Eliza.

"You see, that's the trouble: Elizy always fixes the victuals by her taste. Now, I like the tea to bile up onct; an' Elizy, she—"

"Now, my dear mah, you're mixin' up the taste of the tongue with the higher taste of the— What would you call it, deacon?"

"I b'lieve I'd call it the upper story," said the deacon smartly after a moment of meditation.

Mrs. Simmons, who had been very anxious for some moments because she hadn't said anything, now spoke: "What do you think they'll do about Mr. Folds, anyways?"

"Why, the session's already decided, else I wouldn't been gabbin' as I hev," said the deacon, the person addressed. "Mr. Folds is goin' to be tole that he don't suit. I've been app'inted to wait on him. I don't expect to be hard on him. I mean to let him down easy, for Folds is a gentleman an' a scholar, an' so is his wife; but we'd ought to hev a preacher with more push to build up a church."

"Then you'd ought to git that circuit-rider that was here las' year," said Mother Spilter. "I used to see him in revivals git the boys an' gals out an' jis' *push* 'um long to the mourners' bench."

"Oh, mah!" said Miss Eliza in a tone of despair.—"But there's no use," she continued, turning to Deacon Crocker: "mah is my cross, an' I've got to carry her."

"Why, Eliza, you know I kin walk you down the best day you ever see," said Mother Spilter.

"There it is again!" said Miss Eliza with an heroic look of resignation in her face.—"You might as well put the tea to steepin', mah; an' now, if you please, mah, don't let it boil.—Whenever tea boils the aromer is converted into steam," she continued, turning to the deacon.

"Why, ef there ain't Doc!" said Mrs. Simmons. "I guess Hobbs's boy mus' be better. That boy does beat all: he's everlastin' got something the matter of him."

"Doc ought to 'kore or kill' him," said Deacon Crocker slyly.

"I'm glad he's come," said Miss Eliza. "I'd like to know what's his opinion of Mr. Folds' *orthodoxy*." Miss Eliza sometimes put her accents in original places. "I wouldn't like to have a minister that's not soun' on the vital points of the Scriptures perform any sacred ceremony for me. I don't see how Becky Hilton ever could let him marry her. I'm glad he's goin' to leave, for I'd hate to slight him, an' I never could let him marry me.—Unless, of course," again Miss Eliza turned to the deacon, "the gentleman wished it."

The deacon began to fidget in alarm, and Mrs. Simmons to flutter with surprise and curiosity, when Miss Eliza said, laughing, "Oh, I'm still 'heart-whole and fancy-free.'—Good-afternoon, doctor."

When the doctor had made his salutations to the different members of the company, declaring to Mother Spilter that she was the youngest-looking widow in Cumminsville, and to Miss Eliza that he was hankering after her biscuits, Mrs. Simmons, with her usual interest in her husband's patients, inquired, "How is Hobbs's boy?"

"Oh, I've fixed him," answered the doctor. "He was dyin' when I went round there. His mother and his father an' all the Hobbs tribe were round his bed cryin' their level best, an' that Hard-shell Baptist preacher from Jonesville—what's his name?—had just finished prayin' an' exhortin', and was gittin' ready to immerse him in a wash-tub."

"Just as if sprinkling or pouring wasn't enough!" said Miss Eliza.

"They're all Baptists, you know," the doctor continued. "Well, I examined the boy; felt of his pulse—pulse was good; looked at his tongue—tongue moist an' pretty clean. Yet he kept on declarin' he was dyin'. I saw what the matter was: the little idiot had the high-sterics—had 'em the worst kind, like any woman; an' that confounded preacher, with his prayin' an' exhortin', was makin' him worse an' worse every minute. I tell you, it made me mad. I took holt of that man's arm, an' I just marched him out of that room on a bee-line. 'Look here,' sez I to him, 'the time for you to practice your profession is when folks is well: when they's sick, then it's my turn. The sick-room is my aren', sez I. 'I ain't goin' to have none of your hydropathy *practised* on that youngster in there,' sez I. 'I propose to administer my own water-cure,' sez I. 'I'll baptize the candidate by pourin',' sez I. With that, I picks up a blue patent water-bucket, goes out to the well, an' pumps it plump full to the brim. Then I went in to that everlasting boy. Without sayin' a blessed word to him, I turned him round crossways till I got his head over the tub where they was goin' to immerse him. I took holt of him by the nape of the neck an' helt him fast while I poured every last drop of that bucketful on his head."

"An' did he jis' lay there an' take it?" Mrs. Simmons asked.

"He took it because he had to—couldn't help himself: I had him in a vise, you see. But he was mad, though—the maddest boy that ever I see. He jumped out of bed an' wanted to fight me. I told him to come ahead, I was ready for him. He did throw a tumbler at me. But I kored him. I left him settin' on the back steps eaten' a mushmelon. 'Tain't likely he'll have the high-sterics ag'in soon."

"I'm afraid you hurt that preacher's feelin's," Mrs. Simmons suggested.

"Hope I did," said the doctor. "His feelin's ought to have been hurt if he's got any. Preachers kill more sick folks than doctors save. Now, Folds never

would have done such a thing as that Baptist preacher: 'tain't in him."

"Have you 'heard that it's decided to request Mr. Folds to resign?" asked Miss Eliza Spilter.

"That's so, is it? I hadn't heard it, but I see it comin' these twelve months. Well, it'll kill or kore Folds."

"Really, now, do you s'pose it'll kill him?" asked Mother Spilter in great concern.

"Oh, mah!" remonstrated Miss Eliza, but Dr. Simmons explained: "I mean it will kill all the preacher out of him, or it'll be the makin' over of the preacher part of him. Folds is a very exasperatin' man," the doctor pursued in a meditative kind of way. "'Pears to me, sometimes, as if I must go at the fellow hammer an' chisel, an' pull him all to pieces, an' make him over—put him up different, somehow. Then, ag'in, I wouldn't have the man tetch for all the world—'fraid of spilin' him, you know: he seems such a wonderful piece of manufactur'. Bless my soul! if there ain't Hobbs puttin' straight in here! He's after me, I'll be bound. Wonder what the nation's the matter of that boy now? If he's got them highsterics ag'in, I'll blister him from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, sure as he's a-livin'." The doctor took up his hat and started out to meet Mr. Hobbs.

"It's too bad!" said Miss Eliza, thinking of her biscuits, which she knew were sure of the doctor's warm commendations.

"Oh, I'll come back to the feed," the doctor said. "Don't let the deacon eat all the biscuits."

Chester Folds was the last man to stay where he was not wanted. Somebody was kind enough or officious enough to give him an inkling of the church-feeling toward him. He immediately sent in his resignation, thus forestalling Deacon Crocker's communication.

"I'm no preacher, Margaret," he said. "I've always known that I made a mistake in entering the ministry. I'm foot-loose here: I hope never to enter another pulpit."

"Poor dear!" and Margaret kissed the sad eyes, "you feel disheartened now. You *are* a preacher, Chester: you preach beautiful sermons. There's always something fresh about them that makes me think of woods and dewy flowers and cool valleys."

"Yes, yes, that's it," said Chester impatiently; "but, don't you see, there's no humanity—nothing that touches the heart and life of people. I am not a preacher. These people are right: I do not believe the creed of my Church: I do not believe the creed of any Church. I tell you, I have no right to stand in a pulpit, and I never will again."

"But what will you do, Chester?"

"God knows: I don't. I must think about it, and try to work to the light. I have a good collection of plants, and some of the finest fossils in the world. If I had means to move them to market, or to go and look up a buyer, I might raise some money."

And then he fell to thinking. Mrs. Margaret also fell to thinking. Her thinking resulted in a letter addressed that night to her brother-in-law, Homer Folds.

She had never seen any of her husband's family. Two or three times a year letters passed between Chester and his brothers, and these letters generally included a line of regards to or from Mrs. Chester. To their Western sister-in-law the prosperous brothers seemed very remote and very awful. But this night Margaret wrote at length to Homer, giving him a closer look into their affairs than he had ever had before. She told him how Chester had lost his pulpit; how he was determined to relinquish the ministry; how she didn't know what they could do to make a living. Couldn't Folds Brothers, she asked, give Chester work in their establishment? In their large transactions there surely was some work he could do. Or couldn't they give her work as bookkeeper or correspondent? She understood all the proprieties of letter-writing; had tact in getting at the wants of correspondents; wrote a legible, finished hand; was a rapid writer, etc. Then she briefly stated that Chester

had some good collections in natural history, and could probably dispose of them if he could command money to move them.

Margaret waited impatiently but hopefully for an answer to her letter, watching the post-office that it might not fall into Chester's hands. It should be a surprise to him—Homer's letter—a glad message of cheer and help. She counted surely on Homer's sympathy: he could and would open for them a path to work. Was he not twice bound to Chester. Did he not hold Chester in a double love, as Chester held him? Yes, yes: Homer would respond to their cry for work.

And what a relief it would be to get away from Cumminsville—to enter again the dear New England life—to have Chester restored to the society of his brothers, to an atmosphere of books that would refresh him like the mountain's breath—to see little Annie making her way to the hearts of her kindred! And how sweet it would be to her own spirit, Margaret thought, to find a friend in Horace's wife—to show herself a sister to her husband's friends! Yes, when the relief was to be so entire and the gladness so abounding Homer could not help running to their aid. So confident was Margaret's hope that she began to plan for the disposition of her household goods—to brush and sponge and make over the best garments in her wardrobe, and Chester's and little Annie's, and to select, in her thought, the most needy of her humble acquaintances to whom she would leave the others. And how she pitied the poor Cumminsville folks who were not going along! The prospect had never seemed so bright for her family. Her cheerfulness was unaccountable to Chester.

"He will understand it by and by," Margaret said to her heart; and the heart smiled and glowed as a bright fire on a cheery hearth.

The waiting had been long when Margaret received Homer's reply to her letter. This is what he wrote:

"MRS. CHESTER FOLDS: My dear mad-

am, your letter of the 18th has this moment overtaken me in New York City. I am here for the purpose of taking passage on the next steamer for the West Indies. I go thence to South America: then I shall visit the eastern half of the world—Europe, Asia and Africa. My plan embraces seven years, to be spent in foreign travel.

"Our vessel, the Antilles, sails in one hour and fourteen minutes from this writing. You will therefore perceive that it will be impossible for me to give anything like proper consideration to Chester's affairs, as set forth in your letter. This is of less consequence than it might otherwise prove, since Chester has Horace left to appeal to for advice and aid in the event of trouble.

"At another time I might have helped you with a little loan over any pressing emergency, but the extensive tour upon which I am about to enter will, as you must perceive, call for all the cash I can command, especially as a very considerable portion of my property consists of unproductive real estate. Besides this, my plan of travel contemplates the collection of books and relics, paintings, statuary, etc.

"I am sorry to learn that Chester has lost his pulpit. This is to be attributed, I conjecture, to that lack of push and self-assertion which has always characterized his course—a good thing enough in the abstract, unfortunate when a living is to be made.

"As to his leaving the ministry, he doubtless knows by this time his powers in that line of work, and ought to be able to judge and decide for himself.

"About our giving Chester employment. There is no work connected with our establishment that your husband is fitted for by nature or training. Indeed, you had best understand it at once and fully: Chester is not fitted for any business—I mean, as the term is generally received. He never could succeed in what is known as business. He never could be brought to practice the tricks of trade—or the tact of trade, if you prefer. He would simply expose himself to failure by attempting anything in that direc-

tion. I consider it the greatest kindness to you to tell you these things plainly.

"As to your finding employment in the establishment of Folds Brothers, it appears to me that a married woman who rightly attends to the needs of her family must find her hands full at home. The work in our business is men's work. Our large and growing business demands thoroughly accomplished bookkeepers, diligent, untiring, accurate. I doubt if any woman—excuse me!—has sufficient accuracy to make a first-class keeper of books. I have old-fashioned ideas about woman's sphere. I do not like to see her in man's place, especially when she is a wife and mother.

"You inquire as to what I advise you and Chester to do. Under the circumstances I must beg to be excused from advising you at all. In the first place, I have not time so to consider your situation as to plan intelligently for you. In the second place, I have always—that is, for years—held the opinion that the best way to help Chester is not to help him—to leave him to himself—to take from him every crutch and prop, and make him realize that he must stand alone. That's my theory in reference to Chester. Had you consulted me some years ago, I should have advised you not to marry my brother. Chester is perhaps one of those men who can never earn a proper support for a family, and hence one who should never have married—at least, not until the question was settled. A wife and children are luxuries. A poor man has no right to marry, just as he has no right to a foreign tour. As long as I was a poor man I set my face like stone against love and marriage. Chester's brothers could have afforded to carry him along through life, but they can hardly be expected to undertake, at least graciously, the support of his growing family. You have married him, have linked your fate with his, and you must try to see him through.

"A word about Chester's scientific collections. Here I feel competent to give advice. You will have to relinquish all thought of money in that direction. There is very little demand for such rub-

bish; and other men have made such fine and extensive collections that Chester's paltry affairs would have no earthly chance in the competition.

"I trust you will not be discouraged by this honest letter, and hope that you will pardon anything that may seem harsh. I am a plain man who never yet minced matters. You and my brother certainly have my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness. Please present my kind regards to Chester.

"Yours, etc., HOMER FOLDS."

"Not be discouraged!" thought Margaret hotly. "Why not, when my husband can never earn a living for his family, and I have no right to try?" Angry, blinding tears were in her eyes.

Did the letter destroy her faith in her husband? Did she think him as incompetent as Homer, to all appearances, held him to be? No: she still believed in him. Believed he would or could do—what? She did not know, she could not define it, but something. His was a nature with possibilities, she thought. If it had weakness, it still had strength. And suppose it was all true—true that Chester could not make his way in the world; that he lacked adaptability; that he could not adjust himself to humanity; that he was not practical; in plain words, that he could not make a living—was it his fault? Was he to be delivered over to his helplessness?

"If my little Annie were deformed," Margaret thought, "I would try to hide it from the world: if Chester is a failure, it is the barest Christian charity for his brothers to stand between him and the world's taunts. Their family pride ought to lead them to do this. Dear Chester! dear heart! If he cannot stand alone, I must help him stand. And I shall grow all the stronger in helping him."

She read Homer's letter again, to be sure she had not mistaken its hardness. Then she tore it to pieces, and went in with a cheery face to her husband. She sat down on his knee and looked his face over with a keen scrutiny in her eye. Perhaps before she had not seen it in its reality. She found no sign of

weakness in the features. The forehead was high and broad and full: the eyes were dreamy, as though they saw visions that come not to all men. There seemed a slight incongruity between the square, broad chin and the mouth fine and sensitive, yet with no mark of weakness.

Margaret kissed the mouth and brow and eyes. Chester thought it very sweet and comforting, her dear arms about his neck, the bright head on his shoulder, but he little dreamed of the great cry in Margaret's soul, and of the pledge made there, heart to heart, to stand by him for ever—to die rather than the world should know him for a failure.

Then they talked about the future.

"If I only had access to a good library, I think I could write some scientific papers," Chester said. "I have a new theory concerning the origin of petroleum. A satisfactory theory has never been advanced. But there are some facts in reference to the specific gravity of certain substances that I should have to get at, as

they have a direct bearing on my view of the origin of the oil. If I only had some good books! I have several other topics under consideration, and some new thoughts, I believe. But I could scarcely hope to write anything of value when I must go to my own head for all the facts and figures, with not a chance at a book to second my memory. Books are the writer's tools. Think of it, Margaret! There are not a hundred books in this whole town, if you take out the children's school-books and the Bibles. What a place for scientific and literary aspirations!"

Margaret could not help it that the thought came to her of the collections of paintings and statuary and books and relics that Homer was preparing to make in his seven-years' tour, and of the shelves of volumes in Horace's house which the owner never opened.

Poor Chester! Why must he go always hungry? SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

A FRENCH PROVINCIAL WRITER.

THE vortex of Paris draws to it the acutest French minds, there to be cut by reciprocal attrition into those sharp facets which characterize the bizarre splendor of French literature. But this hard mental collision, while it increases the brilliance and sharp angular wit of mental organizations, is fatal to that softness which, like the bloom on the flower, is the indefinable charm of humor. I have thought, however, that the peculiar quality which the English and Americans agree in styling humor may be found in a French provincial writer, Claude Tillier. A German critic, commenting on this writer, says, "He wrote and printed all his works in the provinces. He is perhaps the only writer of our day, fitted for a great theatre, who has resigned himself to the modest stage of a vil-

lage." It is perhaps to this shyness we owe the peculiar excellences of style in this now neglected writer, who is not even mentioned in M. Besant's recent work on the French humorists.

I know the hazard of contesting the judgment of contemporaries, which consigns to oblivion all literature without salt enough for its own preservation; but in the moral as in the physical world a convulsion may bury beneath revolutionary ashes articles of virtue, and the explorer who drives his shaft down through the superincumbent scorie is sometimes well rewarded for his pains. As in exhuming Pompeii we do not seek to discover Roman eagles or the memorials of empire, but evidences of the daily life of the people, similar investigations in literature have the same ob-

ject. Professor Stahl says of Tillier, "He is the only representative, in a literary point of view, of the departmental genius of France under Louis Philippe. It is the burgher in the excellent and ancient sense of the word. He was of that third estate, loving liberty passionately, fighting for it heroically in an obscure post that accident had consigned to his guard, wasting in the furrows of a farm those treasures which should have glittered in the greater day of Parisian celebrity."

The principal literary work of Tillier is a novel, *Mon Oncle Benjamin*, marked by robust, vigorous sense and broad humor, which pictures the domestic life of the bourgeoisie, its grace and its grossness, in the avocat, the physician, the shopkeeper, the barber and the sergent de ville—a life at once sensual and penurious, yet liberal and generous, with touches of a gentle and delicate spirit curiously mingled with its coarseness. But the wit and humor are not of the French school—at least, as familiar in popular writers. They suggest rather the peculiarities of Fielding, Smollet and Sterne. This may be due partly to Tillier's study of the English humorists, but more, I think, to the fact that he was describing, like the English writers, the society about him simply as a phase of human nature, not as it would appear dramatically and fashioned to striking poses. The German critic who commended his works to the Belgian public considers his humor entirely original; but, though he compares him with contemporary and classic French writers, he says nothing of the English school in which Tillier's fellows are to be found. This school, under Steele, Goldsmith and Thackeray refined of its impurities, has developed in England and America a generic department of literature. In France it seems to have had but one disciple, if we ignore mere imitators. Tillier presents in himself a miniature of the advancement of the school. If *Mon Oncle Benjamin* is a coarse, lively picture of bourgeois society in the reign of Louis Philippe, in his smaller stories he exhibits a pure and tender humor, enlivened by a wit as natural and unaffected

as it is brilliant. Two of them are entitled *Comment le Chanoine eut peur* and *Comment le Capitaine eut peur*. To illustrate his style and humor, I have translated the first:

HOW THE CANON GOT SCARED.

The table was about cleared. At one side, displayed in his elbow-chair, was a pursy old canon: his two jowls, very rubicund and very plump, resembled two scarlet cushions, but on his round face was an expression of such frank good-fellowship there was nothing in it but to love him who wore it. On the other side of the table was a young captain of artillery, nephew of the canon, wounded at the battle of Eylau, who had come to recruit himself in the midst of the delights of the canonry after the fatigues of the campaign. Between uncle and nephew a modest punch, such as canons of the Church tolerate, flickered in bluish flames. There was still another person in the room: this was a woman, part young, part old, part mistress, part servant, and whose countenance kept a medium between those conditions. She went and came with soft light step, disarranging with one hand what she arranged with the other, for the canon had promised a story.

"See here," said the canon, whose accent betrayed the Burgundian, "how I got scared. It was before the Revolution. I served a little parish then, pretty as a bird's nest, hid in the middle of the woods which cover the former duchy of Nivernois, to-day the department of the Nièvre. My village was just separated from the little town of Entrains by a great wood, quite through the midst of which passed the road which leads from Clamecy to Cosne. Such a road is not to be seen now-a-days: it went here and there like a man who is not pressed; it strolled under the vault of majestic oaks, idling along the green turf; went from one village to another, now spreading, now shrinking, torn by deep ruts, incurable wounds that the roadmasters did not yet know how to heal. Sometimes it divided itself into two forks, which set out to meet at some distance away after having

formed fresh islets of verdure. Finally, it was a road lost and found ten times before reaching its covert.

"But this wood had a bad name. A goodly number of travelers setting out from Clamecy for Cosne had disappeared, and this side of Entrains no further trace of them was found. Public rumor accused of these murders the family of Dinot, a father and four sons. The four sons, like statues of athletes hewn out of a block of human flesh, traversed the forest from morning to evening, inseparable from their guns as a priest from his breviary: of skill without rival in a country where poaching was a profession, their bullets would have matched the arrow of Tell. Entire strangers to the commandment of Moses, Thou shalt not kill, they considered every wandering creature as game given by the Creator to the hunter skilled enough to bring it down, and saw nothing in the travelers who passed their door but satchels more or less garnished. The father yielded to the sons neither in strength nor address, and was but little more advanced in morals. For ten leagues about the Dinots had a sinister celebrity. Thanks to the terror their name inspired, the forest had become their domain. They reigned there as the lion reigns in his desert. The patrol of Entrains, made up of disabled soldiery, offered but short and timid appearances on their territory, and the proprietor of the forest seemed to have such respect and courtesy for their demands as to ask leave to visit the woods and place woodcutters, who did not much care to work so near the Dinots.

"The Dinots, as I have said, lived in a little house in the middle of the wood. I think I see it now. It was a low house and squat, having but one window with iron bars, like a Cyclop that wore spectacles. It was built in a thicket of the wood, and seemed like an ambuscade upon the road. At one side of this house there was an ill-looking pool, profound, slate-colored, on the sinister surface of which was a slime, like a plaster, of broad-leaved water-plants. This, it was said, was the sepulchre the Dinots gave their victims, and the abyss in which they lost

the booty they did not care to keep. The people of the country called the pool the graveyard of the Dinots. Never had its Stygian waters been explored. No peasant dared to denounce the Dinots so long as one of them remained free, and the magistrates of the bailiwick, even if they had no fear for their own persons, had in the neighborhood of the forest some property, upon which the relations of the accused might exercise disastrous reprisals.

"I was then in the ardor of youth: no workman of the Lord was more indefatigable than I to cultivate his little morsel of the celestial vineyard. I had formed for myself a sublime ideal of my duty. I should have liked to honor my cassock. I was morose, intolerant, extravagant in my zeal, as, unhappily, are many young priests, who think to copy the grand figures of the apostles, while they only caricature them. Although I was not myself over-courageous, I was indignant at the general cowardice. I looked on the silence of some and the inaction of others as a complicity. A murder having lately been committed in the forest with the same impunity as the preceding ones, I counseled with myself to thunder from the height of my little pulpit against the ferocious men who lived by the blood of their kind, and I described my parishioners of the forest so well that no one could misunderstand me. It was Easter. The eldest of the brothers, by chance, was present at high mass. I saw all the surface of black and white heads below me undulate like a lake under a breath of wind: the looks of the multitude turned upon the young Dinot. He stood up, cocked his big hat by the two corners upon his head, and, shaking his fist at me, cried out, 'Mr. Curate, you shall repent this.' Then he withdrew. The crowd, which that day was compact and serried, parted before him like the ocean's surge before the prow of a ship. As for myself, I was struck as if by an interdict, so that for some moments I was unable to take up the course of my sermon. The sexton, however, thinking, out of respect for his duties, he ought to require the Dinot to take off his hat in church,

received the epithet 'church rat' and a kick in the rear. I should have liked to denounce the scandal done in the house of the Lord to the constabulary, as well as the kick given to an under-servant of the Church in the exercise of his duties, but every man of sense in the parish, and the sexton himself, deterred me; so that, as I could do no better, I pardoned it.

"The next winter I was coming back from Entrains on a beautiful afternoon in December. I walked leisurely, my umbrella in my hand, my breviary under my arm, along the road of which I have spoken at the beginning of my story. The threat of Dinot came back to my memory without ceasing, and the idea that I must pass before the den of the family tormented me cruelly. To be sooner rid of my apprehension and the accursed wood, I redoubled my steps. I made this sophism for myself: 'It is by thy zeal for religion thou hast attracted the hatred of the Dinots; so, if they slay thee thou wilt die a martyr.' But I ought to own that I prayed God to refuse me that favor. My heart beat very hard when I perceived smoke rising among the trees where stood the house of the Dinots, coquettish and white with its coverlet of snow, as if one had slipped a muslin chemise over it. That smoke was a bad omen: it announced that some one was at home. However, I still hoped to pass unperceived under the wing of my guardian angel.

"But it was not to be so. Papa Dinot, although it was cold enough to twist the oaks, was standing before the door leaning on his great black gun. Papa Dinot was at least five feet six inches high [about six feet English], his hair red, some of which, just beginning to silver, fell in shaggy tufts upon his shoulders like the mane of a lion. When he handled his gun a bundle of nerves surged from the hands, going and coming in the dry wrinkled skin like the cover of an old book. Time seemed afraid to attack this man. I, on the other hand, was weak and frail: it would take a fagot of curates such as I was then to make the canon I am now. Then I had a mania of abstinence, while to-day—"

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"—While to-day?" put in the captain.

"—While to-day," interjected the damsel Colette, throwing herself upon the interruption of the captain like a dog upon one that attacks its master, "monsieur is old, and his infirmities no longer permit him to be youthful."

"Thou forgettest—that is to say, you forget," said the canon—"that I am yet but sixty-five, and I lived formerly like a Carmelite.—Papa Dinot, then, was at the gate. As soon as he saw me, he came toward me. 'I was waiting for you, curate,' said he to me in his hoarse, savage voice.

"Waiting for me, M. Dinot?" I answered, not knowing very well what I said. 'Have you any need of my services?'

"Of your services? Oh, well, yes: it certainly concerns your services here. It is not that I do not love the good Lord as much as another; if I do not go to mass, it is because you sing false and you are such a long time at the altar.'

"Do you think, M. Dinot," I replied, a little provoked, 'that a high mass runs in a mould? But since you do not want my services, in what, then, can I be of use to you?'

"Come in: I will explain that to you before a big fire, of which, curate, you seem to be greatly in need, for you tremble as if you had the ague.'

"Rather do me the honor of coming to dine with me one of these days at the prebendary, and bring good M. Nicholas, your eldest son, with you. I have done him a wrong of which I wish him to ask the reason glass in hand.'

"Good Nicholas will be in presently," answered Papa Dinot roughly. 'You will find him quite ready to ask a reason for the wrong you have done him.'

"The announcement of the speedy arrival of Nicholas caused me to lose my head completely: I determined to take flight across the forest. But at a side glance toward the road Papa Dinot divined my intention and cocked his gun: I can hear now the click of the lock in my ears. He took me by the arm. 'Come,' said he, 'not so much ceremony. Are you afraid the house will fall on your shoulders?'

"'Since you require it, M. Dinot.'

"When we had entered Papa Dinot fastened the door with a bolt and set his gun against the wall. He then opened a great oak press which was by the side of the window. It was a veritable arsenal, that press. There were pistols there of all sizes, from the coquettish, elegant pocket-pistol to the great massive holster-pistol; guns of all calibres, from the light, small-bored duck-gun, which carries a ball as far as one can see, to the robust blunderbuss; knives of all bigness and all shapes, some short, rabeted, sharpened on four faces to go with a single wound to the bottom of the most robust chest; others thin, large, broad, cutting like razors; noble Castilians from Toledo, which with one wipe cause the entrails to fall to the ground; some puny, weak, all point, like, the sting of an asp, which go through flesh like a needle through linen. There were sacks of powder too; wooden bowls, some full of balls, others of flints cased in lead. Papa Dinot took a Spanish knife, such as I have described, and set himself to sharpening it on a whetstone, without saying a word.

"My legs shook under me, and I sat down mechanically before that terrible press. A vapor, across which my sight seemed to waver, was extended before my eyes. There was a tinkling sound like glass in my ears, and presently a cold chill went through my bones and puffs of heat and tepid sweat came in my face. I wished to pray, but had no word of aspiration to God. My ideas were as if clotted to the walls of my brain, and it seemed to me that I made an effort to detach them. I saw confusedly the arms with which the press was full, and Dinot, impassive as a guillotine, sharpening his knife, which went and came with an equal movement upon the stone. I closed my lids not to see these terrible objects, but I saw them as if they had been in the pupils of my eyes. I could not recall how I had come there: it seemed every moment as if I should wake out of a nightmare.

"A bottle was on a table before me. I was thirsty. I poured out a glass of wine

and emptied it at a gulp. Though the wine was not of the best, it gave me a little energy. I made an effort to soften my assassin. 'Oh, M. Dinot,' cried I, 'why will you kill me? Is it for my money? I have none. Wait till I am curate of a rich parish. I have nothing but this silver watch, which came to me from my father, and with which I never thought to part: take it, but leave me my life.'

"'Let's see this watch: does it go well?' said Papa Dinot, putting it to his ear.

"'My good M. Dinot, it goes better than the parish clock.'

"'Very well: keep it to regulate the parish clock: I have more watches than you.'

"And he opened a drawer where he had, in fact, more than a dozen. Then he set himself again to sharpening his knife.

"Once more I continued: 'M. Dinot, why will you kill me? Murder is an abominable thing, condemned by all law, human and divine, but the murder of a priest is the greatest of all crimes: it is a sacrilege. A single drop of the blood of a priest on your hands will prevent your entering into the eternal kingdom. It is written, M. Dinot, Thou shalt not touch the Lord's anointed.'

"'Pouh!' said Papa Dinot.

"'It is written,' I repeated, 'Thou shalt not touch the Lord's anointed. I would I had my Bible here: I would show you the sacred text. They are God's own words, M. Dinot. But the words apply to priests as to kings, because the chief priest receives a consecration as well as the crowned king.'

"'Since you are so wise,' said Papa Dinot with his accustomed phlegm, 'tell me: Which is the most culpable, the one that assassinates a reputation in a pulpit or the one that assassinates a life in the woods?'

"It is true, M. Dinot, I have sinned against you. Thou shalt not bear false witness, is also written. I agree even, if you insist, that I sing false but priest as I am, M. Dinot, I am the father of a family. I have a sister, widow of a sol-

dier, of a brave man like yourself, M. Dinot (this compliment caused Papa Dinot to make a terrible grimace), and two small nephews of whom I am the only support. May I place these poor angels at your feet and let them ask mercy for their uncle?—Thou wast one of the poor angels, thyself, captain."

"Oh," said the captain, caressing his moustache, "but if I had found myself there, my uncle!"

"Yes, with a four-pounder," said the canon, without paying attention to the ill-humor of the captain, who, not knowing on what he should fall, ground a firebrand with the heel of his boot.

"I said yet many other things to Papa Dinot which I found very touching. I thought to soften the man, but his stony eye was unmoistened, his gallows face had always the same expression. He played with my life as a cat plays with a mouse that it tosses from one paw to the other. Always he kept whetting his terrible knife.

"In proportion as hope went away resignation restored my courage. 'Come, Papa Dinot,' cried I, 'it is time to end this. Your knife is sharp enough. I have not a hide as tough as you think.'

"Follow me, then," said Papa Dinot, 'since you are so pressing.'

"He wished to take my arm to assist me to walk. I resolved to sell my life dear to the murderer."

"Bravo!" cried the captain. "There I recognize my uncle. And without doubt you transfixed him with the ferule of your umbrella?"

"Not at all," said the canon. "I contented myself with brushing my cassock with my hand at the place where he had touched me, as if to wipe away the print of his fingers, and I said with superb disdain, 'M. Dinot, be good enough to spare me your touch. I do not want any contact but with your knife-blade.'

"Whew-ew!" said Papa Dinot: 'I did not think you so brave. You must have trod on the sabre of your brother-in-law the soldier this morning.'

"Dinot made me traverse a long narrow court like an alley. On the snow with which the ground was covered I

remarked a track of blood, of which the drops grouped themselves in large splashes where, without doubt, the corpse was stayed to enable him who carried it to recover breath. At the end of this alley a little round door opened, black as the gate of a sepulchral cave. Dinot made me pass through the door: he used the courteous pretence of giving me the lead.

"The place where I found myself received no light but by the door. At first I could not distinguish anything, but when my eyes were a little accustomed to the gloom I perceived overhanging a shelf on which it lay something hideous, formless, of death, covered by a linen cloth, white but bloody. I judged that it was a corpse, and that this was the slaughter-chamber of the Dinots.

"Death is always the same aged man with the ghastly skull, hollow eyes, lipless mouth, which tosses all, rich or poor, in the same hole; only he comes to us in different toilettes. For the young girl it is a virgin clad in white, having rings on her fingers, fading roses on her bosom, a white crown on her head, couched chastely in a coffin resplendent with wax tapers. For the soldier it is a goddess in a mantle of tricolor, shedding from full hands the palms upon an immense fosse that is called the field of glory. For the condemned it is presented in the horrible scarlet of the gallows, the eyes covered with a black bandage and the finger on the cipher of a clock. But at bottom it is always the same thing—the same nothingness or the same immortality, the same paradise or the same hell. Yet to him who dies of sickness the vestibule of the tomb is more frightful than the tomb itself. Whatever it means, or we may wish to persuade ourselves, a violent death at a fixed hour—that death which takes a man and wraps him living in his shroud—the nothingness which succeeds at once to the plenitude of existence—that grand night of eternity which comes without twilight—is always something frightful, a quarter of an hour hard to pass.

"The idea that I, a priest—to whom was accorded some talent, to whom was

offered a fair future—was about to die the death of a fowl whose neck is wrung, of a sheep whose throat is cut, without having a poor half shrift,—it was to me a frightful punishment. I thought, too, of your mother, of you, of my parsonage rebuilt anew, and a tear came to the edge of my eyelids. But I repressed it: I made it flow back. I would die with dignity. That was perhaps a sin, but I had the pride of a savage that gives himself to the torture and braves his executioners to the last.

"I saw Papa Dinot grasp his knife. 'M. Dinot,' I said to him, 'but a few moments, if you please, for prayer.'

"For whom?" he asked.

"For you first, because you are my assassin; for myself next, who am about to die without a priest's saying, 'Go, thy sins be forgiven thee!' For my sister, for those poor orphans who will no more have any father but God. Finally, for that unhappy victim whom you are going to give me, doubtless, as a companion of my coffin."

"At the last words the mask of ferocity which Dinot had put on fell suddenly. He set up great shouts of laughter. 'Parbleu!' said he, 'you cannot do better than pray for that poor unfortunate, for I suspect he was not in a state of grace when he died. Moreover, he was the father of a family like yourself, and left two or three little orphans; but the death of their father will not hinder their making their way in the world, I answer for that.'

"With these words he raised the napkin I had taken for a mortuary cloth, and I saw an enormous wild-boar extended on the shelf.

"See there," said he, 'M. Curé, the unfortunate for whom you wished to pray just now. If he is not the companion of your coffin, he will at least do for a table companion.'

"In saying that he cut an enormous slice from the boar, which he placed in my hands. 'Hold!' said he, 'that is for you. Tell your sister to let it pickle three days in white wine, and call in your comrades afterward. But if ever a leveret is lacking do not make a crime of it.'

"Oh," I said to myself, 'my dream is

finished,' for it seemed to me just as if I had waked up.—'But say, M. Dinot, why did you give me such a big scare?'

"To show you, M. Curé, that there is no safety in judging from appearances."

"We went out. Papa Dinot took his gun and led me to the gate of the parsonage, which he refused to enter for fear of frightening my sister. I have never seen him from that day to this."

"Well," said the captain, "appearances respecting this man were very erroneous;" an opinion, considering the booty exhibited in the press and drawer, with which the reader will hardly agree, though he did spare the curé.

Instead of pointing out what distinguishes this from Parisian literature, and allies it rather with English or American humor, a few words about the writer will better conclude the sketch.

Claude Tillier was born at Clamecy in Nièvre in April, 1801, and appears to have been educated above his station. He belonged, however, to the sturdy bourgeoisie, the French element which speaks least and does the most. He says of himself: "I have been scholar, usher, soldier, schoolmaster, and have added to these vocations poetry. The corporal, head-master, spoiled children, indulgent mothers and rhythm have been my five enemies." At nineteen he was appointed usher at board-wages in a mixed French and English school in Paris. The master had bought the establishment, and having no Latin and less Greek, made up his literary character by compiling *Beauties of History* in duodecimo. "He mutilated," says Tillier, "and called it abridgment, and, dissecting, threw away the flesh and kept the dry bones." The life of an usher is a notorious preparation for the orthodox tortures that await the sinner, and Tillier suffered like Goldsmith and others: his gray habit was a mark for the sarcasm and projectiles of the pupils, "who were content to be kept in at recess for the fun of torturing the tutor." The mingling of English and French pupils, a part of the system, resulted curiously. "The nouns lost their articles, the adjectives

their gender, the verbs their conjugations. It was such a confusion of idioms no one could understand what was said."

He left this school, receiving in settlement twenty-two francs fifty centimes, of which he was very proud. His trunk was an old black cravat tied at the four corners, "in which were more scribblings than linen." Finding the stump of a cigar in his pocket, it seemed to him "the right sort of thing to walk out with a cigar in his mouth," and, lighting it at the kitchen, he started on a gallant exit. But at the gate he met a fourth-form pupil who gave him a chocolate vanilla, because he "knew an usher hasn't much money," and "it would do for a breakfast." He was much moved, cried "like an imbecile" at the incident, but, after all, ate the chocolate "like a brute" and forgot the child, "as the traveler forgets the tree under which he rested a moment." But he philosophizes that the "bottom of the human heart is a heap of scoræ and cinders, our soul a cemetery full of graves and epitaphs, a field where new blossoms grow from the roots of old flowers—that without forgetfulness in a world where everything changes man would be the most unhappy of beings." Very true, and a comfortable way of putting it under the circumstances.

He seems to have struggled along as usher, envying the shoeblack, who at least earned his crust in freedom, and thinking fortune "a great tree in which only insects that crawl or birds that fly can build their nests." But when the bourgeois king, Louis Philippe, came in, the usher became a soldier. No doubt he looked for advancement in the province to which he returned. André Marie Jean Jacques Dupin, of the department of Nièvre, avocat and politician, one of Marshal Ney's legal counsel, was in favor with the citizen-king, and Claude Tillier, the soldier, scholar, schoolmaster, may have looked for recognition at the hands of his countryman. But if so, he was disappointed. Dupin was a shrewd, selfish politician, more covetous of power than wise in its use, who, being made chief-justice of the Court of Cassation, was first to move that justice be admin-

istered in the name of the people, abandoning his patron the king.

But a higher power cuts out the work for man. Dupin sharpened the intellect of Tillier by his neglect, and the wily politician became the schoolmaster's textbook, out of which he taught the good people of the department of Nièvre the treachery and selfishness of the reign of the bourgeois king. Nothing was forgotten: the electoral system, the preceptors, the apocryphal miracles, which have been revived in our day, the prefect, the bishop, were all the butts of Tillier's bitter sarcasm. Dupin was, however, says the German critic, his "natural adversary," and some of the bitterest sentences ever penned are those in which the schoolmaster characterized the time-serving politician. Dupin's love of notoriety, Claude Tillier says, was such that "if one invented a luminous stuff that would project his fame two or three leagues around, the politician would buy it *if it cost the appointment of a justice of the peace*"—that he would "rather be noted as the courtier, defender of abuses, advocate of oppressions, than that one passing him should ask, '*But who is the old gentleman?*'"

His best point in these numerous philippics is where he attacks the existing evil in French government, its representative administration. Touching the character of the official in this connection, he says scornfully, "You were liberal when young, but liberty was for you a poor grisette, prodigal of all the treasures of her love, while you negotiated a mercenary marriage with a dame of high descent, with royalty." Then adopting a more serious strain, he continues: "You have had, M. Dupin, a deplorable influence in the district of Clamecy. The shade of your protection stifled generous opinions. Our young men have become at twenty old calculators. You have developed among us a sad spirit of selfishness and intrigue. You have made good and great qualities nothing by the spunging for office. Idiots are educated to fill places—you supply them: daughters marry valets, hoping a *dot* from your patronage. Your recommendation takes the place of acquired

rights, virtue, capacity. Favors, employments, public advantage, all come through your hands. If you had asked a basilica, the municipality of Clamecy would have consecrated it."

It is this evil, the habit of trusting to representatives or the government the care of those things which in a free country are left to the individual, which constitutes the weakness of French government. It is well to have good bread, good flour, safety in travel, but rather than encumber ourselves with official spies we would risk both indigestion and accident. Its greater evil, however, is that ambitious men are not led to look to merit or capacity, but to the favoritism of some representative or official to whom all judgment is delegated. In this way patronage becomes like the fabled shade of the upas, which indeed protects from the ardor of the sun, but blights with its poison all of a nature not akin to itself.

This, however, is transgressing the simple purpose of this sketch—to call attention to a French writer who deserves, in the English sense of the word, the name of humorist. Not that it can

be of great interest to a race to whom the language in which he wrote is foreign, but because he supplies a niche in the character of French literature—a place less noticed among his own countrymen, to whom the style is uncongenial, than it would be in England or America, or even in Germany. Indeed, I owe my own knowledge of him to the Brussels publication of a German critique. Yet it is well to remember, although he wrote in the narrow sphere of a province, that perhaps the German critic errs in regretting that Claude Tillier did not occupy a larger theatre. It is such writers as he, scattered over Europe and America, addressing themselves to the people in the remote provinces and quiet country towns and villages, whose influence, unknown at the metropolitan centres, still grows like the germ, till by and by all the fields are yellow with a golden harvest. Another hand puts in the sickle, another houses the grain, but it is they, the obscure provincials, who sowed the seed that fattens all the land with promise.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

RETROSPECT.

WHEN I remember all the beauteous days
That rounded to a happy ending, where
Through fragrant forests quivered the bright air,
And sunshine lingered down the woodland ways;
Whose flying hours were chased by hours more fair
Beneath the summer heavens' starry maze,
What time the young moon lit her silver blaze—
I know Fate storeth for me none so rare
Within the clasp of the dim Future's hand.
Therefore I turn from thee, O Hope benign!
With ardent gaze fixed on a bright To-be,
And walk with Memory in a twilight land,
Where my lost joys like mirrored stars shall shine,
And make a heaven of the Past's dark sea.

KATE HILLARD.

"MAMMY."

IT was a stony, neglected field, powdered with ox-eyed daisies and dotted with dandelions—golden dandelions that looked like spots of sunshine on the green grass and among the crevices of the rocks and the gnarled roots of the oak trees that were scattered here and there. There were carriages and buggies standing about, and horses, some tied to the lower branches of the trees, others held by the little negroes belonging to the plantation.

In this field, away off beyond the house, was a square wooden railing painted black, and within it were grassy mounds, some large, some small; and now in one corner had been dug another long deep hole, and the earth lay scattered around it red and fresh. Friends and neighbors had drawn near, some within the enclosure, others leaning against the black railing. The coffin had been reverently lowered; and while the sun slowly sank and bathed the grain in a flood of mellow light, and flickered among the leaves that trembled overhead, clear and solemn on the summer air fell the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

"Earth to earth; dust to dust; ashes to ashes." And each time there was the thud of falling earth and the rattling of clods, and the hollow answer that so many aching hearts can recall; and there were half-repressed cries and choking sobs, and still the grave was surely and inevitably filled; another mound was raised and spaded into shape; stones were placed, one at the head, another at the foot, to mark the sleeper's place; and then she was left alone, the sweet young wife and mother.

As Mr. Larrantree and his sister returned to his desolate home, his eyes rested on his children, Nelly and Grace, two little motherless things with fair curling hair and innocent blue eyes like those in the coffin out in the field. They sat on the piazza-steps in little white frocks, their hair tied back with black ribbons;

and Mammy sat between them in a white turban and cape and a black dress she had worn before their mother was born. She was about seventy years old, with a low black forehead full of wrinkles, and a broad flat mouth containing only the yellow remains of teeth, and the rim of hair that peeped out from under her turban had been gray for many a year. The little black eyes had retained their brightness and cunning, but the balls had turned yellow and the lids grown flabby, and Mammy could not fasten the children's clothes so deftly as she had their mother's; but, ah! how indignantly would they have repelled the idea that she was growing or could grow useless, and her place be better filled! How obedient they were to her delegated authority! and how tolerant of the little shakes and jerks she sometimes administered! How trustful of her love and emulous of the praises she was lavish in bestowing! Yes, Mammy, you were wrinkled and black and old and ugly, you were ignorant and narrow-minded and superstitious, but you were true to your nurslings, and tender as true; and they gave you back your love with a fervor which neither time nor taste nor reason could affect.

As Mr. Larrantree and his sister approached, Mammy stood up and the children sprang forward to meet them.

"Papa," said Grace, "what you all been doin'? Mammy said for us not to go, you would be mad. Would you be mad, papa?"

He held her in his arms, and his eyes were blind with tears: "Mammy was right, baby—papa did not want you to go."

"An', papa, what you reckon?" asked Nelly. "Mammy was tellin' us 'bout Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Wolf, an' she cried 'cause Mr. Wolf eat Mr. Rabbit up. Mammy keeps cryin' when ain't anybody doin' a thing to her; an', papa," continued the child beginning to cry

herself, "I want mamma, an' Mammy says she's gone to sleep, an' the door is shut, an' we can't get in. Can't we go in, papa? Won't you wake mamma up?"

How could he answer except by tears?

And poor old Mammy! As night came on and the children grew tired of play or were sickened with sweets, it almost broke her heart to see the blue eyes full of tears and the corners of the little mouths drawn down, while the red lips trembled and the childish voices cried over and over again, "I want my mamma! I want my mamma!"

And as night after night the black ribbons were laid aside, and the motherless children put on their little white night-gowns, Mammy racked her poor old brain for marvelous tales, and got down on her stiff old knees by the little trundle-bed and placed her left arm under Nelly's head, while she patted Grace's shoulder with her right hand, till she was stiff and sore and the white turban bobbed suspiciously up and down; but there was no break in the chain of events that took place between "Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Wolf," and Mammy did not steal her arm away till the curly heads were motionless and the little lips had ceased to ask why mamma slept so long.

Days dragged slowly by, and crystallized into weeks, and at length the governess had come, and Mr. Larrantree's sister felt compelled to return to the charge of her own family. Before she did so, however, she requested that Miss Ennerby would be very tender with the children, as they were of a nervous temperament, and had been accustomed to much indulgence.

"I shall not deny them any reasonable indulgence," said Miss Ennerby stiffly; "but children have no right to be nervous: I shall make it my business to conquer the tendency."

"I do not mean to say that they are nervous," replied Mrs. Allerton, who was very unfavorably impressed by her new acquaintance: "I meant merely to call your attention to the fact that they are of a nervous temperament, and should be favored with greater indulgence of a certain nature than—"

"Permit me to differ with you," said Miss Ennerby. "My decided opinion is, that they should be hardened before this tendency becomes a radical evil."

As Mrs. Allerton regarded the light cold eyes, the short lashes, the thin lips and square jaw of the woman before her, her heart misgave her, and she trembled for the happiness of her little nieces; but it was now too late to do aught but wait and hope and pray. Miss Ennerby had been recommended by a neighbor, and Mr. Larrantree had met with her once or twice at this neighbor's house, but that was all. He had not observed her sufficiently to form any clear impression of her character, and his mind was now in a state of such depression that he accepted at once the aid first offered, and had employed Miss Ennerby in the confidence based upon his neighbor's judgment.

Unfortunately, as she feared, for the matrimonial designs with which Miss Ennerby entered on her duties, Mr. Larrantree was called away on business the day after her arrival, and she had only time to ascertain that he agreed with her fully on one point: children should be taught to be self-reliant and induced to develop their moral muscle. She had therefore no doubt of his approbation when she commenced the hardening process by commanding Mammy, after the children were undressed, to put out the light and leave them to go to sleep by themselves.

To a great many good-hearted and intelligent people—people who honestly desire to be kind and reasonable—it were vain to attempt to portray the agony of some children on being left alone in the dark, the unreasoning, uncontrollable terror of that something which by its very lack of form, its vagueness and indefiniteness, becomes so awful, so dreadful, so infinitely horrible, that the anguish of substantial torture cannot be compared with it. The child's whole soul is pervaded by a terror which cannot be shaken off by any effort of the child's own will. Its entire being is the subject of a terror which it has no power to subdue, and its whole nervous system

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lies at the mercy of this shapeless, shadowy foe: it is reeling and staggering and fainting, and suffering a shock which will tell in after-life as surely as a shot in the eye or a cut on the brow. Oh, why is there no Mr. Bergh who can prevent cruelty to children?

A great many excellent persons without nerves fail to appreciate this state of feeling, and Miss Ennerby was not only without nerves, but by no means an excellent person. She was cold and hard and cruel, and full of vindictive feeling toward those above her, which she could gratify only by grinding those whom Providence placed temporarily under her heel. Mammy with unerring instinct at once discovered that Miss Ennerby was "poor white"—that is, that she had not had a crowd of negroes at her command and ridden about in her own carriage—and, with the aristocratic tendency of her class, despised her accordingly. The old woman knew her place too well to make any intentional display of contempt, but she conducted herself with a dignified formality more offensively suggestive than the most elaborate impertinence, and Miss Ennerby felt it with a keenness she could not disguise from herself.

The gratification of the latter could be measured only by Mammy's dismay at the order to leave the children alone; and indeed so great was the panic created in the nursery that even Miss Ennerby would have made a temporary compromise had it not involved a triumph for Mammy. As it was, she persisted in the enforcement of her order, and it was with grim satisfaction that after the first two nights she observed, the light having been extinguished and Mammy gone down stairs, that the children seemed to resign themselves to their fate and go quietly to sleep. She did not know that Mammy stole immediately back and was at her post, with her arm around her bantlings, nor how, as Miss Ennerby's step was heard, Mammy would throw herself on the floor behind the bed, and the little ones, taking their first lesson in deception, would shut their eyes and feign sleep till she had retreated, satisfied with them and her "system."

But one night they failed to hear her coming, and she stood a moment listening. Mammy was saying, "An' Jack, he were in lub wid de king's dorter, an' were always a-cassin' sheep's eyes at her; but de king, he didn't want Jack to hab his dorter, so he guv a gret ball an' axed eberybody but Jack. So de ole bar (he were a gret friend uv Jack)—de ole bar, he say, 'I'm gwine ter roll in de ashes, Jack, an' den I'll go in de ball-room, an' shake myse'f an' make such a dus' dat de king can't hardly see; an' while his eyes is full o' dus' you kin run away wid his dorter.' So ole Mr. Bar, he went an' laid down in de chimbley, an' got hisse'f full o' ashes, an' while dey was all a-dancin' he went an' shuk hisse'f, an'—"

"Aunt Maria!" Miss Ennerby opened the door.

No answer. Miss Ennerby advanced: "Grace!"

"Ma'am?" answered the child faintly.

"Who was that talking?"

No answer. They were truthful children.

"Aunt Maria!" again called Miss Ennerby.

"Marm?" said Mammy with an unsteady voice.

"Go down this moment."

Four little hands clutched Mammy silently, but convulsively, and she replied by condescending to beg humbly for permission to remain, but it was of no avail: she was sent down stairs, the door locked and two little motherless babies were left to cling to each other in an agony of terror, foolish and wild and groundless of course, but so real to them and so inexpressibly horrible that few grown persons ever have an experience approaching it.

The next day Mammy petted and caressed them even more than usual, and took them out under the trees, and then she said to them, "Nebber mind, chil-lun. Don't you all be skeered to-night, 'cos Mammy gwine to be right at de do'. Mammy gwine to lay down right close outside de do' ef Miss Edna locks it; an' ef you all gits 'feard, you jes' say 'Mammy!' kind o' easy, an' Mammy, she gwine ter say 'Meow, meow!' like 'twere a cat meowin'."

"What you goin' to say 'meow' for, Mammy?" asked Nelly.

"'Cos I kyarnt arnser no oder way, honey," said Mammy. "Ef I was to talk human, 'course Miss Edner would cotch me. Gord bless my babies! Now don't you all be skeered, 'cos dar ain't nuffin' to be skeered 'bout, nohow: de good Lord is a-watchin' uv you night an' day, an' holdin' uv you in de holler uv His han'; an' Mammy's gwine ter roll yo' bed close 'side de do', an' den she gwine ter lay right down by it an' stay dar tell spang day."

Sure enough, the door was again locked, and Mammy sent down stairs. Presently there arose little soft, hesitating, doubting voices, "Mammy! Mammy!"

"Meow!" came from the hall.

"Mammy!"

"Meow! meow!"

Then there were little giggles and whispers, and the next time Mammy's name was called they could hardly do it for laughing: "Mammy! Mammy!"

"Meow! meow!"

"Oh, Mammy!"

"Me-ow!"

Mammy was alarmed lest Miss Ennerby should overhear them, and this time gave such an expressive "meow" that it produced an unrestrained burst of laughter, whereupon Mammy ventured to whisper "Hishe, chillun!" and the sounds presently subsided again into giggles and whispers. Then Mammy placed her mouth to the crack at the sill of the door and whispered again, "Go orn to sleep now, chillun, 'cos sumbody might hear you. Don't make me meow no mo'. Mammy ain't gwine away."

And Mammy did not go away. The giggling grew faint and the whispers few, and presently the drowsy lids fell quietly over the sweet blue eyes, and all was still; but Mammy never moved till morning's cheerful beams dispersed the shadowy terrors of the night. Only when it had become "broad day," and she knew her babies no longer trembled—only then, chilled and weary, she gathered up her stiff old limbs and softly crept away.

Night after night, "Mammy! Mammy!"

"Meow!" answered a voice at the sill of the door.

"Oh, Mammy!"

"Meow! meow!"

Till one night, Miss Ennerby, wearing a red flannel sacque, her hair in disgusting little crimping plaits, a candle flaring in one hand and a broom raised in the other,—Miss Ennerby came suddenly from her room with intent to punish the cat, and beheld—Mammy!

Little was said at the moment, but that little was to the purpose. Miss Ennerby was angry at having been so successfully imposed upon, and Mammy was not only angry at having been discovered, but alarmed as to the consequences for her children, her ideas being very indefinite as to the extent of Miss Ennerby's authority. Very little was said at the moment, but the next evening, as Mammy was about taking the children off to bed, Miss Ennerby sent for Uncle Sawney, detaining Mammy till he came.

When punishment was to be administered on the plantation, it was the duty of the overseer to do it, and as Uncle Sawney was acting in that capacity this year, he was sent for to perform his functions.

No one at first understood the position of affairs—neither Mammy nor Uncle Sawney, who stood to receive Miss Ennerby's orders; neither the children, who were waiting to be taken to bed, nor the housemaids, who, feeling that something unusual was about to take place, were hovering curiously in the rear; and when they did, when it became apparent that Uncle Sawney had been sent for to punish Mammy, the state of feeling is quite indescribable. Uncle Sawney himself was aghast.

"Good Lord, Miss Edner!" he exclaimed, "I darzn't toch that nigger. Mas' Jack ud peel me all ober. Lord ha' mussy! Mas' Jack ud have me on de block fus' trader cum along."

"I will be responsible to your master," said Miss Ennerby.

Uncle Sawney scratched his head and dropped his jaw, and "walled" his eyes at Mammy very much as if he would like to punish her for being the source of his perplexity; but his whip remained

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trailing on the floor, and his heart failed him as he essayed to lift it, for Mammy was a dignitary whose importance was not to be trifled with; besides which, Nelly and Grace were clinging frantically to her, despite Miss Ennerby's commands, and the feelings of his master's children were not to be disregarded. Still, he hesitated to disobey Miss Ennerby, for, like Mammy, he had very vague ideas as to the extent of her authority, and did not know how far he might safely venture to defy her.

"Will you do as you are ordered?" demanded Miss Ennerby imperiously.

Uncle Sawney again scratched his head and muttered, "Lord ha' mussy!" but finally said sullenly to Mammy, "Ornfassen yo' coat."

Mammy began with trembling fingers to unpin her dress, while the children hung around her with cries of distress, and Grace endeavored to hold it together.

"Oh, Mammy, don't undo it! Stop opening your dress! Don't let him whip you!" cried Nelly. "Oh, Mammy! please, Mammy!"

"Nebber you mind, honey. It don't make no diff'unce;" and the withered old lips were trembling like the poor black fingers. "Mammy ain't got long to stay here, nohow, an' it don't make no diff'unce 'bout de path gittin' narrer. 'Tain't you all's fault, chillun; an' ef yo' ma was livin', 'twouldn't be hern, bless de Lord!"

"When my mamma comes back," said Grace, sobbing and looking defiantly at Miss Ennerby, "I'm goin' to tell her what you been doin' to Mammy."

She ran to the door of the solitary chamber, and beating against it with her helpless little fists, cried over and over again, "Mamma! mamma! please, mamma, open your door! Come out here just a minute, mamma, an' make 'em stop troublin' Mammy. You can go to sleep again. Won't you come, mamma?"

An imperative gesture from Miss Ennerby induced Uncle Sawney to repeat his order: "Ornfassen yo' coat."

"Oh, make haste, mamma!" cried the children in agony.

Mammy pulled off her sleeve, baring one arm and shoulder, while she turned toward the weeping child and said in a voice thick with tears, "Come away, honey: your ma ain't dar. Her do' wouldn't a-stayed shot dis long ef she had ha' been. Come away, baby. Don't call her no mo'. It jes' makes Mammy feel wus."

She slowly bared the other black shoulder and bony arm, and Miss Ennerby motioned to Uncle Sawney to advance, while the children with frantic cries rushed forward and threw themselves before her, Nelly spreading her little baby hands over Mammy's bare back, and Grace laying her fair curls and flushed cheek on the withered black breast.

"Go away, Uncle Sawney," said Grace, sobbing so that she could hardly speak: "go away. You know—know papa—didn't ever—let—let you—whi—whip Mammy. I'm goin' to—tell—tell him—tell papa, soon as ever he comes—comes home."

"Never mind, Uncle Sawney!" said Nelly: "mamma is going to open her door an' come out, an' I'm goin' to 'plain 'bout you troublin' Mammy."

This appealed to Uncle Sawney's superstitious feeling, and he had again lowered his arm, when there was heard a quick firm tread on the piazza, the front door closed with a bang, and Mr. Larrantree stood before them. He looked with some surprise at the picture presented, but after a hasty bow to Miss Ennerby he caught Grace up in his arms and asked smiling, "Why, what's the matter, piggy-wiggy? And what in the world are you all doing to Mammy?"

"Oh, papa," said Nelly, still protectively clinging to the old woman, and unable, even though her father had come, to check her sobs—"Oh, papa, Uncle Sawn—Sawney was—was goin' to whi—whip Mammy."

"All right, Uncle Sawney: go ahead. No doubt Mammy deserves it," said Mr. Larrantree, but his laughter met no response, and he felt a little puzzled, having thought it all a play got up to amuse the children, and was dismayed to find their grief unassumed. He looked around

with indignant yet perplexed astonishment, for he could hardly realize that Miss Ennerby had transcended her authority to this extent; yet it was evident that something very serious and painful had occurred.

Miss Ennerby stood in embarrassed silence, becoming suddenly conscious that she had made a false move and placed her "castle" in danger. Alas for the airy fabric! Uncle Sawney's fingers were buried almost out of sight in the grizzly wool that crowned his head, and his jaw fell more stupidly than ever, while he rolled his eyes, not at any one in particular this time, only to be generally on the defensive.

No sooner had relief arrived than Mammy's heroism deserted her, and now from head to foot she was shaking with nervous tremor.

"Miss Ennerby, will you be kind enough to explain this scene?"

Miss Ennerby cleared her throat once or twice, and hesitated so long that Mr. Larrantree turned with perhaps discourteous impatience to Mammy: "Mammy, is anything really the matter, or is this just tomfoolery for the children?"

"'Tain't de kind o' tormfool'ry I been usen ter, Mas' Jack. Miss Edna were 'bout havin' de ole woman whipped, bless de Lord!" answered Mammy.

"WHIPPED! YOU!" Capitals fail to express it. He turned to Miss Ennerby with flashing eyes.

"She persisted in disobeying me and defying my authority over my pupils, and there was nothing left but to have her punished," said Miss Ennerby.

"She didn't, papa," cried Nelly. "We was 'fraid of nights, an' Mammy didn't want to lock us up in the dark; an' ole mean Miss Edna maked her go away, an' then Mammy stoled back anyhow and meow'd, an' Miss Edna caught her, an' ole mean Uncle Sawney was—"

"Will you do me the favor to explain this matter, Miss Ennerby?"

Mr. Larrantree was one of those men who turn pale when they become angry, and Miss Ennerby began to feel insecure as she saw his features whiten. She hesitated, and Nelly continued: "Since mam-

ma went to sleep, papa, an' don't let us come in her room, we gets 'fraid every night, an' want Mammy—"

"Well, baby, what has Mammy to do but to stay with you?" asked he, pressing his bearded face against the little tear-stained cheek.

"But, papa, don't you know, Mammy stoled back at the crack of the door an' meowed, an' Uncle Sawney was goin' to whip her, an' you was gone away, an' we kep' callin' mamma, an' callin' her, an' callin' her; an' she wouldn't come. Papa, is mamma 'sleep yet?"

"Get out, Sawney," said Mr. Larrantree, "and thank your stars if I don't cut your ears off to-morrow. Miss Ennerby, I may forget myself if we discuss this matter at present, so I will not detain you for the purpose. Open the door for Miss Ennerby."

This hint being unmistakable, Miss Ennerby curved the corners of her mouth and ungraciously withdrew.

He buried his face in the child's curls, and when he raised his head, though he tried to make the tones cheerful, his voice was choked and hoarse: "Fasten Mammy's dress, piggy-wiggy. And now, Mammy, if you know what is good for you, you will make Tip bring in that valise, and you and Nelly and Grace will open it; and then if you don't like what is in it, why, you can just send it back to where it came from. That's all papa has to say about it; so here's the key."

Tip brought in the valise, and Mammy and the children eagerly poured forth its contents, Mammy receiving her gorgeous turbans and "store shoes" with the same innocent delight that the children derived from their bonbons and babies, the old woman and her nurslings throwing aside with equal facility all thought of their recent trouble.

Mr. Larrantree's subsequent interview with Miss Ennerby must have been decisive if not agreeable, as her baggage was sent to the "crossing" in time for next day's train, and she departed without bestowing a kiss on the children or bequeathing her blessing to Mammy.

JENNIE WOODVILLE.

STILL WATER.

HE wrote and wrote, but could not make a name;
Then cursed his fate and called the world to blame—
The world, that knew not genius when it came—

"The world," he cried, "that crowns us in a night
For nothing; but that damns us, wrong or right,
Rather for sheer indifference than for spite."

One of his friends would slyly smile to hear.
"Ah! second-hand Byronics!" one would sneer.
One said, "Give over." One said, "Persevere."

One said but little, though she thought and thought,
Through the long weeks and all the work they brought,
While the wife toiled and while the mother taught.

There went a story that he might have wed
An heiress, this poor scribbler for his bread,
But took a little meek-eyed girl instead—

A little meek-eyed girl without a cent,
Who scarcely knew what half his writings meant—
Loved him reveringly, and was content.

And now she mused and mused upon a way
To brighten his dull face again. One day
Her slender hand along his shoulder lay:

"Write this!" and then she told him what to write
In just a few fleet words, and stole from sight
With smiling lips, but with a look of fright.

He laughed at first; yet in a little space
The languid laughter died from out his face,
And left mute meditation in its place.

If I mistake not, it was this same year
That suddenly men knew him, far and near,
As having won the world's capricious ear.

And she? Why, if she had not seen so plain
How soon the laurels cured his longing pain,
She might have held them even in mild disdain.

But now she blesses Fortune's kind decree—
Proud, glad through him, though still, for all we see,
The same small, meek-eyed wife she used to be.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

OF GOING HOPPING.

ARE you nervous, miserable or dyspeptic? Have you done the same work over and over until you care for nothing—do not hope or fear, neither are cheerful? Do "things go contrary" with you? Is there a coming experience so bitter that but to think of it makes you shudder and hang your head? Then go hopping.

Perhaps you have waited for good luck until your hair has turned a dull gray, as if ashes had been cast thereon, and your voice has a low-spirited creak, and you have acquired the melancholic knack of wishing without hoping. Perhaps you are got into the horse latitudes and doldrums, or into the regions of cyclones, or into some other evil place laid down in the ship-charts of this world, and wish to escape to a spot where there are neither storms nor earthquakes—no, nor Borgias nor Catilines either. Then go hopping. Whatever your suffering or regret, why go hopping, up hill and down dale, and be cured. Who would fardels bear (I hope it is not necessary to put quotation-marks to this), to grunt and sweat under a weary life, if he can elude them by simply stepping forth into the breezy places where they gather hops?

Go to the hop-harvest and you will feast, you will dance, you will fall in love. You will have halcyon days, made of mornings that exhale like dew, of noons dwindled to a point, of sunsets coming unexpectedly, and these followed by nights so filled with genial and refreshing slumber that they seem like a moment. Life will be again what it was in old summers when they measured time by the cool drip of the clepsydra, and the gods were not far out of sight: you will taste the freedom, the equality, the unrestrained gayety of the golden reign of Saturn, restored here in America in the nineteenth century, and for once will enjoy Nature, not after the fashion of tourists, who go about crying that she is "fine" and "elegant," but after the fash-

ion of farmers, to whom she is necessary, and who pine with a strong hunger when separated from their fields.

However miserable you may be at home, if you go to the hop-gathering you will acquire the habit of joking and being joked at: however silent your mood, you will there discover an aptitude not only for talking, but for merry gabbling, and for singing, not dolorous airs from operas, but droll songs that have been out of print this hundred years, or have never been in print at all, like the ancient rigmale—

The third day of Christmas my sweetheart came to me,
With three lords a-leaping, four ships a-sailing,
And a garden with a juniper tree.

Hilarious influences preside over the hop-harvest. At the beginning of the season they float into the country on the clouds of parasols that overhang the hop-wagons threading the roads with their freight of young girls coming hop-picking, and remain until the last hop is gathered, the last parasol gone home. And there is an intrinsic jollity in the dancing hops themselves, all inebriated by rich juices they drink up from the blissful earth—a natural merriment that communicates itself to the folk who work among them. Moreover, an exhilaration comes to people toiling out of doors during the gilded early autumn weather, when the mild Virgin rules, and evenings come on wonderful with large moons and stars hung low in "the lucid interspace of world and world," and when the out-of-door domain has a peculiar tranquillity that overwhelms human troubles under an infinite calm. Besides, the hop-gathering must necessarily be joyous by reason of that provision of Nature whereby those who scorn delights and live laborious days have delights greater than any possessed by idle pleasure-seekers, the Do-Nothings and Eat-Alls cumbering God's diligent creation for a time. According to one of Heaven's best compensations, the cheerful people work

hard all day, and at night go home to houses like Thoreau's castle, with but one room and but one door in it.

All work is hopeful, "if for nothing more for the hope of getting it done;" and rural work has something more than hope in it: it has beauty. Virgil made incomparable poetry by merely enumerating the tasks of farming, thus: "When gay summer comes, invited by the zephyrs, send the flocks into the lawns and pastures. When Lucifer arises, let them crop the fields yet cold, while morning is new, while the grass is hoary, and dew most grateful to cattle is on the tender herb. Then, as soon as the fourth hour of day shall have brought on thirst, and the plaintive grasshoppers shall rend the groves with their song, order the flocks to drink the water running in oaken troughs, or at the wells, or at the deep pool. But in the noontide heats let them seek out a shady vale, where Jove's stately oak of ancient wood extends its huge boughs, or where a sacred grove of thick evergreens projects its blacker shade. Then give them once more the translucent streams. And once more feed them at sunset, when cool Vesper tempers the air and dew refreshes the lawns." If he wrote so exquisitely of these antique Roman tasks, what might he not have done with hop-picking, a much more attractive form of work than any that he was acquainted with? Nothing ever equaled it in old or new times. Aside from the good wages paid in hop-yards, there is a contagion of bravery and kindness in the turning out of a whole populace into the fields, as they do in hop-harvests, that no one can resist. In a wide country-side there are few either rich or poor who can refuse to help along the hop-gathering. The wealthy farmers' wives and daughters, as well as their "hands," the lazy folks as well as the industrious, the old sick people and the young sick people, all the hired girls and their mistresses (however they manage it), the blacksmith's striker, and the shoemaker's apprentice, and the milliner's apprentice, and the incorrigible loungers of the tavern-steps, fall to work together in the days of the hop-harvest.

Everybody is in the fields in hopping-time, and no one at home. Families lock their houses and leave them in silent gardens all day; entire hamlets are depopulated from dawn till night-fall; the very postmaster, seized with the general furor, abandons his office, so that people can obtain letters only by taking a dim walk at five in the morning or after dark; and the tollgate-keeper, longing to imitate the postmaster, hangs over his half door gazing wistfully across the fields.

So there is variety of company, as well as jolly and vivacious company, in the hop-yard—a motley assembly, and one particularly disposed to laughter and good-fellowship. If you cannot be amused with them you will never be amused on earth. Motley! That is saying nothing. They include the raff of a dozen neighboring towns, the varletry of all foreign nations: they are clad in extraordinary old gowns and coats, dreadfully battered hats and bonnets, torn shawls and petticoats (such garments being considered especially adapted to hop-picking), and comprise every age from the grayest crones to the smallest children. A baby—little hindering thing!—lying on a hop-sack sucking its foot unconcernedly, is the not unusual finish to a family cluster.

They gossip, laugh and quarrel pertinaciously. Poor working-people employ vigorous, unpalliating expressions that make their dialogues strongly dramatic. They are not afraid of revilings and personalities, not afraid of giving each other literally the length of their tongues. Even the children, sun-scorched of hair and skin, huddled about their mothers, tugging at the vines, helping to fill the boxes, keep up incessant little murmuring talks and laughter among themselves, well interspersed with wrangling.

A foil to the hop-yard jocularly and smartness that gives them a keener edge exists in the hop-picking train in the shape of certain types of women developed by life as it is in a country village—lean, thin-haired women, with inexpressive voices, no teeth, noses like stove-

door latches, and a general resemblance to the moppets of a Punch-and-Judy show after the show is over. You would as soon expect to see their own broom-handles branch out and blossom as to see them display the least originality or enthusiasm. Their uninterestingness is a kind of prodigy, and how they came to exist a mystery. They play the part of supernumeraries in the hop-yard comedy, and serve excellently to set off the mirth, the lovemaking, the grace and beauty alongside of them.

Did I say you would fall in love? You will fall, as Thackeray says, consumedly in love. You will have your pick from crowds of country-girls like nymphs and dryads, and from other crowds of girls endowed with the faint, charming grace of the American *bourgeoise*. These have pure, clear-carved faces, are used to being neatly dressed, gloved and fanned, and wear their hair in the mode, I can tell you. You can have Rosalind or Celia, who leaves her sheepcote on the skirts of a forest, hard by a clump of olives, in hopping-time, or Rosamund Gray from her blind grandmother's cottage, or Sophia Primrose, or her handsome sister Olivia, or dear Phœbe Pyncheon (you will know her by the clear shade of tan and the few freckles across her nose), for your own. They are all there; at least, the girls of whom they are the prototypes are there, which amounts to the same thing. Should you do without a sweetheart, it will not be because you have not "the makin's" of one.

Not that no rivals exist to make conquests difficult: there are plenty. A tall, broad-shouldered personage frequently saunters through the hop-yard casting looks of unmistakable proprietorship about him—a hop-grower, whose presence might cause the securest hearts to sink. Often a still more formidable rival, a young fellow like the Good Genius of Farming, comes down the long, garlanded aisles to chat with the damsels. He wears a straw hat, his locks are crisp, his cheeks sunburnt, his lips red with the heat of summer, and his blue shirt, open at the throat, displays a nervy bosom.

When you see him you will know how an ancient Greek painting must have looked: his face has the lines of a Greek, and its coloring is of vivid life.

As to pictures, the hop-yard groups are wonderfully picturesque—not after the Greek, but rather after the style of some old Italian school, that of Bologna perhaps, which is remarkable for grotesque as well as beautiful designs, and is rich in chalk and charcoal sketches, unfinished studies, scraps, odds and ends, profiles, heads, hands, and so forth. People cross the ocean and descend into the cellars of palaces to study outlines like the hop-yard masterpieces. An eager boy leaping up on tiptoe to catch the end of a vine, or a weary one with hand on thigh, innocent faces among rings and tufts of blossoms, satyr-like figures in rough, jagged raiment, nymphs and hamadryads, fill the eye in all directions—all full of action, none out of drawing, none of "thin" or "papy" coloring.

Your hop-harvest lovemaking derives singular opportunities from the simple, unaffected assuetude of the time. An old golden usage among them allows the pole-puller to seize any damsel who has filled her box, and by "main strength and stupidity" to plump her into it among her hops. "The slow, low, dry chat" of lovemaking is immensely favored by various circumstances—loiterings home to supper, twilight walks across the fields to neighbors' houses, hop-yard dances, where they play the Rounds of Ireland for five hours long, and sudden showers that come up over the land, causing headlong scrambles to the nearest barn, and bringing about an unavoidable necessity for sharing seats on inverted bushel-baskets with misses whose small round cheeks and white throats invite extremely close scrutiny. The summer-house of Francesca da Rimini was not a better place for lovemaking than a barn—vast, shadowy, muffled in wheat and hay. And the barn *conversazione* of a rainy day has other charms "quite particular," as the French say, aside from its admirable opportunities for lovemaking. You lounge on the top of an oat-bin in the barn, and through

a great door you see the shower fall down prone. You feel the moist wind blowing refreshfully; you smell the fine barn-smells; you hear the irrepressible laughter of the hop-pickers following swift rounds of jokes which are filled with sound humor; you listen to whimsical colloquies between old dames who have whipped off yellow flannel petticoats to pin about rheumatic shoulders; and to complete your entertainment some of the farm-lads cut pigeon-wings on the bottom of a peck-measure and balance rakes on their chins. All this might give "that faint thrill called happiness."

If everything else failed you could not help liking the hop-harvest, because there is such a deal of good eating going on then. The mornings have vast breakfasts of steaks, sirloin, tenderloin, and round; sausages, fresh-laid eggs, soakingly-buttered toast, pancakes with maple syrup, and coffee with thick cream. The noonday meals are the peers of that memorable dinner of pigeons, short-legged hens, leg of mutton and pretty little kickshaws to which Justice Shallow so gleefully invited Falstaff with, "Come, let's in to dinner! come, let's in to dinner! Oh, the days that we have seen! Come! come!" And for supper you have bread and milk, tea, honey, blackberries, apple-sauce, pound-cake—ah! Besides, at table, as elsewhere, you behave as you please, which gives great piquancy to the dishes. You may find fault with the cooking and help yourself to any quantity of it. Good gracious! yes, take two dishes of pudding, or do any other wild, ridiculous thing. I give you my word that if you choose to shy cookies at your opposite neighbor's head, nobody will mind it.

The feasting does not end with meal-times, either. On hot days lemonade is brought a-field—sometimes last year's cider, cool and fresh from the cellar, in earthen pitchers, with beaded bubbles winking at the brim; and about the middle of forenoons and afternoons a missing comrade reappears whose pockets are stuffed with harvest-apples, and whose hands bear, suspended from their finger-ends, large brown fat doughnuts,

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shaped like figure 8's. You "take your nuncheon" by night also, when there is a dance at the hop-yard, from certain milk-pans filled with cake, which float around among the dancers, breathing of sweets and spice, and not interrupting the dancing.

Incessant, rapturous, perfect is the hop-yard dance. Around and around with endless rebound go the hop-yard dancers from the hour when milking is done until the fiddlers are tired out, while the harvest-moon and the stars themselves drop into rest. No one thinks of being weary, no one criticises the floor or the music, no one disturbs the company by an untimely departure. There must be an affluence of life and delight in people who can work all day, and after a long walk can dance with gusto all night, as these brown harvesters do. Happily, they are not burdened with etiquette. The girls wear their hair in papers before your eyes during the day, and at night coolly unpin their locks and appear with their muslins set off by curls that are all the more interesting from having been observed in their chrysalis state before. Your own toilette is a matter of very subdued interest; so is your manner of dancing. You will dash off a breakdown by yourself, if the fancy takes you, while the maid of your choice is engaged with another, and you will discover that some of the young ladies execute a neat, light double shuffle occasionally.

There is a superfecundity about hop-growing soils which causes them to bring forth other fruits abundantly, together with a powerful, steady-going, magnificent yeomanry. Since the days when our fathers feasted each other in caverns, since the days when they drank healths in metheglin and mead and other honest old drinks made of boiled cider or wine and spiced honey, there has never been a more generous race than the hop-growers. Would you could see them in winter, their season of repose, riding about in sleighs overflowing with rich robes and furs, behind high-stepping horses. They are always rich. A hop-yard (or hop-garden, as they say in Eng-

land—why not hop-vineyard?) is like a peach-orchard: plant one and Fortune will follow you until she smiles upon you. Wherever hops grow is found a Hop Aristocracy seated on well-kept estates, amid villages having the air of wealth and leisure. A violent trade is indicated by the bulging, overcrowded state of the hop-village stores. They quite overflow the streets with those beautiful calicoes and other stuffs never worn in town, but from time immemorial property of the country-girls—those peach-blossom prints for peach-blossom complexions, those warm and glowing delaines for florid brunettes, gay stripes and "pretty figured muslins" of the sort fondly remembered by Sir Peter Teazle: the village streets are hung, bannered, with these ensigns and gonfalons of prosperity.

There is something enjoyable in the flavor of money about a hop-county newspaper, derived from its thick notices of weddings, parties, visits, concerts, the goings to and fro of local grand people, and from its curt touches of information on the great question, "How's hops?" Its very advertisements hint an overplus of money, being for the most part enumerations of things that poor people never think of wanting. Here is one specimen from the *Hop Espalier*, Hop Town, Hop County, New York:

REMEMBER, that we have a New Stock for the
Hop-Picking Season
of
Accordions, Roman Scarfs,
Pocket Cutlery, Meerschmump Pipes,

Cigar-Holders, Wallets, Pocket-Books, Pencils, Gold Pens, Combs, Brushes, Guitar-Strings, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Harps, Harmonicas, Beads, Spectacles, Pocket and Hand Mirrors, Neck-Ties, Flutes, Flageolets, Piano Music, Violin Strings, Indelible Ink, Crochet-Needles, Breastpins, Finger-Rings, Sleeve-Buttons, Sewing-Birds, Portfolios, Pocket Inkstands, Ladies' Shoulder-Braces, Watch-Chains, Bouquet-Holders, Card-Cases, etc., etc.

It is a satisfaction to know that every tun of ale poured down the throats of an oppidan populace pours wealth into the hands of those who,

far from the rage of towns,
Drink the pure pleasures of the rural life.

When Theodore Thomas waves his awful baton in air and draws forth harmonies to float over the heads of the drinkers in the metropolitan garden, he is conjuring up fine homes, perfect roads, sumptuous equipages, taste and scholarship in some green pastoral region. When 'tis merry in hall and beards wag all, and the Teuton dips his yellow moustache in his favorite brown liquor, riches are being heaped in many an old solitary farmhouse.

All this aroma of success and prosperity, this broad-based security from poverty in the hop-country, completes the sense of elation experienced by the sojourner there, giving him the one condition that makes man's heart to gladden at every stroke of mirth—the absence of care. Therefore to any person who wants a remedy for being miserable, I repeat these auspicious words, "Go hopping."

MARY DEAN.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

HORNBERG IN THE BLACK FOREST.

THIS is a newly-discovered spot on the earth's surface. Some few human beings, Prince Fürstenberg and his ancestors among the number, have known of its existence, to be sure, but to the general world it has been hitherto about as much a *terra incognita* as Timbuctoo. Tim-

buctoo, indeed, we all have heard of, but who ever heard of Hornberg? Now, however, all that is changed or soon will be. Hornberg, together with sundry other "bergs," and "bachs," and "ingens" (the names of all the places end in one or the other of these terminations), has been discovered by a new line of railway

piercing the very heart of the Black Forest, which has for many a generation been the most primitive and isolated region of Germany. The effect of opening this new line strikes one as having been somewhat analogous in its operation to the thrusting of a stick through the centre of a long undisturbed anthill. For the forest is by no means, it must be understood, unwont to echo to the sounds of the human voice or the woodman's axe. On the contrary, it is thickly dotted over with little primitive towns and villages, which nestle shyly in the depths of its deep greenwood-enclosed valleys, peopled by a simple and industrious race, who toil now in various handicrafts for their own profit, and whose fathers toiled as the vassals of the territorial lords whose ruined castles still crown the more prominent rocks and eminences throughout the land. Prince Fürstenberg owned the picturesque ruin which looks down from its height on this little town of Hornberg; and I was therefore able to cite his forefathers as people who assuredly knew of the existence of the place.

It is a remarkable district, and quite *sui generis* as looked at with the eye of a painter or lover of landscape. The whole region consists of an intricate network of deep and narrow green valleys, shut in by hills which for the purposes of scenery are really as effective as mountains, densely covered with forest, mainly of pine, but in some places of beech. Roads were devious, steep and difficult in such a country, and the making of a railway through it has been a veritable *chef-d'œuvre* of engineering skill. Tunnels, embankments and viaducts innumerable of course make up the greater part of its existence. But even with all these appliances it has not been able to achieve a straight or anything like a straight course, but twists and wriggles and turns, sometimes going back on its course, sometimes circling a mountain, sometimes clinging on by its eyelids (if that is not *too* bold a metaphor when applied to a railway) to the almost precipitous side of a deep valley, till the traveler, who often sees out of the window of his carriage the line he is about

to traverse running on the other side of the valley parallel to that he is on, loses all sense of direction, and seems to himself to be the sport of a very nightmare of engineering.

Great, however, almost inappreciably great, will be the effects of this line upon the condition and fortunes of the primitive districts and populations it opens up. Tourists, mainly German as yet, are beginning to find their way here, though the inhabitants still rub their eyes and blink at them, like folks newly awakened from a slumber of centuries. They come out from the huge thatched cottages hidden away in remote sinuosities of the narrow valleys, lush with the greenest of pasture and watered by the most crystalline of trout-streams, clad in the peculiar costume affected by their forefathers, which they are probably the last generation that will ever wear. The railway will soon chase away all such primeval fashions. The men wear black velveteen breeches, long coats, to their heels, of black velveteen or blue cloth, in either case lined with scarlet, and waistcoats of blue. The women have short quilted petticoats, the object in the construction of which seems to be the imparting of as great a degree of width to the figure as possible. And as Nature has kindly done her part abundantly in the same direction, the result produced in this way is often truly astounding. But perhaps the most singular part of the female costume is the head-dress. This consists of a rather flat and wide hat of white straw, ornamented with some ten or a dozen huge tufts of wool, about half the size of a cricket-ball, of black or brilliantly vivid scarlet. The effect produced, especially when seen in crowds together, is most singular. The stockings too are of a kind unlike any I ever saw elsewhere, of a spotlessly white fleecy material, in texture apparently halfway between plush and a swan'sdown muff. Here, too, the purpose of making a pair of stupendously thick legs look thicker still is admirably well served.

The cottages I have spoken of as the homes of the well-to-do peasants who thus dress themselves are yet more re-

markable than their owners. You come upon them in wandering among the valleys in isolated, peaceful spots, embowered among orchards and huge walnut trees, generally on the bank of some little rippling stream. You see half hidden by a mass of greenery, and only when you come close upon it, a huge, an almost incredibly huge, mountain of thatch. It is the roof of a homestead, but you would be greatly in error if you were to estimate the size of the dwelling from that of the roof according to any ordinarily recognized scale of proportion. Till further and closer examination has revealed to you the plan of these singular dwellings you might suppose that half a dozen families could be comfortably accommodated beneath that enormous roof. A little closer inspection shows you that one, if at all numerous, has but very poor and insufficient lodging. But I must endeavor to describe one of these homes in somewhat greater detail, for it is worth the trouble.

At first nothing is seen save the huge extent and high-rising ridge of thatch, most picturesquely variegated in color according as different portions of it have been renewed at different epochs. A patch of new bright yellow will be the neighbor of a little field of bright green, so entirely has age and moisture covered it with a coating of moss. On either side of these will be patches of every conceivable shade of gray and brown, so that the entire slope of the roof, rising to a high peaked ridge at an acute angle, seems to repeat in miniature the varied and patchy cultivation you see in the fields—in those small portions of them, at least, which are under tillage, for by far the greater part of the country is pasturage. One end or gable of this high peaked roof will be, if possible, backed against a hillside: the other will face the road or other approach, if such a phrase as "facing" be applicable to the shy peeping out between two or three huge trees which is generally all that is permitted to them. Over this gable-end the roof projects to such an extent as to throw the whole face of the building almost always into deep shadow. The

basement story is constructed of plastered masonry, and shows two or three doors of different sizes, but no windows. It is in fact exclusively devoted to stabling for horses and cattle. Next above it comes a low story, constructed of wood, in a part of which the human portion of the family dwell. Three or four windows, so close to each other as to be rather one large window, on one side of the gable frontage show the position of the one large room in which the family live. In this will be found a huge stove, and near it the box-like beds of the heads of the family. One or two other small windows in different parts of the same gable light two or three poorer chambers for children or servants. All the back part of the vast space covered by the roof seems to be devoted to agricultural implements and the like. There remains all the very large space above this, which is used wholly as a barn or storehouse for hay or other produce. It will be observed at once that this arrangement, which places the family sandwich-fashion between the well-filled stable below and the equally well-filled barn above, must be highly conducive to warmth; and the Black Forest winters are rude. But it is at least equally evident that this plan of a family residence must have been conceived in the days when sanitary science was as yet undreamed of. The evils of the arrangement are intensified by the position chosen for the dwellings, being such as to exclude as much as possible all circulation of fresh air. Yet here and so have the dwellers in these remote and hitherto little-visited valleys lived for generation after generation. I suppose that the ages recorded on the little black crosses that stand so thickly in the village cemeteries would show that only the hardier plants survive the treatment.

The little towns in this district are of two kinds. The older consist of the agglomeration of dwellings which gathered themselves around and beneath the ancient castles which were the residences of the feudal lords of the soil;—beneath, for the latter are almost invariably perched on some more or less inaccessible peak or rock, while the dwellings of the

vassals were clustered in the valley at their feet. Of this kind is this quaint little town of Hornberg. Its neighbor, Tryberg, some eight or ten miles distant, situated in an equally picturesque position at the meeting of four or five different valleys, and also on the new line of railway, is a specimen of the other and newer category of towns. These are the creation of modern industry and of quite recent times. Tryberg is the centre of the Black Forest clock-and-watch trade, which of late years has acquired considerable development. Assuredly, the people of the Black Forest ought not to be behind the age if the multitude of clocks and watches could avail to put them up to the time of day. The number of clocks that one sees everywhere is something astonishing. They are ubiquitous. And to pull the long pendent strings which wind them up seems to be the universal duty of a kind Christian, as throwing a stone on a mortuary cairn was in certain other places and other civilizations a good man's office. A man passes by a clock, sees that it is near the end of its tether, and charitably administers the pull that gives it a new lease of life. Cheapness is the grand point of the Black Forest clock-trade; and it is truly marvelous what is accomplished in this direction. A small clock may be had for a dollar. A really elegant hall or drawing-room clock, going not by strings and weights, but by pendulum, in its prettily carved rosewood case, may be bought for about nine dollars. Of course, all these are in the main machine-made, and cannot pretend to vie with the manufacture of Geneva, still less of London or Paris. But I am assured that these clocks perform fairly well. "Perform" is in truth the right word. For the Black Forest mechanician goes largely in for all sorts of quaint and queer devices calculated to delight the rustic mind. Musical clocks of course there are of every imaginable variety, and cuckoo clocks, and clocks that chirp, and clocks that pipe every note in the scale. Then there is the grotesque figure who marks each second by shoveling huge spoonful of pudding into

jaws that snap over them. There is the monk in a little chapel who is seen pulling the bell in the steeple above to ring the hours. There is the boy perpetually turning a grindstone, while the man who holds the knife to be ground examines the edge of the blade punctually every minute. And so on *ad infinitum*. A thriving little place is Tryberg, and curiously instructive are the contrasts that may be marked between the newer industrial villages and the old feudal-born towns.

But to any one who would wish to see this singularly interesting and peculiar district as it has been, and yet is, I would give the advice which I once heard a Frenchman give to a very old lady who spoke of her wish to visit Paris. "Vous ne ferez pas mal de vous dépêcher, madame," said he. And he who would see the Black Forest before all that makes it especially interesting has disappeared would do well to be quick about it. For the rail, the mighty obliterator of all character, of all specialties and peculiarities, has found out and invaded the district, and will in a short time make it exactly like many others, save as to the exceeding beauty of its green valleys, which not even the hoof of the iron horse can destroy.

T. A. T.

PARISIAN HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES.

THE natural question that arises in the mind of every American who comes to Paris to make a prolonged stay is, How shall we live? Shall we board or keep house? Shall we stay at a hotel or seek for apartments? and shall the apartments be furnished or unfurnished?

Of course, living at a hotel is the easiest, and in some respects also the pleasantest course to pursue, but it is also by far the most expensive. Hotel prices have gone up fearfully in Paris within the last few years. Nor do the proprietors yet understand how to adapt their supplies of room to the requirements of the guests. A French hotel is nothing more or less than a conglomeration of French apartments. That anybody should ever come to a hotel and *not* want a parlor and a

dining-room and a private table is an idea that creeps very slowly into the brain of a Parisian hotelkeeper. And when it does get into his head, it generally brings with it a corresponding increase of price. The Grand Hôtel was said to be a hotel constructed entirely on American principles, and, excepting its vast size and its elevator, there is nothing American about it. The modest price of three dollars a day for a single room without board represents not only a different tariff, but a different system from that of the Fifth Avenue and the Continental. Add to this such mild charges as fifty cents for a candle and a dollar for a basket of wood, and one can easily see that this renowned hostelry is by no means an economical stopping-place. Yet it possesses its advantages, chief among which is the fact that it is too large for the clerks and managers to keep a sharp lookout on the movements of any guest; and so he that tarries there enjoys the privilege of going out to get his meals wherever and whenever he likes. If he attempts to do so in the smaller hotels, ten chances to one but that he will be rudely requested to leave. "We do not keep a lodging-house," angrily said the proprietor of the Hôtel de l'Athénée one day to a recalcitrant guest who had preferred the cuisine of the Café Anglais to the equally costly but less dainty fare provided at the hotel. The easy-going relations between landlord and guest in the olden times have been totally changed in these later days with the general rise in prices. The pet swindle, against which American travelers rebel the most, is the exorbitant charge for lights. When a candle costs from twenty cents to half a dollar, and when an astral lamp, consuming at the most some five cents' worth of oil per evening, is set down in the bills at the rate of five francs nightly, the plain common sense of the Transatlantic tourist is apt to bring about a "fuss." This charge is, however, by no means a fixed one, as it varies with the size and style of the hotel. Thus, the lamp which is five francs a night at the Westminster or the Hôtel Bristol is four francs at the Hôtel Ven-

dôme, two francs at the smaller hotels, one franc at the French boarding-houses, and ten cents at the American ones. It is the same way with your candle, which starting at fifty cents at the Grand Hôtel runs down to ten cents at the French *pensions*, and finds its due level at four cents in the American houses. And all this in a city that actually *does* possess gas-works! But the prejudice against gas in Paris, though an inconvenient one, is not inexplicable. The quality of the article furnished is far worse than that about which the housekeepers of New York and Philadelphia complain so persistently. It is smoky, and imparts a very unpleasant odor to the air, besides which it is of so explosive a nature that accidents from this source are of frequent occurrence. Not long ago, for instance, the gas exploded in one of the cafés near the Opera-House, smashing to pieces all the crockery-ware of the establishment; but as it was early in the evening, and but few customers present, nobody was injured, most fortunately. Owing to this pleasing peculiarity the authorities will not permit the gas-pipes to be introduced into the walls of houses: they must pass uncovered along the outside, and the disfiguring tubing, which no amount of paint or of ingenuity can render presentable, is another cause of prejudice against gas in the minds of the Parisians.

The Parisian boarding-houses are, as a rule, very bad. They are compounded of dirt and starvation. Usually they are cheap enough, from eight to ten francs being demanded for board, including service—everything, in fact, except fire and lights. The company is generally far from unexceptionable, and the unwary female tourist who may chance, with true American sociability, to make acquaintances among the other lady-boarders, will be apt to find herself burdened with an intimacy more scandalous than desirable. The supplies of food are carefully adjusted so as to keep the boarders just inside of starvation pitch, everything, even to the bread, being cut down to the smallest possible allowance for each person. No butter is given at dinner at all. Breakfast is composed of a very small

bit of meat, two eggs, a pat of butter about the size and thickness of a silver dollar, and just as little bread as the waiter by cutting thin slices and keeping the plate out of the way can persuade the boarder to accept. At some of these houses (and well-frequented and fashionable ones at that) the worn-out sheets of the establishment are pressed into requisition for breakfast tablecloths. There is a good deal of display at dinner in the way of plated *épergnes* and artificial flowers, but the fare is of the scantiest and the glass and china are of the coarsest and commonest quality. Some of the more expensive Parisian boarding-houses are kept by decayed members of the aristocracy, and these are especially to be avoided, as the title of the host or hostess is supposed to cover up a multitude of sins in the way of rudeness, extortion and meanness of all kinds. But then it looks well to see it announced in the American papers that "Mrs. and Miss Starsanstripes have been staying in Paris, the guests of the Baroness Bourse-ride," but the paragraphist is careful *not* to announce that Madame la Baronne keeps a boarding-house, and that Mrs. Starsanstripes pays a hundred francs a week for the privilege of dwelling beneath her hospitable roof. At some of these houses gambling on quite an extensive scale is carried on in the evenings. Generally, the arrangement of the rooms is very bad, as Parisian houses are not adapted to the requirements of transient guests, and the heights to which the visitor is supposed to climb are incalculable, many of these buildings being from six to seven stories high, and with never an elevator to be seen.

Several attempts have been made of late years to establish boarding-houses on the American plan in Paris. Two at least of these experiments have resulted in decided success, both pecuniarily and in the way of popularity. One of these—and the older of the two—was situated on the Rue Caumartin, which street opens out of the Boulevards a block or two below the Madeleine. It therefore enjoyed the advantage of a central and convenient situation. The house itself

was odd, old-fashioned, dingy and inconvenient. But the fare was good and plentiful, and thoroughly American, the servants were well trained and obliging, the terms were very low, and there were never any attempts made at cheating or extortion. The landlady, Madame Dijon by name, was a character. She was a chippy little old Frenchwoman, brimming over with energy, lively and alert as a girl in her teens. Those keen little black eyes of hers seemed to have the power of darting their glances into every nook and corner of the house at one and the same moment. She looked after everything, and managed everything herself. She went to market, and saw to the wash, and made the bargains for rooms, and superintended the cooking, and was all over the house like a flash twenty times a day. Then when dinner was served she would put on a grand silk dress and crown her stiff little gray curls with a real lace cap, gay with dainty flowers and delicate ribbons, and tuck her gold watch to her side, and come out to help the soup and to watch that every guest was well attended to by her neat-handed corps of serving-women, for she employed no men-waiters. It was not till nine o'clock came that the busy little hands were folded and the restless little feet were still, and ten o'clock usually saw her patter off to bed as briskly as every other action of her life was accomplished. In person she was very small, reminding one strongly of the popular idea of a beneficent fairy, but in that diminutive person there was lodged more energy than usually falls to the lot of a seven-foot dragoon. And she was "as good as gold" withal. Honest as the day, generous even to a fault—hot-tempered it is true, ready to storm one instant, but forgetting her wrath the next—and above all of unflinching integrity and truthfulness in word and deed, she formed a pleasing contrast to the mass of her false, smooth-tongued, deceitful *confrères*. There was no pretension about her: she claimed to be nothing more than what she was, a hard-working, energetic business-woman. "I'm none of your puff-ups," she used to say sometimes in

the quaint English which she spoke with remarkable fluency, "but I'm *true*." She had begun her career on the other side of the Seine as keeper of a boarding-house for American students. She was learned in American dishes, such as buckwheat cakes, waffles, pumpkin pies, succotash, pork-and-beans, fish-balls, and other specimens of the culinary art of Brother Jonathan, some of which might, I regret to say, have as well been left in their native obscurity. But owing to this fact, and to the extreme moderation of her prices, her house was much resorted to by Americans. Her Fourth of July and Thanksgiving dinners were always national events among the exiles from the land of the Stars and Stripes. And how proud and pleased she used to be when the American minister or the American consul-general came to partake of some of her dainty dishes! Poor little Madame Dijon! she rests from her labors at last. "Home she's gone, and ta'en her wages." A sudden stroke of apoplexy cut short her busy, useful career a few months ago, and America has lost a colony which, though small and under foreign rule, was well governed and intensely patriotic as well.

The other American boarding-house of which I have spoken is a much larger and more pretentious establishment, situated near the junction of the two great new boulevards of Haussmann and Malesherbes. A few years ago the proprietors began with one house: now they possess three, all forming one establishment, with a beautiful terrace and spacious, shady garden. The house is kept on strict American principles, the fare is good and plain and plentiful, and due deference is paid to the American dislike of petty cheating and extortion.

The success of these experiments on a comparatively limited scale leads one seriously to consider the question of why an American hotel has never been established in Paris. The peculiar unsociability, the long stretch of useless apartment-room, the absence of gas and water, the unfamiliar fare, are all grievances respecting which the American tourist who is not inclined to think that every-

thing in Europe is perfection is apt loudly to complain. A real American hotel—that is to say, a house with public parlors, with single and double bedrooms apart from the extortion for private sitting-rooms, and with gas and water introduced into the bedrooms, with the American necessities of furnace-fires for the halls, and ice-water and elevators—would be a popular and well-patronized institution. Time was when the American tourist was usually a being who came abroad steeped to the lips in the conviction that in Europe all things were better done than at home. He is wiser now, and knows that the New World could teach the Old many things respecting traveling and commercial facilities. Moreover, a vast number of pilgrims arrive annually in Paris from places that some years ago sent forth no explorers farther than to New York, the small towns of New England and the West. These wanderers in a foreign land crave the familiar food and speech and comforts of their native clime. The half-Parisianized New Yorker or Philadelphian may indeed scoff at the Fifth Avenue or the Continental, but these denizens in less sophisticated provinces have not the awe of Paris before their eyes. They know what comfort means, and are wide awake to cheating. They want the former, and they abhor the latter. And so, by all means, let us have an American hotel in Paris. L. H. H.

THE LATE LADY HOLLAND.

ALTHOUGH few persons conspicuous in social life have been more frequently alluded to in the memoirs of prominent men of the nineteenth century than Lady Holland, scarcely anything has been said of the stock whence this celebrated woman sprang, and outside of Boston few probably are aware how closely she was connected with this country. The Vassall family, of which she was a member, was conspicuous in Massachusetts at a very early period of that Commonwealth's history. John Vassall, an alderman of London, of French descent, who in 1558 fitted out two privateers to take part against the Armada, had two sons, Wil-

liam and Samuel. William came over about 1630, and remained some years in this country, but returned, in consequence, it is believed, of the persecution to which Episcopalians were then liable. His son Samuel, although he never came to this country, was one of the original patentees of lands in Massachusetts in 1628, and an officer in the company. He, too, was an alderman of London, and M. P. 1640-41. A monument erected to him in 1766 in King's Chapel, Boston, by Florentius Vassall, his great-grandson, and grandfather of Lady Holland, states that he was "a steady and undaunted asserter of the liberties of England in 1628: he was the first who boldly refused to submit to the tax of tonnage and poundage, an unconstitutional claim of the Crown arbitrarily imposed; for which (to the ruin of his family) his goods were seized and his person imprisoned by the Star Chamber Court." The Parliament in July, 1641, voted him £10,445 12s. 2d. for his damages, and resolved that he should be further considered for his personal sufferings. Failing, however, to recover the amount of his damages, he petitioned Parliament January 23, 1657, stating that he had not received one penny of such grant, nor had he been indemnified for other losses, including a large sum due for the service of one of his ships; and besides all this, another vessel, the *Mayflower*, had, when laden and manned, been taken and made use of against the enemy, "to the overthrow of his voyage and his great losse." But this, be it observed, was not *the* *Mayflower*.

John Vassall, the son of Samuel, settled at Jamaica. He had two sons, William and Leonard. William, born in Jamaica, left one son, Florentius. Leonard, also born in Jamaica, was twice married. He appears to have removed from Jamaica to Boston in 1723, and to have lived in very handsome style there. Leonard Vassall—who was Lady Holland's great-uncle—died in 1737. He left his plantations among his sons, and to each of his daughters a thousand pounds and a negro servant fifteen years old. His devise to his son William was

coupled with the rather suggestive condition of his making oath never to risk more than twenty shillings at any game at one sitting. Leonard Vassall's third son, Colonel John Vassall, married a daughter of Lieut.-Governor Phipps, and settled at Cambridge. He died in 1747, and left a son John, who built a house destined, on more than one account, to be regarded with special interest by Americans, being that now so worthily occupied by Mr. Longfellow, and which at one period served as the head-quarters of Washington. John Vassall, who had married the sister of Lieut.-Governor Thomas Oliver, resided in this mansion until the Revolution, when he was compelled to leave the country in consequence of his loyalist sentiments, and his lands were confiscated. He had, however, ample resources in his Jamaica estates, and was able to live in England surrounded with every comfort. He died in 1797, the year in which his cousin, Lady Webster, married Lord Holland.

Florentius Vassall, Lady Holland's grandfather, who, according to Sabine, left Boston for England in 1775, and died in London in 1778, had a large share in lands on the Kennebec River in Maine. These he left to his son Richard, who died in 1795, with a life-interest in the same to Richard's daughter Elizabeth, and then in entail to her male children. After Elizabeth's divorce from Sir Godfrey Webster, to whom she was married ten years, the estate could, it is said, have been sold but for the fact that her son, Sir Henry Webster, the sole male heir, preferred sacrificing the property to joining her—to whom he refused to speak—in a conveyance. "After the lapse of years," says Sabine, "the rights of herself and of this son were purchased separately by parties in Boston, who sued three of the settlers or squatters in the name of Henry, the son. The case was carried to the Supreme Court at Washington, where it was decided that during his mother's life he could not maintain an action. After her death, in 1845, suit against one settler was renewed; but on intimation by the court that fifty years' possession was sufficient to presume a

grant or title without considering another point—namely, whether the right of the plaintiff to recover was barred by the statute of limitations—the defendant paid a small sum for the land he occupied, and each party his own costs," and thus closed a case which had excited much interest in Maine.

No members of the family seem to exist now in New England, so far as can be learned from an old gentleman residing in Boston, who is connected with them in the female line. In England their fortunes sank with the decline of Jamaica. The abolition of slavery there caused the Vassall estate to deteriorate so much in value that it became not worth attending to.

By both her marriages Lady Holland became associated with famous abodes. Battle Abbey, her first husband's seat, was founded by William the Conqueror on the very spot where Harold fell, and abounds with historic interest. But, in accordance with Sir Anthony Brown, and his descendant, Lord Montague—the title has long been extinct—sold it in 1719 to the Webster family. But, in accordance with Sir Henry Spelman's theory as to abbey-lands often changing hands, it was sold by the Websters about twelve years ago to Lord Harry Vane, a childless man, who on the death of his second childless brother became duke of Cleveland. He is married to the accomplished sister of Earl Stanhope, the historian (mother by her first husband of Lord Rosebery), and they are appreciative proprietors of so interesting an abode. But at their death Battle must again go into another family. The dukedom of Cleveland dies with the present duke.

The work published last year on Holland House certainly did not represent Lady (Vassall) Holland in a very amiable light, but how kind a friend she could be the following letter to Francis Horner, the first to fade away of that brilliant band who planned *The Edinburgh*, sufficiently proves:

"HOLLAND HOUSE, October 1, 1816.

... "I am glad the doctors send you

from the keen air of your native mountains, but they will not mend the matter by sending you to London. I accordingly trust to your docility and your sister's good-nature in expecting you to drive from Barnet straight here, where you will occupy three south rooms, and have your hours and company and occupations entirely at your own disposal. Such books and papers as you may require can easily be brought from your own house. These three rooms open into each other, and are perfectly warm: your servant will sleep close to you, and your sister will have a room adjoining. Pray, spare me all the commonplace compliments of giving trouble and taking up too many rooms. What you know I feel toward you ought to exempt me from any such trash. From henceforward until June, when I look forward to a thorough amendment, you must lay your account to have me, heart, soul and time, devoted to your welfare and comfort; and I am satisfied in this, because Allen says it is right. I am afraid your sister may think it a bad exchange from living solely with you to come among strangers; but tell her I already feel warmly toward her for her affectionate intention of nursing you, and that I will try and render her residence as little irksome as possible. Do, my dear friend, yield to my entreaties." R. W.

RELATIVE SIZE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PEOPLE.

SOME years ago there was a celebration at Alton Towers in England, the principal feature of which was the reproduction of the tournament combat as it occurred in the Middle Ages. Alton Towers is a famous old family-seat of the Talbots, earls of Shrewsbury, one of whom, surnamed the "Achilles of England," was a companion of William the Conqueror. The castle contains a rare collection of old armor. This was offered to the young men who were to joust as knights in the tournament. Great was the surprise when the old armor was brought out and tried on, for it was found that scarcely a helmet or a coat-of-mail of any kind but was too

small for the descendants of the heroes of chivalry. This fact led many to suppose that the race has nowise deteriorated in physique, and that the marvelous tales of the feats of strength of the "giants in those days" are pure fables.

The truth about the relative size and physical strength of ancient and modern people can never be fully established, because the records are so fragmentary. Only in rare instances can we obtain facts which, though exceedingly interesting, and even important, do not warrant general conclusions. The bones of Abelard and of Héloïse, on one of the many occasions of their exhumation, were carefully examined. M. Lenoir, the great French archæologist, in his *Mémoire sur la Sépulture d'Héloïse et d'Abelard* (1815), says of Héloïse: "The inspection of the bones of her body, which we have examined with care, has convinced us that she was, like Abelard, of large stature and finely proportioned. . . . I have remarked, as well as M. Delaunay, that his (Abelard's) bones are strong and very large. . . . The head of Héloïse is finely proportioned." A head of Héloïse was moulded from her skull under the personal direction of M. Lenoir by M. de Seine.

In chapter xx. of the *Chronicle* of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, who died about the year 800, and who is at least *supposed* to have been the friend and secretary of Charlemagne, there is a marvelous account of the person of that hero. The author says: "The emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair; of a well-made shape, handsome form, but of a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong, robust build, legs and thighs large and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long; his nose half a palm; his lion-like eyes flashed like carbuncles; his eye-

brows were half a palm over. When he was angry it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle (about seventy inches), besides what hung loose. He ate sparingly of bread, but a whole quarter of a lamb, two fowls, a goose, a large portion of pork, a peacock, a crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together, and could, as he stood, raise with one hand an armed man from the ground to his head." From such an account we are justified in concluding that Charlemagne was a burly giant with at least a very fair appetite; but we cannot infer that the men and women of his time were either above or beneath the ordinary stature. His father, Pepin *le Bref*, was a dwarf in size.

It seems that many of the prominent men of our Revolution were greatly above the ordinary size. The following table is from a memorandum found in the pocket-book of a deceased officer of the Massachusetts line. It is given by Niles in his book, *Principles and Acts of the Revolution in America*:

Weight of Great Characters, August 19, 1783. Weighed at the scales at West Point.

	Pounds.
General Washington.....	209
General Lincoln.....	224
General Knox.....	289
General Huntington.....	132
General Groaton.....	166
Colonel Swift.....	219
Colonel Michael Jackson.....	252
Colonel Henry Jackson.....	238
Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington.....	232
Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.....	186
Lieutenant-Colonel Humphrys.....	221

M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Way we Live Now. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Inasmuch as Mr. Trollope is understood to be neither a caricaturist nor a satirist, it must be admitted that he has written a terrible book. If not the cleverest book which he has written—and we have just laid it down with the impression that it is—at least it is one which would have instantly raised his fame to its present high perch had he written nothing previously. It is also to us the least tedious of his books, although we are still annoyed by his tricks of repetition and recapitulation—by that house-that-Jack-built fashion of going over the preceding circumstances and emotions of his personages at each successive step. As usual in his novels, the characters are numerous, and the story rather clumsily constructed of their haps and mishaps. There is, properly speaking, neither hero nor heroine, nor distinct plot; but there is a great central figure, one Melmotte, and his adventures form that portion of the tale which could not be taken away without the book's tumbling to pieces. He is a man of unknown origin and doubtful antecedents—said by some to be a German Jew, by others a New York Irishman—but having reached England *via* France is known as M. Melmotte until he gets people to address him as Augustus Melmotte, Esq. With his biography, despite the general suspicion that it contains some very dark pages, nobody concerns himself before that chapter in which he appears in the great London world, making his way with such huge strides that in the course of a single season (that is, between fox-hunting and grouse-shooting), from being a newcomer to whose balls people go, compounding with themselves by not speaking to their host and hostess nor calling afterward, he becomes the great power on 'Change; the representative British merchant-prince chosen to entertain the emperor of China on his visit to London; the father-in-law, if he will, of an earl or a marquis; the magnate for whose invitations duchesses are eager and lesser ladies snatch and scramble; the large-handed philanthropist whose part is espoused by a dignified bishop because of his charitable subscriptions; the member of Parliament for

Westminster;—in short, the great man of the hour. There is just enough sense of insecurity in the public mind to make these fine folk a little uncomfortable while parading themselves in his company, a little wary in seeking the honor of his alliance, even while greedily clutching at these distinctions; so that, after all, his daughter, for whom we feel much pity and a sneaking kindness, though she is over-like her papa, does not get her coronet, nor even her baronet: nevertheless, his career is a series of triumphs. Melmotte is powerfully drawn: his enormous ability, grasp, force, the real genius which his enterprising betray, his ignorance of, and contemptuous indifference to, everything unconnected with business, his ambition, unscrupulousness, audacity, nerve, coarseness, brutality, power to cow and to captivate better men,—are so portrayed as to make him a most lifelike conception, even were our imaginations not assisted by some familiar features in the portrait. Everything in his conduct is consistent, even the arrogance which turns his head when he has reached the zenith and topples him headlong. The place of almost all the other personages, male and female, is marked by their point of contact with him, and mark in their turn various depths of degradation, like the mud-lines on the channel of a foul stream. It is the marquis who wants the low adventurer's daughter for his eldest son, the other needy noblemen who hang about his baize-covered board-room table for the pickings and stealings which may fall from it, the haughty young lady of high county family who makes use of his town-house for the chance of bagging one of Miss Melmotte's discarded suitors. There is a club called the Bear Garden frequented only by young swells who pay their debts of honor in irredeemable paper, and describe the delights of the place thus: "Smoke all over the house; no horrid nonsense about closing; not a vestige of propriety or any beastly rules to be kept;" and the members are all hanging to Melmotte's skirts by some rotten tie. Not a lord or lady or man-jack of them but is toadying him for the furtherance of the toady's own base purposes; nobody holds out except a couple of honest country gentlemen, who well know

the value of their disapprobation: "You can keep your house free from him, and so can I mine. But we set no example to the nation at large. They who do set the example go to his feasts, and of course he is seen at theirs in return."

So sordid a spectacle of good society has never before been presented, nor with such shamelessness in all the actors. Everything is a matter of bargain or barter. The compact between the aristocratic Miss Georgiana Longestaffe and her friend, the *parvenue* Lady Monogram, that the former shall stay three days with the latter in London on consideration of cards to the great Melmotte reception for the emperor of China, a dinner and evening party during the young lady's visit to be thrown in, is one of the most disagreeable and probable passages. The Misses Longestaffe's husband-hunting is almost blood-thirsty: their way of discussing their "chances" savors of cannibalism. So too with the young men's talk about the women they may marry if they cannot do better by marrying somebody else. It is all set down with shocking simplicity; there is something horrible in the nakedness of their statements; it even seems horrible in the author to repeat them without a comment.

There is one nice girl, Hetta Carbury, with an inferior lover, nicer than Mr. Trollope generally succeeds in making his girls—thoroughly nice in fact, except where other women are concerned—a weak point, we suspect, with English young ladies in general. Lady Carbury, her hard-bested mother, is a capital character, at once visionary and worldly, scheming and impulsive; and her three friends the editors are good studies. There are some rich Jews, without whom no present picture of London society would be complete—objects of Christian covetousness in respect to matrimony. There is the inevitable American, Mr. Hamilton K. Fisker, whom we know well enough at home, where we should like to keep him altogether, or else exclusively abroad—the going and coming are mortifying; and there is a Mrs. Hurtles of Oregon and California, who is brought forward more than any woman in the book—a lady of much heart, brains, beauty and grace, yet felt to be an undesirable mate, on whose truth to Nature nobody on this side the Rocky Mountains can pronounce, unless it be Mr. Bret Harte. She enables Mr. Trollope, however, to invent a phrase, "wild-cat breeding," which

deserves to become classic, or at least current as long as the quality exists. There is an irrelevant but interesting Roman Catholic priest; and among the unnecessary and uninteresting episodes is that of Ruby Ruggles and John Crumb; it could not have been essential to Sir Felix Carbury's thrashing to create John Crumb, capital as he is in his way: one of his pals at the Bear Garden might have plucked up spirit enough for that under the baronet's intolerable provocations, although they were too mealy-mouthed to remonstrate with the member whom they detected in cheating at cards. Perhaps the best summing up of the whole is found in Miss Longestaffe's admission to her mother when she informs her of her engagement to a rich, vulgar Jew widower twice her age: "Of course it isn't nice, but things have got so they will never be nice again." It would almost seem so.

We do not meet with any of our old acquaintances, the Chilterns, Pallisers, Greshams, or any of the Barchester set; and we are glad not to find them in such company. Yet Mr. Trollope drew those people as he draws these; his pride has been in the name of photographer, and the title of the book announces that he has undertaken to do what Thackeray did more than twenty-five years ago in *Vanity Fair*. What a difference in the two pictures! Something, no doubt, is due to the manner of the artist, yet the two representations have the resemblance of two portraits of the same debauchee taken at a considerable interval in a life of vice and shame. It must be an unpleasant book for some English readers at least. We, not being in a position to thank God that we are better than other men, may yet find here humble cause for gratitude in that there are still some worse than ourselves.

Miss Angel: A Novel. By Miss Thackeray.
New York: Harper & Brothers.

In calling her book a novel Miss Thackeray raises false expectations. It is merely a biography of the painter Angelica Kauffman, bedizened into something like a story by the addition of fictitious personages and imaginary conversations and incidents. In English literature, at least, nobody has succeeded in this sort of invention except Thackeray and Scott; yet the former has achieved it so admirably that no wonder his daughter was tempted to try her hand. But she has completely failed in giving us a living picture of

the last century: how great the difference between her attempt and the reality any one may judge by comparing her account of Sir Joshua Reynolds's supper-party with a page from Boswell's *Johnson*; how wide the distance between a happy and unhappy imitation by comparing the scene between Dr. Johnson and Angelica with that in the *Virginians*, where he is introduced making himself disagreeable and praising "the pudden." Miss Thackeray tries to animate her lifeless lay-figures by talking of them as if they were alive, to make her heroine more actual to us by calling her "Poor little Angelica," "Miss Angel," and "Poor little thing;" she strives to put a figure or scene before our eyes by saying, "I can see her, though it is a hundred years since she stood there;" but, unluckily, the reader cannot. The book is a poor piece of work altogether, flimsy and rubbishy. Miss Thackeray has not taken the pains to give us a new life of Angelica Kauffman: any biographical dictionary tells us as much of the facts as she does, and the fair painter's well-known face, her graceful, sentimental, feeble pictures, and the epitaph on the tomb in St. Andrea delle Frate, tell the rest. Nor has she filled out these outlines into a round and vivid individuality which will always remain identified with reality in the reader's mind, such as Madame Sand has given of the Princess Amelia of Prussia in *Consuelo*, or Mr. Reade of Peg Woffington. The other personages are all sketches, and the drawing, like that of Angelica's own figures, is bad. The great lady and spoiled beauty, Lady W—, is the best. Now, that Miss Thackeray can create live women of flesh and blood she proved by Elizabeth in her first story; but she seems at times lazy, disposed to take liberties and trust to her popularity. This book is put together in the most careless, shackling way, and she does not even trouble herself to take down the scaffolding when it is finished: it is like a new gown sent home with the basting threads in it, but if we try to pull them out we find that it comes to pieces. All her old tricks she practices to excess. She takes her father's privilege of puppet-master, coming forward constantly to address the audience; but how different is her shallow, silly moralizing from the memorable sentences which fell from his lips! She not only thrums on the worn-out string of the power of association in connecting slight external tokens with the memory of a crisis in our

lives, but is for ever repeating how the lights and shadows shifted, the flies buzzed, the bells rang at the most unimportant moments of her narrative—for ever stopping to pose her personages and arrange them with an arch or a curtain in the background and a pillar or flower-vase beside them on the most trivial occasions: the story, like Gray's Elizabethan house, is full of "passages which lead to nothing." On the other hand, after all this purposeless elaboration, she is slack and slovenly in the extreme in her way of managing the very groundwork of her story; she dismisses twelve years of Angelica's woman-life in a page, twenty more in half the space. This is proper in a magazine story of twenty pages, but inadmissible in "a novel" which comes before us with careful wood-cut illustrations, head- and tail-pieces, and foolish far-fetched titles to the chapters.

Norse Mythology; or, The Religion of Our Forefathers, containing all the Myths of the Eddas, systematized and interpreted, with an Introduction, Vocabulary and Index. By R. B. Anderson, A. M. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The hold which the Roman empire had upon a large part of the then known world was too powerful to be relaxed when the mighty structure broke up from internal dissension and foreign invasion. When its military prowess was at an end, Latin Christianity stepped in and preserved the traditions and influence of classic Rome; and when in turn the Church had ceased to perform worthily this conservative mission, the revival of letters took place, the effect of which is still felt in our arts and literature. In spite of the fact that we are a Teutonic people, the culture our children receive in school and college is essentially classic, and particularly Latin. The question in regard to the exclusive study of Latin and Greek in our higher institutions of learning has been debated for some years, and the result has been that Anglo-Saxon and German have been admitted into the courses of study of all good colleges in this country.

There is a good prospect, then, that the rising generation will have some acquaintance with the language of its forefathers. More, however, is needed. Our young people are far better acquainted with the Hellenic than with the Teutonic mythology. Every child now-a-days, thanks to Hawthorne, knows about Perseus and Andromeda, Jason, Medea

and the Argonauts, and the labors of Hercules; but what child knows anything about Odin and Thor, Balder the Good and the fatal mistletoe, Freyr, Freyja and the Valkyriur? There are reasons for this neglect and ignorance of Norse mythology besides the absorbing study of the classics. There has been no good work on the subject, and readers have been obliged to reconstruct for themselves a system out of the disjointed fragments in Grimm's *Tales*, Fouqué's *Romances*, and Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*.

Prof. Anderson has undertaken to supply this want in the work before us, the plan of which is such as to render it more a book of reference and instruction for mature readers than a work of entertainment for the young. The author gives a methodical and tolerably complete survey of the whole system of Norse mythology in three parts—the first containing an account of the creation and preservation of the world; the second, the life and exploits of the gods; and the third, Ragnarok (the last day) and regeneration. There is also a vocabulary containing the Icelandic forms of the proper names used in the work, and the Anglicized, or rather Norwegianized, forms which the author has seen fit to substitute for them. We should much prefer the original forms except perhaps in a few names which have been Anglicized by long and familiar use.

The author has prefixed to his work seven introductory chapters, which, it seems to us, seriously impair the value of his book as a scholarly performance. Prof. Anderson is known as the author of a book entitled *America Not Discovered by Columbus*—a work distinguished for its unrestrained enthusiasm and slight scientific foundation. Zeal and interest in one's work are valuable qualities, and often impart life to a dull subject, but they are objectionable when they render a writer narrow-minded and lead him to treat his subject as a hobby. No one will deny the value of an acquaintance with Norse mythology, and it is not necessary to exaggerate it by attacking other systems as Prof. Anderson does. A certain distasteful subjective intrusion is evident from the first page, where we learn that the favorable reception of his former work has led the author to appear again "with less timidity and modesty." He comes to ask our opinion of Norse mythology, and whether it is not equally as worthy of our attention as the Greek. Unfortunately,

Prof. Anderson does not know where to stop, so he adds, "Nay, we come to ask whether you will not give the Norse the *preference*?" He then proceeds to define his subject, and gives a slight sketch of the present state of mythological study and a comparison of Norse mythology with the Greek, showing more mercy to the latter than one would expect after the preface. He atones for this magnanimity, however, in the next chapter, on Roman mythology, where he breaks forth into an invective so vehement, and withal so amusing, that we give our readers a few bits of it, remarking that the italics are the author's: "We have suffered long enough with our necks under the ponderous Roman yoke in all its various forms, take it as fetters forged by Roman emperors, as crossiers in the hands of Roman popes, or as rods in the hands of the Roman schoolmasters. The Goths severed the fetters of the Roman emperors; Luther and the Germans broke the crossiers of the Roman popes; but all the Teutons have submissively kissed the rod of the Roman schoolmaster, although this was the most dangerous of the three: it was the deadly weapon concealed in the hand of the assassin. The Romans were a people of robbers both in a political and in a literary sense. Nay, the Roman writers themselves tell us that the divine founder of the city, Romulus, was a captain of robbers; that Mars, the god of war, was his father; and that a *wolf* (*raptacity*), descending from the mountains to drink, ran at the cry of the child and fed him under a fig tree, caressing and licking him as if he had been her own son, the infant hanging on to her as if she had been his mother. This Romulus began his great exploits by *killing his own brother*. When the new city seemed to want women to ensure its duration, he proclaimed a magnificent feast throughout all the neighboring villages; at which feast were presented, among other things, the terrible shows of *gladiators*. While the strangers were most intent upon the spectacle a number of Roman youths rushed in among the Sabines, seized the youngest and fairest of their wives and daughters, and carried them off by *violence*. In vain the parents and husbands protested against this *breach of hospitality*. This same Romulus ended his heroic career by being *assassinated* by his friends, or, as others say, *torn in pieces*, in the senate-house.¹ Certain it is that the Romans *murdered* him. . . .

The history of Romulus is, in fact, in miniature the history of Rome." This Punic attack the author qualifies somewhat by adding, "But in spite of this, and much else that can in justice be said against Rome and Latin, we cannot afford to throw the language and literature of the Romans entirely overboard. Their history was too remarkable for that; besides, many scribbled in Latin down through the Middle Ages, and the Latin language has played so conspicuous a part in English literature and in the sciences that no educated man can very well do without it."

The author loses no opportunity to deal the hated Roman an insidious blow, and when in doubt what to say cries out, "But we must free ourselves from the bondage of Rome!" adding, "When we get away from Rome, where slaves were employed as teachers, and pay more attention to the antiquities of Greece, where it was the highest honor that the greatest, noblest and most eloquent men could attain to, to be listened to by youths eager to learn and be taught, then the present slavery will cease, but scarcely before then."

Shakespeare is cited as an "eminent example of what the Goth is able to accomplish when he breaks the Roman chains. . . . The slaves of Latin will find it difficult enough to explain how Shakespeare, who was not for an age, but for all time—he whose Latin was small and whose Greek was less—how he, the star of poets, the sweet swan of Avon, was *made* as well as born." Unfortunately, the great bard "did not arrive at a full appreciation of the Gothic spirit, for he did not have an opportunity to acquaint himself thoroughly with the Gothic myths; but then they ever haunted him like the ghost of Hamlet, accusing their murderer without finding any avenger. We therefore count Shakespeare on our side of this great question. May the time speedily come—nay, the time must come—when Greek and Anglo-Saxon and Old Norse and Gothic and German will shake hands over the bloody chasm of Roman vandalism!"

When Prof. Anderson is discussing the various errors in the methods of mythological study we feel convinced that Latin is somehow responsible for these blunders; and sure enough, we learn that the members of the

school of historical mythology "were generally profound *Latin* scholars, and wrote most of their books in Latin, but these ponderous tomes make their authors fools in folios in the light of modern historical knowledge." Surely, Prof. Anderson is scholar enough to know the debt we owe to Latin civilization and to the Roman elements of romantic literature; and he should also know that the most unlikely way to advance the claims of his subject is to rudely attack what is respected and prized by every person of culture. This method of treatment is all the more to be regretted because it will (together with a certain unrestrained enthusiasm) doubtless prejudice many against an otherwise very excellent book.

Books Received.

Documents concerning Swedenborg, Collected, Translated, and Annotated by R. L. Tafel, A.M., Ph.D. Vol. I. London: The London Swedenborg Society.

Madame Récamier and her Friends. By the translator of "Madame Récamier's Memoirs." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Borderlands of Insanity, and Other Allied Papers. By Andrew Wynter, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Townsend's Shorter Course in Civil Government. By Calvin Townsend. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

The Uranian and Neptunian Systems. By Simon Newcomb, LL.D. Washington: Government Printing-office.

The Lacy Diamonds: A Novel. By the author of "The Odd Trump," etc. New York: E. J. Hall & Son.

Swinton's Elementary Geography. By William Swinton. New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

Fire Burial among our Germanic Forefathers. By Karl Blind. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Point Lace and Diamonds. By Geo. A. Baker, Jr. New York: F. B. Patterson.

The Abode of Snow. By Andrew Wilson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Hoosier Mosaics. By Maurice Thompson. New York: E. J. Hall & Son.

Desultory Poems. By Dr. J. R. Monroe. New York: E. J. Hall & Son.

Library Notes. By A. P. Russell. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

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